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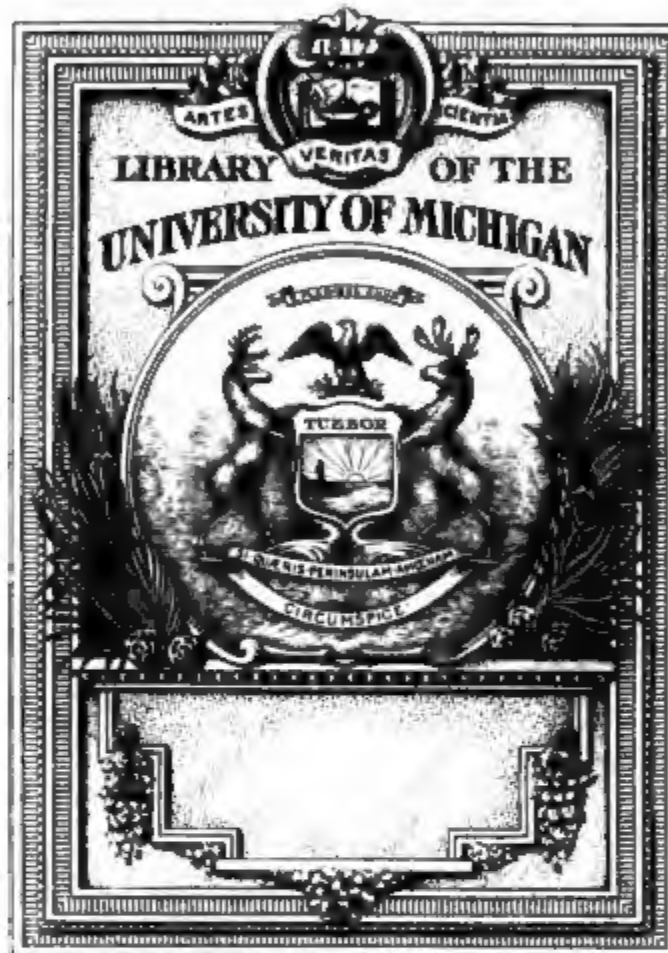
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THE GIFT OF
Mrs. John P. Faucher

THE
GREEN BOOK,
OR
GLEANINGS FROM THE WRITING-DESK
OF
A LITERARY AGITATOR.
BY
JOHN CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN.

"I am an Irishman, hating injustice, and abhorring with my whole soul the oppression of my country; but I desire to heal her sores, not to aggravate her sufferings. In decrying, as I do, the tithe-system, and the whole Church Establishment in Ireland, I am actuated by no dislike to the respectable body of men, who, in the midst of fear and hatred, gather its spoils. On the contrary, I esteem those men, notwithstanding their past and still, perhaps, existing hostility to the religious and civil rights of their fellow-subjects and countrymen.... What I aspire to, is the freedom of the people,...which can never be effected, till injustice, or the oppression of the many by the few, is taken away. And, as to religion, what I wish, is to see her freed from the slavery of the state, and the bondage of Mammon;...her ministers *labouring, and receiving their hire from those for whom they labour*;...that thus religion may be restored to her empire, which is not of this world, and men once more worship God, in spirit and in truth."—*Dr. Doyle.*

"He (Doctor Johnson) had a kindness for the Irish nation, and thus generously expressed himself (in 1779) to a gentleman from that country, on the subject of an Union, which artful politicians have often had in view—'Do not make an Union with us, Sir; we should *unite* with you, only to *rob* you.'"—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

"Adieu to that Union so called, as '*lucus a non lucendo*,' a Union from never uniting; which, in its first operation, gave a death-blow to the independence of Ireland, and, in its last, may be the cause of her *eternal separation* from this country. If it must be called a Union, it is the union of the shark with his prey; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and thus they become one and indivisible. Thus has Great Britain swallowed up the parliament, the constitution, the independence of Ireland."—*Speech of Lord Byron in the House of Lords, April 1st, 1812.*

"The more Irish officers in the Austrian service, the better. Our troops will always be disciplined. An Irish coward is an uncommon character; and what the natives of Ireland dislike even from principle, they generally perform through a desire of glory!"—*Memorandum found in the papers of Francis I. Emperor of Germany, after his death, August 18th, 1765.*

BOSTON:
PATRICK DONAHOE.
1849.



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TO
THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND,
AS CONTAINING
SOME FACTS NOT ALTOGETHER UNSERVICEABLE
TO THE CAUSE OF
VOLUNTARYISM AND REPEAL,
AND SOME DEFENCE OF IRISH MILITARY HONOUR
FROM ENGLISH AND ANGLO-IRISH
MISREPRESENTATION,
THIS MISCELLANY
IS INSCRIBED
BY THEIR COUNTRYMAN,
THE AUTHOR.

gt
Mrs. John P. Faucher
8-15-42
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PREFACE.

THE following pages contain a few selections in verse and prose, the compilation of which was first suggested by the casual perusal, during a winter's residence in the country, of an allusion, in the *Quarterly Review*,* to two political and literary Societies, with which the author of this volume connected himself, at a period of life, when those who have not been under the necessity of adopting a regular profession or business devote their time to dissipation or intellectual amusement. Of this latter mode of spending some hours that might have been worse employed, the verses in the work are specimens. A desire of correcting the errors in the *Quarterly* respecting the political objects of the Societies alluded to, and the admission by such an eminent literary as well as politically-hostile periodical, that each of those Societies "exhibited public proofs that its labours were *not* frivolous or unproductive," suggested the idea, that a miscellaneous volume, like the present, might be of *some* use, from the light it would throw upon one of the most important portions of the agitation of the last few years ; even independent of any additional service that such a publication might be made capable of rendering to the cause of voluntaryism in religion, and self-legislation in politics, without which there can neither be true Christianity nor real liberty in any country. Till each religion is left to support itself, and each nation is left to make laws for itself, there can be no such thing as justice ; and there should be no such thing as tranquillity. The law, indeed, should not be violated ; but it should meet with no more than

* See p. 111, note 3.

a mere physical or prudential obedience—while the mind, or great primary moving power of the sect or the country subjected to such a twofold system of spiritual and temporal oppression as that of being taxed for another religion or legislated for by another nation, should be in a constant state of moral insurrection, which, as sure as the soul is superior to the body, and justice preferable to injustice, must, if only persevered in, be ultimately successful.

In the postscript to the lines, entitled “Epistle of Dr. Southey, Poet Laureate and Author of the Book of the Church, to the Editor of the Parson’s Horn-Book,” an endeavour has been made to demonstrate the moral indefensibility of all such institutions as state, or forcibly-maintained Churches, by a combination of more clear and at the same time comprehensive reasons, than have, perhaps, been yet presented in so concise a shape. These reasons have been prefixed to the account of the Comet Club, as constituting the principles on which that body, in the *Horn-Book* and *Comet*, diffused, in 1831, that general spirit of active or really working hostility to the Irish Church and tithe-system, which was so long and so formidably successful; and which, though recently reduced to a sort of calm, by a parliamentary arrangement disapproved of by the writer of these pages, will, he hopes, never be suffered to expire by the friends of Irish liberty, and the admirers of the ecclesiastical system of primitive Christianity, till the complete legal extinction, or application to generally-useful purposes, of that impost of blood-stained decimation, so long extorted, in the insulted name of religion, by the minority from the majority, and by the rich from the poor, upon no authority more sacred than that of the statute-book, and by no means more suitable to the doctrine of “peace on earth” than horse, foot, and artillery. In speaking thus, however, the author neither is, nor has ever been, actuated by any feelings of low and illiberal, or mere sectarian prejudice against the Church of England. for which, next to his own, or the

Catholic Church, he has the greatest respect. Regarding religion as a matter of authority and feeling far more than of mere reason, or, more properly speaking, than of that which the mass of wrangling dabblers in theology *think* to be reason; hating polemics, morally, as being more destructive to the main test of Christianity, or the general exercise of kindness towards one another, than beneficial to any particular sect; detesting spiritual squabbles and the mania of proselytism, politically, as being the cause of that disgraceful discord amongst Irishmen, which has led to the provincial debasement and consequent misery of their common country; and, in fine, having the same aversion to wound the mind of another by an attack on his religious belief, as to inflict pain on his body by a blow; the author has endeavoured to state his views on the subject of voluntarism, in a manner which he hopes will prove him to have been more qualified for handling such a topic—on treating it according to the arguments suitable to persons of *every* religious belief, since *all* must be affected by the existence of such institutions as state-churches—than if he were capable of assailing the existing Establishment for the mere object of putting another Church into its place. As a layman, contented with his own creed, and willing to leave others contented with theirs, he cannot accuse himself of having been influenced, in any thing he has written, by the slightest feeling of bigotry against the Irish established clergy, for whom,—drawing a due distinction between the *men* and the *system*,—he always advocated the payment of a life-provision, equal to the value of the ecclesiastical income proposed to be taken from them. He is opposed to the Establishment solely on moral and political grounds—the *moral*, involving the principle of justice in general as springing from a belief that no one should be forced either in this, or in any other country, to pay for a religion from whose doctrines he dissents—the *political*, including the principle of justice in particular, with regard to his own

country, as originating in a conviction, that the existence of the present, or of any state-connected Church, but especially the existence of the present, must be the greatest obstacle to the national regeneration of Ireland. Were the people of this country not disorganized by sectarian feuds, they would be strong enough to effect that regeneration. But the State-Church, or politico-religious garrison planted by England amongst us, to gain a part of the inhabitants to support her unjust ascendancy by enabling them to plunder and oppress the rest, and to divide all in the name of religion, must first be rooted out—for then, and not till then, can all sects be perfectly equalized—as such, united among themselves—and, as united among themselves, able to regain that national independence which England, through their domestic discord alone, either *was* able to deprive them of, or *is* able to withhold from them. Till the two cats in the fable disagreed about the cheese, the monkey was not able to come in and *reconcile* their differences by taking it all to himself. And, if Catholics and Protestants were as united in 1800 as in 1782,—which, but for the causes of division, springing from the existence of an Established Church, they must have been,—we well know what little chance there would have been, of the *monkey* transfer of our domestic legislature to the other side of the Channel.

With respect to the verses at the commencement of the volume, the author ventures to hope, that the very small proportion which they bear to the rest of the book, and the fact of their having been copied, in several instances, by others, from the sources through which they originally appeared in print, may be deemed at least *some* excuse for their being thought worthy of collection in the present shape. Even, on such trifles, various opinions will of course be formed, though none, he trusts, except as to the writer's *political* principles, from any thing that may appear in those few passing effusions,—originating, like all pro-

ductions of the kind, from mere impressions and circumstances of the moment, as different at different times as the dates of the respective pieces. Thus, it will be seen, as well from the date of November, 1836, to the song on the Temperance Society, as from the various allusions which it contains, that it could not have been the author's design to ridicule that great moral reformation produced in the national habits by the invaluable exertions of the Rev. Mr. Matthew, whose success, in such a noble cause, may be regarded by Irishmen as the strongest test, as the surest precursor, that still "greater things shall they do." The song in question was written at a time when the Temperance Societies were looked upon by the author as being very little, if any thing better, than insidious confederacies of saintly humbug, veiling some plans for tampering with the religious belief of the people, under a mere outward profession of aiming to ameliorate their condition by the destruction of intemperance; a notion, the more natural on the part of the author, from the class of persons to whom any participation in those societies was *then* chiefly, if not totally, confined. The revolution which has *since* taken place, and has converted what the writer regarded as a mere inroad of the restless spirit of biblical proselytism into a grand Irish moral movement, was not foreseen by him at the time the verses alluded to were written, nor even when they were printed; but, being printed, they had to be left where they stood. This, it is hoped, will be a sufficient apology for the appearance of those lines. Indeed, of teetotalism, amongst those who find by experience that they know not where to stop, it can hardly be requisite for the author to express *his* humble approbation. The system is no other than that so long acted upon by Doctor Johnson; a man, whose intellectual and moral eminence would do honour to any country and religion. Finding, as we are told, that "he *could* practise abstinence, but *not* temperance," he became a water-drinker; abstaining, for several

years, from the use of any intoxicating liquor. And the resolution which HE found necessary, others, similarly affected, may well consider themselves bound to observe.*

The critical and historical remarks in the paper on the comparative merits of "David's Lament for Saul and Jonathan," and Wolfe's "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore," may possess some attraction for those who prefer literary to political disquisitions.

In the postscript to the verses, headed "Nabis and the Union," some curious, though hitherto unobserved analogies between the results of the spirit of Anti-Unionism in this country and in Scotland are pointed out, and commented upon. A remarkable official testimony is given as to the predominance of Anti-Unionism in Ireland over every other political feeling. An inquiry, as regards the 'Tory or Chartist idea of maintaining a Union by "physical force," is made with respect to the proportion of soldiers and sailors contributed by *Ireland* to the *English* army and navy since the period of the American war. An outline is then drawn of her various capabilities for national or self-legislative independence, illustrated by a comparison of her superior size, in geographical square miles, to that of the greater number of the existing states of Europe. A brief survey is next taken of the peculiar military strength and defensibility of the country against any thing in the shape of a hostile invasion. A review follows, of the *causes* through which the various alleged conquests of this country were effected, and the price which they cost—this review being more full in reference to the great struggle of the Revolution from 1688 to 1691, so grossly misrepresented to the world, as an instance of the Irish having "fought *badly* at home," by those Williamite libellers, who have hitherto been almost exclusively cited and believed as *authorities* on the subject. A still further proof is presented of the folly or cowardice that would assign this island no higher rank than that of a

* Boswell's Life, p. 275, 367, 452, &c. Jones's edit.

province, by a contrast of her superior resources for political greatness, compared with several of the most eminent states in ancient and modern history. A demonstration is made of the monstrous pecuniary drain imposed upon Ireland by England, *against* the terms, as well as *through* the medium, of the so-called Act of Union; and the essay concludes with a glance at what the author considers must be the finally separate destiny of the two islands, unless the unjust, ruinous, and intolerable usurpation by England of the national rights of Ireland, through the nefarious job of a bribed, anti-national legislature, shall be surrendered,—if not from motives of political honesty or common justice, yet from the prudential considerations involved with the fact, of two-thirds of the *English* military force being natives of the same insular territory of 32,201 square miles, which presents a recruiting population of 2,000,000 more at home,—at once becoming more numerous, and, from the present system of the connexion between their country with England, more discontented, every day.

The observations on our military History—made for the purpose of testing, in the most conclusive way, the truth of the assertion as to our having “*always fought badly at home*,” by examining how much TIME and MONEY our principal wars with England cost, even disunited as we were,—have been included in this volume by the advice of a literary friend, who was of opinion, that the number of *facts*, and reasonings, founded on facts contained in those remarks—mere mems. loosely thrown together as they are,—more fully refute the above-mentioned discreditable notion, and place many circumstances of the great war of the Revolution between King James and the Prince of Orange in a more honourable light for the country than has yet been done by any Irish writer. That some of those mems. on the subject of that war, though intended to correct the faults of other writers, might be considerably improved, is freely

admitted.* For, amidst the great difficulty of gaining admittance to so many documents as it is absolutely necessary to consult, in order to form more than a superficial opinion on almost any point of such a "*vexato questio*" as our modern story, in which the unscrupulous malignity of a hostile sect and country has been almost the exclusive source of any intelligence as to details, and has been as industrious as it has been determined to misrepresent an obnoxious religion and injured nation in almost every particular, *who* could see his way to more than a portion of truth at a time? This remark is more particularly applicable to some of those observations in reference to King James, that have been made under the influence of the ideas generally entertained of him, through the accounts of his enemies; ideas, from which nothing but a long, laborious, and difficult acquaintance with the scattered and scarce records, to which access must be obtained in order to form a true conception of his conduct, and a full exposition of the varied, curious

* Thus, in page 225-6, for "the loss of the *besieged*," at Derry "being, according to Walker, about 3,200 men," should be substituted "the loss of the *regimented garrison*—the whole of those who perished DURING the Irish blockade, or without including any who died from its effects AFTER the place was relieved, being estimated, on Williamite authority, at no less than 10,000!" Again, the full complement of fighting men in the town, which the Duke of Berwick merely speaks of as "above 10,000," is made 2,000 more, or 12,000 in all, by a contemporary Protestant authority. The calculation, too, at p. 285-9, from a passage in Story, of Ginckle's battering train before Athlone, at but 29 cannon and 6 mortars, is to be corrected by the testimony of one of his own officers, (whose word could not be consulted when the above calculation was made,) into "50 battering cannon and 8 mortars; so that the Dutch general, with his 12 field-pieces, had 70 guns there—a statement by which the "47 guns and mortars," (inclusive of field-pieces) at p. 274, may likewise be altered. The Dutch list, also, of William's foot regiments in Ireland, in 1691, makes them, with the exception of the Danes, 780, instead of 705 men each; which would add considerably to the amount of Ginckle's army at Aughrim. Such particulars, however, only serve to show, that, unlike the Williamite defamers of Ireland, (who, by the way, are as remarkable for virulent and unscrupulous misrepresentation as any Jacobite or Irish accounts we have are for an adherence to truth,) the author has kept considerably within, rather than gone beyond, what facts would justify, in his criticisms on those libellers.

and interesting information thus acquired, in the shape of a complete Irish history of the Revolution of 1688-91, can be sufficient to disabuse the public mind. To that rare, and highly interesting knowledge as regards Ireland, and indeed England too, as connected with Ireland, the observations under consideration have been the means of leading their author, and of thus far more than compensating *him* for any defects which *they* contain. In proof of this, he adduces the narrative he has given of the battle of Aughrim, which, though by no means containing all he could cite on the subject—for why should he enable *others* to trace out and trade upon that for which *he* alone has laboured?—will, he thinks, prove him to be acquainted with a much greater number of printed, manuscript, and traditional authorities respecting that important event, and the remarkable period with which it is connected, than can be obtained from any of the wretched productions called Irish *histories*, that have purported to give an account of those times. His peculiar sources of research—exclusive of a familiar acquaintance with all the common writers on the subject—consist of several large volumes of the MS. of King William's Secretary, and similar folios of the War correspondence between General Ginckle, his Officers, the Castle, and Whitehall; of a still more valuable collection of the original proclamations of King James and his government in this country—the more curious, from the great care that was taken to secrete or destroy every document of his administration, and then to assail him, and the Irish clergy and people as his supporters, with the most disgusting misrepresentations; of an acquaintance with nearly all the Continental writers who have touched upon the wars of this country at the Revolution; of a perusal of, and extracts from, the greater portion of the numerous pamphlets and other periodicals of the time that were printed in English,—including some very interesting tracts in favour of King James, and the Duke of Tyrconnell, not even alluded to by those who have hitherto

written *histories* of the Revolution. In addition to this extensive and authentic mass of documents on the subject, he can obtain access to several hundred letters of King James's Secretary, from which sufficient extracts can soon be made, and with these, and an inspection of some valuable documents in Paris, which can also be quickly read through, and extracted from, as *what* they are, and *where* they are to be found, are known, the writer, if encouraged, would undertake a History of the Revolution and war in Ireland from 1688 to 1691—followed by an account of the Irish in all the foreign services, from the termination of O'Neill's war with Elizabeth, when our countrymen first entered these services in considerable numbers, down to the present times; and the whole concluding with an inquiry into what portion the Irish have formed of that army and navy, which Tory swaggering would threaten this country with, under the usurped name of “the *British* heart and the *British* arm.”

A work of this kind would, it is scarcely necessary to say, be one of the highest interest and utility—fortified, as it would be, (according to the plan proposed and roughly exemplified in this volume,) with copious notes, containing minute comparisons of, and references to, authorities, corroborative extracts from scarce or MS. documents, arithmetical analyses and tables of the numbers of the Irish and English forces in every important action, and accounts of old families, both Irish and English, that took a part in the Revolution of this country—and written, as the work would be, not from the evidences of *one* side, or rather from a mere portion of those evidences, as all our superficial compilations on the subject at present are, but, as far as possible, from *all* the documents known to exist, as well on the side of William, as of his unfortunate father-in-law. To see whether his countrymen would wish to encourage an undertaking, that would be the means of vindicating the calumniated military character of their ancestors in the great contest adverted to, and of raising that three years' me-

memorable struggle of “the truest, the last of the brave,” for their persecuted country and religion, into at least *something* like the honourable position which such bravery and fidelity as theirs ought to occupy on the page of history, has been the cause that this volume has been allowed to expand so much beyond what was the original intention of the author. For his own part, whatever may be the reception of those miscellaneous sheets, and of the proposal which they contain, their compilation, in the present shape, will always be to *him* a source of the highest gratification, as having been the means of leading him into a mass of knowledge on the subject in question, so far beyond what he had any idea of when he first thought of criticising the usual Williamite accounts of that war, that, between what he has made out and transcribed, and what he knows where to get, he may confidently affirm that he *has* the materials for giving a far better account than has yet appeared of the events of that memorable era in our modern annals, and of the achievements of the Irish in the services of the great powers of the Continent, which he would combine with its history. To him, as one of the race, both in blood and feeling, to which eight-tenths of the men belonged, who “filled the ranks and fed the cannon” in the cause of their country, religion, and legitimate Sovereign, and whose gallantry procured that celebrated treaty, the nefarious violation of which has been perpetuated to, and is a primary cause of, the agitation of the present times, a minute research into the details of such a contest did not appear a matter of indifference, and was not felt to be a source of weariness, notwithstanding the great labour of transcription, as well as of study attendant upon such an inquiry. And though he may be taxed with too much enthusiasm on the subject,—for of merely interested motives he can scarcely be accused, as he does not *live* by writing,—he thinks, that the execution of such a work as has been proposed ought to be looked upon in much the same light by his countrymen as by himself.

Should this be *their* as well as *his* opinion, the portraits of Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnell, and Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, will indeed be evidences of the spirit in which the work shall be written. But, to guard, as much as possible, against the influence of prejudice, and the charge of partiality, comparisons of the different accounts of every important transaction, by both domestic and foreign writers, shall be given in notes, minutely specifying every authority, and stating, when any work is rare, in *what* library, and *where* in that library, it can be procured. The notes in this volume,—modified, of course, to suit the calmer tone of a regular history,—will convey a general idea of that portion of the writer's plan; his object being, by such notes, and appendices, to make the work contain every thing worth knowing on the subject. Except where it may be necessary to pronounce his own opinion on any point, his narrative shall receive no colouring, unless what can be justified either by the testimony of official and contemporary, or of such statements as may appear to have been derived from official and contemporary sources of information. Appropriate and decisive quotations, similar to those in the sketch of the siege of Athlone and battle of Aughrim,—given in this volume as rough specimens of the proposed narrative,—shall be introduced, as often as possible, into the text; the author having the greatest contempt for that impertinent obtrusion of dogmatizing vanity, called the “philosophy of history,” or for any mode of writing history, but one based upon an honest, industrious search for, and a patient weaving together of, the best original testimonies on the subject; whose very words, as superior to any others in point of credit, and as generally the most picturesque,—from the greater liveliness with which we will speak of what we have seen, than of what we have heard,—should constantly, but especially in the account of any important matter, be laid before a reader.

From a book so written, on the only war deserving the

appellation of *national* that can be said to have taken place between this country and England,* and one not of so remote a date as to be uninteresting *now*, since there are several persons in existence that might have conversed with those who actually lived at the time,† and the present

* By this is meant, the only war in which Ireland had any thing like a resident Sovereign, with a national government, and a united population, in contending against England—which, as contrasted with her other struggles, she *had*, or, allowing for the defection of Ulster, was *nearest* having, in James's time. The Irish, indeed, knew this well, and showed that they knew it; if it were only by the spirit-stirring inscription, in large letters, on the great standard, which was kept flying at the top of the Castle, where the King was—

“NOW OR NEVER!—
NOW AND FOR EVER!”

† The Duke of Wellington, for example, who was born in 1769, might not only have spoken to several persons contemporary with the Revolution, but to one who not only witnessed that but a still earlier, and not less remarkable contest, in this country. Thus, in 1773, Charles M'Findley, Esq., of the County Tipperary, died, aged 143 years; having been a captain under Charles I., and having come over to Ireland, in 1649, with Cromwell; shortly after which he quitted the army. In March, 1774, died at Dungiven, County Londonderry, William Beatty, Esq., who bore a pair of colours at the Boyne and Aughrim. In November, 1776, Alderman William Owagan, senior Alderman of Cork, died there, aged 93; having acted as a page to James II., in 1689, when the King was publicly entertained by that city, on his landing from France. In 1784, there were, in Armagh, a very old man, a beggar, and a still older beggar-woman, who are spoken of, by one who knew them both, as constant quarrellers about the Irish politics of the preceding century; the old man having marched, under King James, through Armagh, in 1689, in the Irish advance against Derry, and having been present, the following year, at the Boyne; and the old woman, who lived to 140, having been wife to a soldier who also fought there, but on William's side. In January, 1792, Thomas Wimms, who served at the siege of Londonderry, died in Tuam, at the age of 117. In May, 1794, a man named Conolly died, aged 118, near Edenderry, King's County, “who,” says the account, “perfectly remembered the landing of King James and the Prince of Orange, the sieges of Derry and Limerick, the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim, and every other memorable occurrence of those times!” About the end of 1796, a gentleman, now between 60 and 70, (and a friend of the writer,) happening to stop on horseback with his father between Killmastulla and Bird Hill, in the County Tipperary, an extremely venerable old man came out of a cabin to hold the horses, and being asked, how old he was? replied—“Sir, I don't know; but, when I was very young, I served as a soldier in King James's army!” In fine, so late as the same year,

liberal government, and its supporters, the people of Ireland, are only *now* effectually pulling down the Williamite oligarchy, that owed its ascendancy to the events of that period—from such a book much benefit might be derived, through the instructive view it would give of the great amount of time, labour, blood, and money, that had to be expended, for the elevation of the tyranny of a faction, at the expense of the rights of a nation; through the notion it would convey, of how very different, in all human probability, would be the result of such *another* contest between the two islands, as certain manœuvres of the Sellis-Garth despot of Hanover, and his Williamite supporters, *might* have but recently occasioned; and “above all, and before all,” through the spectacle it would afford to the world, of a greater mass of low and shameless misrepresentation, directed against this country and its religion, by English and Anglo-Irish malignity, intolerance, and oppression, than the character, principles, and conduct of any one nation have, perhaps, ever met with, in history, from the writers of another.

Yet, on *such* libellers alone, have we hitherto been left to depend for any *history* of the important war and revolution in question; a circumstance, as the writer of these remarks believes, not less conducive to the political degradation, than to the national dishonour, of his country—since, it is, in a very great degree, through the grossly exaggerated descriptions of the conduct of the Roman Catholics to the Protestants of Ireland, while the former held power under James II., that the antinational scribes alluded to, and their patrons, for their own selfish and intolerant supremacy alone, have been able to keep Protestant and Catholic dis-

1796, the Recorder of Drogheda, who presented the address from that town to James II., in 1689, on his march against Marshal Schomberg, was still living; being certainly not less than between 130 and 140 years old. From private information, and the periodical publications of the last century, several more instances of the kind could be given; but these will suffice.

united, to the loss of almost every thing politically honourable and valuable to them as Irishmen; the constant and interested propagation of the calumny, that the Irish "always fought," and, by implication, would again "fight badly at home," being resorted to, as the best method, along with the suppression or discouragement of all but completely partial or one-sided testimony on the subject, to keep an oppressed people quiet, under such a system. While the details of the war of the Revolution were still fresh in the memory of numbers of Irish as well as of Williamite participators in the contest, the monopoly of all power at home by the Anglo-Orange or penal-code party, who would be so very unlikely to tolerate the publication of any accounts of that war but their own, and the general impoverishment and depression of those, who, under other circumstances, would have patronised an Irish account of the struggle, rendered any undertaking of the kind, at once too dangerous and too unprofitable to be ventured upon, in the country which was the scene of the events in question; and such of the Irish of rank and education as went to the Continent, with the national army, after the Treaty of Limerick, and were qualified, by what they *knew*, to do justice to their countrymen's defence of James's cause, would be incapacitated from such a task, either by their constant military service in those warlike times, by the wounds or ill health occasioned by such service, or by their death, in the performance of their duty, before they could put such a design in execution. Even MacGeoghegan, who had sufficient authorities, in *his* time, for giving a far better account than he has done of the war of the Revolution, is miserably concise and superficial; and, to the very small stock of information, on the *Irish* side, which *he* has given, no other Irish writer has added any thing worth mentioning. Thus a clear field has hitherto been left to the English and Orange enemies of Ireland, to give what versions they chose of the conduct of the Irish people in that war;

an advantage, which those writers have availed themselves of in such a manner as to provoke, in the strictures on *their* libels in the following pages, a degree of asperity on the part of the writer, which, however natural in him, as one of the race and religion so vilified, would be calculated to give an unfavourable impression of any thing in the shape of a *history* that might emanate from him, if he were not determined, in the composition of such a work,—or of one, so very different, in its nature, from the present ephemeral production,—to deprive himself, in a manner, of the capability of being partial, by keeping his political feelings under such a strong check of minute references and constant quotations, as to confine the influence of those feelings to the narrowest possible limits. The design of this history of the Revolution, and of the Irish in the Continental services, is announced in the prefatory remarks to this miscellaneous volume, since it was the casual circumstance of its compilation that led the author to the knowledge and acquisition of that large and valuable quantity of materials, foreign as well as domestic, which, on the plan *he* has laid down for writing such a work, should, he thinks, render it not unworthy of the notice and encouragement of Irishmen. His reason for making this appeal to the spirit of literary nationality amongst his countrymen—*if any such exists*—is, that, though independent of the public as an individual, the expense of getting out such a book, on the only principle to which he would accede, or that of publishing it in Ireland, would be too much for his private resources. He would not wish, that a work, purposely written to vindicate the most important part of the character, or, in other words, the military honour of the nation, should be at all identified with that most degrading of all signs of submission to a foreign yoke, or the miserable subserviency of mind, which would enslave this country, not only in a political but a literary sense, by making it necessary to have the stamp of a London publisher's name affixed to an Irish book, as

well as the consent of a London parliament to an Irish law. He would have Irish manufacture connected with information for the mind, as well as with clothing for the body—for which reason he would not print or publish the present volume out of his native city, notwithstanding the contrary practice of printing and publishing in London. If the book shall be deemed worthy of any attention, he would wish it to be that of Irishmen. If it shall not be deemed worthy of such notice, he will at least have the satisfaction of having spent what it cost him in his *own*, instead of *another* country.

It may be requisite to state, that a considerable portion of the remarks on the war of the Revolution were written and printed off, at a period when the author had not procured access to several valuable literary collections, to which he subsequently got admission. Among these last, was the library of Trinity College, where, it would be ungrateful in him not to acknowledge, that he obtained every facility for prosecuting his researches, which could be expected from the politeness of gentlemen, and the liberality of scholars. Whatever may have been the spirit of exclusiveness formerly existing amongst those connected with that institution, *he* experienced none of the obstacles which were once presented to the inquiries of the man of letters; while it gives him still greater pleasure than could be conferred by any favour he experienced, to be able to state, that, chiefly owing to the laudable interest taken in ancient Irish learning by the librarian, Doctor Todd, a society has been set on foot, on a principle similar to that of the Oriental Translation Fund Society in London, to give the world the benefit of the valuable and curious collections of native Irish literature in the archives of the University—each work issued by the society to contain both the original Irish text, and an exact translation of it in English. Such undertakings, in an intelligent age, must always be more productive of honour to an institution like the University than any peculiar credit it may have been instituted to uphold. The liber-

Protestant, who disagrees with, or is in different to, the religious tenets of the Benedictines and the Jesuits, is grateful to their memory for their many profound and interesting additions to general knowledge; and the learned Catholic, dismissing or forgetting the idea of any difference of creed existing between himself and the University, may, in like manner, at a future period, be able to say—"At all events, *that* College deserves the praise of rescuing our old national literature from oblivion or obscurity!" Such pursuits, in their grand and expansive results, when compared with the insignificant and narrow squabbles of partisan theology, are calculated to put one in mind of Alexander the Great's observation, after the battle of Arbela, when, on receiving a despatch from his viceroy Antipater announcing the defeat and destruction of a few thousand Lacedæmonians in Greece, and on contrasting that petty circumstance with the immense glory and importance of the battle which had just gained him the empire of Asia, he contemptuously exclaimed—"I hear there has been a *battle of mice* in Arcadia!"

With respect to some expressions upon the Union, speaking of that measure, as if an English or provincializing government *might* be able to compensate this country for the loss of her legislative independence, the writer may be permitted to state, that those observations were made from a wish to avoid interrupting the chance of any beneficial measure of *secondary* utility likely to result from the truce on the subject of Repeal, then existing between the Whig administration and the Repealers, but not from the slightest idea, on his part, that Ireland and Irishmen can ever be "as they ought to be," till "Irish laws alone shall Ireland bind"—with the crown existing, as "the only state-bond of each island."

In conclusion, the author ventures to hope—he trusts without much presumption—that, whatever may be the literary merits of this miscellany, it will not be devoid of some interest in a political, and of even some use in an historical, point of view.

GLEANINGS

FROM

A WRITING-DESK.

I SAW THEE—TIME'S RUDE HAND HAD DIMMED.

"I'll not leave thee, thou lone one."—MOORE.

I.

I saw thee—Time's rude hand had dimmed the lines that
Beauty traced ;
And Fortune's frowns and blighting Grief thy rosy prime
effaced ;
But, though the noon-day beams that played around thy
brow were set,
Like clouds at eve, thy looks retained a tender lustre yet.

II.

We spoke—I found thee more than all even Fancy e'er de-
signed,
In feelings gentle, pure in taste, in sentiment refined—
Thy balmy words shed manna o'er the desert of my soul ;
My hours with thee as brightly passed as sunny rivers roll.

III.

And art thou, like the wanderer wrecked upon his lonely
isle,
With none to weep when thou wouldst weep or gladden at
thy smile ?
And shall that Eden heart, where Love might build his
sweetest shrine,
Be left amid a dreary world in solitude to pine ?

IV.

Oh no ! there is *one* faithful bosom warmly beats for thee !
 'The cold neglect which thou hast felt endears thee more to
 me ;
 For, though in summer hours of bliss the heart is lured to
 roam,
 'Tis winter's chilling blasts that serve to bind us most to
 home.

July 7th, 1829.

THE DEFEAT OF SISERA.

"The children of Israel again did evil in the sight of the Lord
 and the Lord sold them into the hand of Jabin, king of Canaan, that
 reigned in Hazor ; the captain of whose host was Sisera. And
 the children of Israel cried unto the Lord ; for he (Sisera) had 900 cha-
 riots of iron, and 20 years he mightily oppressed the children of Israel.
 And the Lord discomfited Sisera, and all his chariots, and all his
 host. And the hand of the children of Israel prospered, . . .
 until they had destroyed Jabin, king of Canaan." *Judges, chap. iv.*
v. 1, 2, 3, 15, 23, 24.

I.

STRIKE ! strike the loud harp to the praise of the Lord,
 And, on cymbals of gladness, his glory record !
 Exult !—for the sceptre of Jabin is broke,
 And Israel is freed from the Canaanites' yoke !

II.

O'er Tabor's wide plains, on Megiddo's green banks,
 The Canaanite marshalled his numberless ranks ;[†]
 Like the fiend of the desert, in whirlwinds of flame,
 Breathing death and destruction to Israel they came.

III.

When the shrieks of the night-tempest, echoing around,
 Through the hundred dark caves of the mountain resound ;

[†] "Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded, saying, "Go and
 draw toward Mount Tabor?" "The kings came and fought
 by the waters of Megiddo." *Judges iv. 6 and 9.*

Hast thou *seen* the blue lightning, flash darting on flash?
Hast thou *heard* the deep thunder, crash bursting on
crash?

IV.

As brightly the Canaanites' helmets and shields,
In the blaze of the morning illumined the fields;
As loudly the chargers of Sisera pranced,
When his chariots to combat with Israel advanced.

V.

But where are the helmets, and where are the shields,
Whose blaze in the morning illumined the fields?
And where are the steeds that so haughtily pranced,
When Sisera's chariots to combat advanced?

VI.

Their splendour is dimmed in the blood of the slain—
They are rolling in Kishon's red tide to the main—
For the feast of the vulture in Taanach is spread,
And the kings of Canaan are strewn with the dead.¹

VII.

The mother of Sisera looks out on high
From the halls of her palace, for evening is nigh;
And the wine-cup is brimmed, and the bright torches burn,
And the banquet is piled, for the chieftain's return.

VIII.

She cries to her maidens,—“Why comes not my son?
Is the combat not o'er, and the battle not won?
The steeds of Canaan are many and strong—
Why tarry the wheels of *his* chariot so long?”

IX.

She saith in her heart, yea, her *wise* maidens say,—
“He taketh the spoil, he divideth the prey;
He seizeth the garment of glittering dyes,
And maketh the daughters of Beauty his prize!”²

¹ “Then fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach. The river of Kishon swept them away.” Judges, v. 19, 21.

² “The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, ‘Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the

X.

But Sisera's mother shall view him no more ;
 With the warriors of Hazor he sleeps in his gore ;
 And the bear and the lion his coursers consume ;
 And the beak of the eagle is digging his tomb.

XI.

And the owl and the raven are flapping their wings ;
 And their death-song is heard in the chambers of kings ;
 For the sword of the Lord and of Israel lowers
 O'er Sisera's palace, and Jabin's proud towers.

Nov. 13th, 1831.

EPIGRAM.

On the weeping and laughing philosophers.

Que vois-je ? la discorde au milieu de ces sages ?
 Et de maîtres, entr'eux sans cesse divisés,
 Naissent des spectateurs l'un à l'autre opposés.
 Nos folles vanités font pleurer Héraclite ;
 Ces mêmes vanités font rire Démocrite.

RACINE.

"If we look," says Racine, "to the lives of the wise,
 What opposite maxims we find !—
 Here sad Heraclitus despondingly cries,
 While Democritus laughs at mankind !"
 But, as long as *my* stay in this planet extends,
 To follow them *both* I propose—
 With one,—may I weep for my suffering friends,
 With the other,—I'll laugh at my foes.

wheels of his chariots ?' Her wise ladies answered her, yea, she returned answer to herself,—'Have they not sped ? have they not divided the prey ? to every man a damsel or two ; to Sisera a prey of divers colours meet for the necks of them that take the spoil.'"—Judges v. 28, 29, 30.

THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A SONG.

AIR—"A captain bold of Halifax once lived in country quarters."

I.

WE live in times when ev'ry fool has plans to mend the nation ;
 We've bibles, paper-banks¹ and rules for checking popu-
 lation ;
 But, though of humbugs now-a-days we've such a grand
 variety,
 The primest of all humbugs is—the Temperance Society.
 Oh! what a gag is the Temperance Society !
 Oh! what a gag is the Temperance Society !²

II.

The leader of this holy hoax is Mr. Justice *****,
 Whom something, at Dungarvan, that I need not tell, was
 stamp³ on,
 But, wasn't it a shame for Dan to give such' notoriety
 To *that* charge against a patron of—the Temperance Society ?
 Oh! what a gag is the Temperance Society !
 Oh! what a gag is the Temperance Society !

III.

The rack-renting landlord, who in abundance riots,
 While on water and potatoes his tenantry he diets,
 Maintains the poor would be from *all* causes for disquiet free,
 If they only would belong to the Temperance Society !
 Oh! what a gag is the Temperance Society !
 Oh! what a gag is the Temperance Society !

¹ An allusion to the rage for banking speculations, and to the stopping of the Agricultural Bank, in Dublin, about the time those lines were written.

² If the happy bucks, or "decided enemies of care," amongst whom this song may be sung, shall be in due *spirits*, or *wine*, or *spirits of wine*, or *wine and spirits*, then "oh! what a gag," &c., may be repeated in a full chorus of roaring glory.—*Note of the Author for the Critics and the Saints.*

³ See the "stolen or strayed" epistles, of a semi-official, semi-Galwegian description, that were intended "*to make Dungarvan shake*," but only contributed to drum the Grey ministry out of power to the tune of "*The rogues' march.*"

IV.

The Parson finding now, that all chance of tithe is failing,
 As *passively resisting* makes the bay'net unavailing,
 Becomes, since he can't help it, quite a model of sobriety,
 And, for want of cash and claret, joins—the Temperance
 Society!

Oh! what a gag is the Temperance Society!

Oh! what a gag is the Temperance Society!

V.

The saintly old maid who in private is so handy
 At warming her *devotion* with cups of tea—half *brandy*!
 Lest folks should think her nose too red for one of so much
 piety,

Is seen at ALL the meetings of—the Temperance Society!

Oh! what a gag is the Temperance Society!

Oh! what a gag is the Temperance Society!

VI.

So push the bottle on, my friends, and may we long be able
 To meet, as we are met to-night, around this happy table.
 And, while in brimming bowls we sink all trouble and
 anxiety,

We'll laugh at holy twaddle and—the Temperance Society.

Oh! what a gag is the Temperance Society!

Oh! what a gag is the Temperance Society!

November, 1836.

ORRAR AND MUIRNE.

[From the Irish.]

1.

SHE comes along the flowery lawn—
 Joy sparkles in her dewy glance;
 And, in the fanning breath of dawn,
 Her jetty locks in ringlets dance.
 Less lovely, from his orient tower,
 The sun o'er bright Bin-Edur¹ glows;

¹ Bin-Edur—the ancient name of the Hill of Howth.

THE GREEN BOOK.

Less welcome falls the pearly shower
That wakes to life the fainting rose,
Than thou, enchanting Muirnē ! art
To cheer thine Orrar's throbbing heart.

2.

Ere yet my youthful arm could wave
The glittering sword in fields of fight;
When tuneful bards to glory gave
The deeds of Erin's matchless might;
My bosom thrilled with Valour's flame,
Inspired by Music's kindling power;
I sighed to hear my father's fame,
And burned for battle's fiercest hour;
But Muirnē ! *then*, I ne'er had viewed
That form which *since* my soul subdued.

3.

Yet Muirnē ! oft has Orrar sought
His country's foes—nor sought in vain;
Where'er this hand th' invader fought,
His bravest, mightiest, strewed the plain.
But never has my conquering spear
Against the feeble aimed a blow,
Nor, when disarmed and pale with fear,
Has laid th' imploring warrior low.
Sunbeam of life to Orrar's breast !
Then calm *his* tender fears to rest.

4.

Sweet flower of blooming loveliness !
Fair-bosomed swan of Beauty hear !
And, with one winning smile, confess,
That Orrar's strains *can* please thine ear.
Ah ! see that fondly beaming smile
Bright with young Passion's gentle fire !
Yes, those dear looks no more beguile,—
That glance invites my soul's desire !
The rosy flush that lights thy cheeks,
The dawn of Orrar's bliss bespeaks !

Sept. 7th, 1833.

EPIGRAM

ON A WEALTHY AND PRESUMING UPSTART

"There is not, in the whole compass of nature, a more insufferable creature than a prosperous fool."—CICERO.

WHEN I meet Tom, the purse-proud and impudent block-head,

In his person, the poets' three ages I trace;
For the GOLD and the SILVER unite in his *pocket*,
And the BRAZEN is easily seen in his *face*.

Feb. 16th, 1830.

EPISTLE

FROM DR. SOUTHEY, POET LAUREAT, AND AUTHOR OF THE "BOOK
OF THE CHURCH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PARSON'S HORN BOOK."¹

SIR,

I suppose you'll feel somewhat surprised,
By a mere stranger to be thus advised;
But if you wish as well your own salvation,
As that of Ireland and her "sister nation,"
No longer seek, with satire to destroy,
But, in the Church's cause, your pen employ;
Since, as I'll show, none like her qualifies
The souls of sinful laymen for the skies.

When the great author of eternal life
Shared our afflictions in this "vale of strife,"
Saint Matthew tells us that a certain Jew
Asked, "what, to gain salvation, he should do?"
"Keep the commandments," the Redeemer cried:
"*All*, from my youth, I've kept," the Jew replied.

¹ For an account, and examination of the causes that led to the appearance, of this first effective publication against Irish Church *temporalities* and *abuses*, and its connexion with the formation of the "Comet Club," and the "Irish Brigade," see the Postscript or Appendix to this Epistle, at the end of the volume

Our Lord rejoined, "If thou wouldst Heaven insure,
 Sell what thou hast, and give it to the poor!"
 But the young man, not liking what he heard,
 His treasures here, to those above, preferred.
 "Then," said our Saviour, "it is hardly given,
 That a rich man should ever enter heaven;
 A camel *may* pass through a needle's eye,
 Ere such a man shall dwell with me on high."
 In the Epistles, too, we find St. Paul,
 Gold, by the name of "filthy lucre," call;
 And Christ declared "his paths could ne'er be trod
 By those with Mammon seeking to join God."
 Now, Sir, as no one knows these sayings better
 Than Parsons who quote Scripture to the letter,
 They fear, if we possessed the "root of evil,"
 Our wicked hearts would lead us to the devil;
 And, *therefore*, wish to guard us from the curses
 Pronounced on those enjoying ponderous purses.
 For this great end, inspired by holy zeal,
 With the keen shears of legislative steel,
 From their *dear* sheep they clip away the gold,
 As the famed Colchian ram was *fleeced* of old—
 Thus nobly making certain *our* salvation,
 By taking on *themselves* their *flocks'* damnation!
 Oh, generous men! no more let Heathen Rome
 To match *her* blighted fame with *yours* presume!
 No more extol her champion Decius Mus¹—
 He *died* for *her*—you **DAMN** *yourselves* for us!
 No more, oh Carthage! thy Philæni² boast,
 Interred alive upon Cyrene's coast;

¹ "Decius Mus, a Roman consul, who, after many glorious exploits, devoted himself to the gods, manes, for the safety of his country, in a battle against the Latins, 338 years B. C. His son Decius, followed his example, fighting against the Gauls and Samnites, B. C. 296. This act of devoting one's self was of *infinite service to the STATE*.—*Lempriere*.

² Two Carthaginian brothers, justly celebrated for their patriotism.—The Carthaginians and Cyrenæans, after a long and bloody war about the limits of their territories, being apprehensive that a third power might arise to avail itself of their mutual weakness by the injury or ruin of both, agreed to make peace on the following conditions. The two states were each to appoint ambassadors, who were to advance in a given direction from their respective capitals, at a certain day and hour, and the place of their meeting was to be the boundary of their governments. Two

They, for *thy* welfare, met a living grave—
Parsons, for *us*, eternal torments brave !
Did Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
In Babylon, such self-devotion show ?

brothers, the Philæni, were named as the Carthaginian ambassadors, and, either from the remissness of the Cyrenæan envoys, or their having been delayed by one of those formidable sand-storms, which, in the desert parts of Africa, are as dangerous to travellers on land as tempests are to mariners at sea, the Carthaginians met their opponents somewhat within the Cyrenæan limits. The Cyrenæans, being consequently afraid of punishment, if they returned home defeated by their own acknowledgment, endeavoured to involve matters in clamour and confusion, that they might escape an impeachment by a rupture of negotiations and a renewal of the war. For this purpose, they exclaimed against the Philæni as having commenced their journey too soon; and, on the two brothers having honourably offered, for the sake of peace, to waive the advantage they had acquired, and to accept of any other terms consistent with equality and justice, the Cyrenæans proposed—"Either that the Philæni should consent to be buried alive on the spot claimed by them as the boundary of the Carthaginian state, or that they, the Cyrenæan ambassadors, should be permitted to advance as far as they might choose, under the same penalty." The first of these proposals, it was anticipated, that the Philæni, from the penalty annexed to it, would on their own account reject, as they would be justified in doing. The terms of the second proposal, or that by which the Cyrenæans were to be bound, though appearing to contain the same penalty for them as the first did for their opponents, were, in effect, such, that, whether acquiesced in or rejected by the Carthaginians, the contrivers would be equally guarded against suffering either the penalty it contained, or the punishment they feared at home. For, if the privilege of advancing *ad libitum* into the Carthaginian territory should be unthinkingly acceded to by the Philæni, the Cyrenæan ambassadors might acquire the greater part, or, indeed, ALL its possessions from Carthage, to which city itself they might proceed—a submission to which war itself would of course be preferable. And, on the other hand, if the proposal involving such an absurdity should be rejected, it was calculated that a similar result would ensue, in a rupture of the negotiations, and a renewal of hostilities! Thus, in either case, the crafty Cyrenæans had protected themselves from danger, and their country from any loss of territory, unless the Philæni should consent, contrary to all probability, to preserve the advantage they had gained for their countrymen and save them from a war, by agreeing to be buried alive where they stood! The two magnanimous brothers, however, assented to this dreadful alternative, and the Carthaginians evinced their gratitude to them by decreeing several honours to their memory at home, besides erecting altars over the spot where they were buried, which continued for many ages to be the eastern boundary of the Carthaginian dominions in Africa. Of these altars, entitled *Aræ Philænorum*, some remains, in the shape of sandstone pillars, with inscriptions nearly ob-

No ! even a William Cobbett must confess
 They showed not such disinterestedness—
 That heaven, for which they dared a tyrant's flames,
 The generous Parson, for our sake, disclaims ;
 And, 'gainst him, though a thankless world conspire,
 He goes, for it, to everlasting fire !
 Then, seek no more with satire to destroy,
 But, in the Church's cause, your pen employ—
 For, at her wealth, when envious laymen jeer,
 She surely may despise their impious laughter,

literated, are supposed to exist to the present day.—(*Della Cella*, in *Heeren's African Researches*, vol. i. chap. 1, p. 55.

Such is, in substance, the account given by Sallust of this transaction, an account derived, no doubt, from those Carthaginian books stated to have belonged to the library of Hiempsal, king of Numidia, which the Roman historian tells us, he had caused to be interpreted for him and followed as the best sources of information in African affairs, and which were, most probably, a portion of the literary pillage of Carthage, that Scipio is mentioned to have bestowed upon the princes of Africa. (SALLUST, *Bel. Jug.* 17 and 79. *PLIN.* *Hist. Nat.* xviii. 5.) Valerius Maximus, who, in his account of this act of Carthaginian patriotism, seems to have followed some Greek or Cyrenæan historian, as he accuses the Philæni of an act of injustice in leaving home too soon, which, both from the authority of Sallust, and the virtue naturally to be expected from their magnanimity, seems improbable, pays, however, this animated tribute to their noble self-devotion :—*Ubi sunt superbæ Carthaginis alta mœnia ? ubi maritima gloria inclyti portus ? ubi cunctis littoribus terribilis classis ? ubi tot exercitus ? ubi tantus equitatus ? ubi immenso Africæ spatio non contenti spiritus ? Omnia ista duobus Scipionibus Fortuna partita est. At Philænorum egregii facti memoriam ne patriæ quidem interitus extinxit. Nihil est igitur, exceptu virtute, quod mortali animo ac manu immortale quæri posset.*—(VAL. MAX. v. 6.) If the sandstone pillars, above-mentioned, could be proved to be the real remains of the *Aræ Philænorum*, a better inscription to the memory of the Carthaginian patriots, than these words of the Roman author, could scarcely be engraved upon their monument.

What a pity it is, that every ancient work on Carthaginian history has perished. If we had even the *Καρχηδονιακῶν* of the Emperor Claudius, in eight volumes, which, from the original materials extant in his time, would be comparatively valuable, and for which, with his *Τυρρηνιακῶν*, or history of Etrurian affairs, an almost equally interesting, though now obscure subject, he erected a new Museum at Alexandria, that the two publications might be alternately read there to the public, our loss would be partially compensated for.—(SUTTON. in *Claud.* cap. 42.) But time has been almost as unsparing an adversary to the historical, as Cato to the political, existence of Carthage.—*MS. Observations and Collections for a History of Carthage.*

Since, as we've seen, to take their money here,
Is all the better for their souls hereafter.¹

February, 1831.

IMPROMPTU,

Written, at the time of the Anglesey Proclamations, in the leaf of a Scrap-Book, containing a portrait of the Marquis, next to the following well-known verses :—

God takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

THIS couplet's truth, in PAGET's case, we find—
God took his *leg*, and left *himself* behind.

LET FANATICS MURMUR AT LIFE.

AIR—*Unknown.*

I.

LET fanatics murmur at life,
And bigots at pleasure repine ;
We mind not their folly and strife,
But drown all contention in wine :
And, though they may dream they are "*Saints*,"
We're more so—my friends, are we not ?

¹ This epistle, originally written for a little publication of the "Comet Club," was meant to be nothing more, in point of style, than a specimen of the "*musa pedestris*," or that unassuming class of composition in verse, as contrasted with *poetry*, from the connexion of which with topics of a common or familiar, as distinguished from those of an elevated or sentimental nature, merely that mode of expression is to be expected which may be defined as prose in metre. This will consequently be a sufficient excuse for the roughness of some lines, which, even independent of the difficulty of giving passages of Scripture in a sufficiently clear or literal manner in smoother verses, would, were the lines more polished, have only served to render the entire composition less easy and natural.

For, while *they*'re all gloom and complaints,
We sit here, content with our lot.
 Then, let each fill, and pass on the wine to the next;
 There's no Lethe like this, when our hearts are perplexed;
 And let music and joy
 Every moment employ,
 For "eat, drink, and be merry," to-night is *our* text.

II.

They tell us, that sages agree,
 The study of mankind is man;¹
 Then, who is there wiser than we?
 Let pedants reply if they can—
 For Truth in the world is concealed,
 And books only teach us to doubt;
 But here every heart is revealed—
 For, "when the wine's *in*, the man's *out*."
 So, let each fill, and pass on the wine to the next;
 There's no Lethe like this, when our hearts are perplexed;
 And let music and joy
 Every moment employ,
 For "eat, drink, and be merry," to-night is *our* text.

III.

Divines, if they choose it, may think,
 They know more than we do of Heaven;
 And say, if so deeply we drink,
 We'll lose every one of the "seven;"
 But we, in our bumpers, have found
 The Heavens that number surpass—
 For, oft as the bottle goes round,
 A Paradise beams in each glass.
 Then, let each fill, and pass on the wine to the next;
 There's no Lethe like this, when our hearts are perplexed;
 And let music and joy
 Every moment employ,
 For "eat, drink, and be merry," to-night is *our* text.

May 5th, 1830.

¹ "The proper study of mankind is man."—Pope.

A CHARACTER.

Mes traits sont ceux de la satire :
Je les lance en me *defendant*.

BÉRANGER.

In manners vulgar, cold and sour in mind—
In speech, one libel upon human kind—
A gloomy croaker both at friends and foes—
A dreary cloud to mirth where'er she goes—
Save when her hen-pecked spouse—now, like herself,
With scandal only pleased or sordid pelf—
Conveys some lie, with which, at others' fame,
Detraction's imps, *her* dearest kindred, aim,
Or counts some petty saving, ever sure
A ghastly leer of welcome to procure.
In looks, afraid the gazer's glance to meet—
A conscious mass of envy and deceit,
Of black ill-nature, and malignant art,
To gash the feelings and to stab the heart.
A ready firebrand in domestic strife,
A forward old maid, yet a childless wife ;
Childless, since favouring nature hath decreed,
That vipers in *our* isle should never breed.
In face, a yellow, withered, sickly thing—
For how could health from such a conscience spring ?
In faith, half-canting hypocrite and fool ;
In reading, fitted for an infant school ;
In writing, able just to scrawl her name—
Her letters, ugly as her haggard frame ;
In covetousness, never satisfied ;
In meanness, only matched by low-born pride—
A soul-less wretch, whom but one task becomes,
To gripe for farthings or to scrape for crumbs.
Yet, as the blind Egyptian turned of old
From gods of marble, ivory, and gold—
Gods formed in man's majestic air and shape—
To crouch before a crocodile or ape,
Thus, to her grovelling self, by this vile fiend,
Strange to relate ! her husband's mind is weaned

From parents, brothers, all that should impart
 The purest love to every generous heart.
 Who that beholds this base intriguer live,
 Blest with the means her *birth* could never give,
 Who will not say,—“The proverb’s truth is shown—
 The devil is always sure to mind his own.”

June 15th, 1829.

EPIGRAM,

*On being playfully asked by two pretty girls, which should one prefer
 if he were going to make a choice?*

“How happy could I be with either,” was said
 By Macbeath to his wives in the play;
 But, were two such “charmers” as *you* in their stead,
 He could not wish *either* away.
 Oh! no, until death with such angels he’d grapple—
 Then *both* are so temptingly fair,
 That, as Adam lost Heaven by eating an *apple*,
 I’d forfeit *my* chance for a *pair*.¹

THE PARSON’S “HORN OF CHASE.”

A PARODY.

I.

To rob the poor, in open day,
 The pampered Parson leaves his dwelling;
 By Peelers joined, he takes his way,
 With village brats around him yelling;
 Behold him rush, like eager hounds,
 When hares or foxes greet their eyes—
 Sheep, goats, and oxen, he impounds,
 While, struck with dread, the peasant flies:

¹ Query, *pear*—Printer’s Devil.

For, should the poor say "might's *not* right,"
 The "man of God" his flock surrounding,
 With musket balls soon ends the fight,
 The Peeler's horn "All's well!" resounding—
 Resounding,
 The Peeler's horn,
 The Peeler's horn,
 The Peeler's horn,
 The knell
 Of Popish swains resounding!

II.

At close of day, his *duty* o'er,
 Towards home the Parson's steps are bending,
 His bugles sound to blood no more,
 But notes of "tithe got in" are sending!
 His "gentle charmer" hears the sound,
 She flies into his *holy* arms,
 His Rev'rence then counts down each pound,
 By bay'nets drawn from plundered farms.
 The dinner-board displays its store,
 In Papist-purchased cheer abounding—
 "But first," he cries, "secure the door,
 For hark, the Whiteboy's horn is sounding!"
 Sounding,
 The Whiteboy's horn,
 The Whiteboy's horn,
 The Whiteboy's horn,
 To arms!
 Along the hills is sounding!

June, 1831.

ANACREONTIC.

I.

FILL the goblet to the brink,
 Till in tides of bliss we sink;
 Fill, be quick, when that is o'er,
 Have we not as much in store?

Have we not as rich a draught
 As the last we sweetly quaffed?
 Why, then, why, should *we* delay,
 To be happy when we may?
 With such wine as sparkles here,
 How can frowning Thought appear?
 When such dazzling nectar flows,
 Wit with brightest fancy glows.

II.

Fill up—as Beauty’s queen, one day,
 With laughing Bacchus chanced to stray,
 Her little son in tears she spied—
 “What ails my boy?” the Goddess cried.
 “Alas!” Love answered, with a sigh,
 “In vain my blunted arrows fly.”
 “Cease,” Bacchus said, and snatched the darts,
 “I’ll *make* them pierce the firmest hearts.”
 Then, in the rosy bowl he sipped,
 By turns the golden shafts he dipped—
 And since, whene’er Love’s arrows miss,
 He bathes their points in wine like this.

Nov. 24th, 1829.

EPIGRAM,

On reading the Marquis of Londonderry’s speech in the House of Lords, upon the demolition of his windows for his opposition to the Reform Bill.

TITLED babbler, if *still* you have left any brains,
 Rejoice that the people HAVE broken your panes:
 Prate no more to your “order” of “popular crimes,”
 But submit to the deed, as a “sign of the times.”
 The lesson it gives for the outrage atones,
 Since, as Shakspeare observes, there are “*sermons in stones.*”¹

Oct. 1831.

¹ “Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,
 And good in every thing.”

A VALENTINE.

Heureux cent fois le mortel amoureux,
 Qui tous les jours peut te voir et t'entendre,
 Que tu reçois avec un souris tendre,
 Qui voit son sort écrit dans tes beaux yeux,
 Qui, consumé de ces feux qu'il adore,
 A tes genoux oubliant l'univers,
 Parle d'amour et t'en reparle encore,
 Et malheureux qui n'en parle qu'en vers !

VOLTAIRE, *Épître à Mademoiselle Gossin.*

THOUGH this, Maria, is the time,
 When lovers rack their heads for rhyme,
 Striving to paint your matchless beauty,
 I'll leave them such a hopeless duty ;
 And, laughing at the foolish tribe,
 Describing what they can't describe
 I'll merely tell a little tale,
 So short, your patience cannot fail.

The famous Countess De Grolée
 Lived in a very wicked way,
 Till, at the age of eighty-four,
 Sickness compelled her to give o'er.
 Her friends, perceiving she was going,
 And, as good Catholics, well knowing
 Saint Peter will not open Heaven
 To those the Church has not forgiven,
 Advised her strongly to repent,
 And for a famed confessor sent.
 The holy man, "with zeal on flame,"
 To save her soul, impatient came,
 And, as on such occasions fit,
 Her friends prepared the room to quit.
 "No, no," the witty Countess said,
 "You need not leave my dying bed—
 I'll tell my sins while all are by,
 And yet—I'll *not* disedify.
 I *have been* young and handsome too,
 Men said so—I believed 'twas true ;
 The rest——so easy 'tis to guess,
 It would be useless to confess !"

Thus has it been, dear maid, with me—
 I saw—I met—I spoke with thee,
 And—'tis so easy to be guessed—
 I surely need not tell the rest.

February 14th, 1830.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

I.

COME, let us pass the night gayly away ;
 Is there not toil enough through the long day ?
 And leisure's a treasure
 Too glorious to measure,
 Then, let us have pleasure,
 Whilever we may.
 Yes, let us pass the night, &c.

II.

Here, round the festive board, let us unite,
 Where Mirth and Harmony sweetly invite ;
 Wine streaming, wit beaming,
 Bright eyes round us gleaming,
 Each moment is teeming
 With rapture to-night.
 Yes, round the festive board, &c.

Nov. 1st, 1835.

ON AN IMPROVIDENT VOCALIST.

“Vox et præterea nihil.”

I.

Poor Tom, alas ! too well aware
 That he can sing, now only goes
 To balls and dinners, and no care
 Upon the means of life bestows.

II.

Ah ! Tom, it is a dangerous thing
 In such a way the world to please—
 For, when the foolish bird would sing,
 Remember, Tom,—she lost the cheese.¹

Jan. 5th, 1837.

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

2 Samuel, chap. i. v. 19—27.

I.

ON the high places, Israel, thy beauty and pride
 By the shafts of the haughty Philistine have died :²
 Long, long, shall thy sorrow the mighty bemoan—
 The flower of thy valour and boast of thy throne.

II.

Oh, tell not in Gath how untimely their fate,
 Nor, in Ashkelon's streets, their destruction relate—
 Lest Philistia's proud daughters with triumph should glow,
 And exult o'er the fall of their circumcised foe.

III.

Ye hills of Gilboa, ye hills where the shield
 Of Saul, once the mighty, is cast on the field !

¹ "The life of him that dependeth on another man's table is not to be counted for a life : for he polluteth himself with other men's meat, but a wise man well nurtured will beware thereof."—*Ecclesiasticus*, chap. xl. v. 29.

² The introduction of an allusion to the Philistine archers, in the version of this and the viith stanza, is founded upon the sacred historian's statement, in his account of the engagement at Gilboa, in which, after mentioning that "the battle went sore against Saul," it is added, that "the archers hit him, and he was sore wounded of the archers." (1 Sam. xxxi. 3.) And, in 2 Samuel i. 18, it is related that David, after Saul's death, "bade them teach the children of Israel the use of the bow"—no doubt, on the same principle that the kings of Scotland, in the middle ages, endeavoured to promote the practice of archery amongst their subjects, that they might be able to compete with the English, of whose fatal ability in the use of the bow and arrows, Scotland—like the Jews in the case of the Philistines—had experienced such formidable proofs.

Without dewes or soft showers in bleakness remain ;
For on you, the anointed of Israel was slain.¹

IV.

From the blood of the valiant, in victory's track,
The arrows of Jonathan never drew back ;²
In the midst of the charge, where the brave thickest fall,
Whose sword was more red than the sabre of Saul ?

V.

Saul and Jonathan, gallant, illustrious pair,
In life, as in death, undivided ye were !
Your speed was the speed of the eagle's swift flight,
Your strength was the strength of the lion in fight !

VI.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
And oft to remembrance his glory recal ;
Your monarch—who made you so fair to behold,
Who clothed you in scarlet and decked you with gold !³

VII.

But vainly the mighty went forth in their might ;
Jehovah had doomed them to carnage and flight ;⁴

¹ The union of martial, devotional, pathetic, and national feeling, in the original of this stanza, is admirable ; and the allusion to the loss of Saul's shield is expressed in the true spirit of a "warrior bard," who could sympathize with the bold admonition addressed to the young Spartan, on presenting him with his buckler:—"Return *with* it, or *on* it !" The elevated regret of the Hebrew poet for *that* loss presents an honourable contrast to the Epicurean indifference of Horace's "*relicta non bene parmula*," and the still more shameless, though amusing, impudence of the Greek poet, Archilochus. "I have thrown away MY *buckler*," said he, in a fragment of one of his lost works, "but I shall *find* ANOTHER ; and I have *saved* my LIFE !"

² "The bow of Jonathan *turned not back*."—AUTHORISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

"The bow of Jonathan was *never held back*."—GEDDES'S TRANSLATION.

³ Nothing can be more happy than the art with which the poet endeavours to excite the sorrow of his countrywomen for the death of Saul, through the medium of recollections connected with the general passion of the sex for personal finery, and their proportionate inclination to like those who can best contribute to the gratification of that expensive foible.

⁴ "And Samuel said unto Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up ? To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: the

And thou, too, oh Jonathan, thou wert laid low,
In thy beauty and strength by the shafts of the foe.

VIII.

Oh Jonathan ! dear as a brother to me,
How distressed is my heart when I think upon thee !
The love thou hast borne me can never be told—
To thine, oh ! the wild love of women were cold.¹

IX.

Alas for the lovely !—alas for the brave !—
And Israel's glory that rests in their grave.
Alas ! for the weapons of war that have perished,
In the brave she adored, and the lovely she cherished.²

December 11th, 1836.

Lord also shall deliver the host of Israel into the hand of the Philistines."—1 Samuel xxviii. 15, 19.

The death of Saul, in the circumstance of the real or supposed spectre related to have appeared to him before his last engagement ; in his bravery, on that occasion, notwithstanding the naturally depressing effect of such an apparition ; and, in his throwing himself upon his sword to avoid being taken by the victorious enemy, presents a considerable resemblance to Plutarch's account of the particulars of the fall of Brutus, at Philippi. On Greek and Roman principles, Saul, in his last battle, in *his* Waterloo, certainly died like a hero.

¹ "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."—1 Samuel, xviii. 1.

² In this versification of David's Lament, the author has kept as close as possible to the Bible, consistent with the metre and stanza selected as the best adapted for doing justice to the subject in rhyme. The shortness, nevertheless, of the three verses in the Bible, answering to stanzas i., vii., and ix. of the poetical version, having rendered it impossible to stretch their meaning through the four lines indispensable in each stanza, *some* liberties have been taken with the original in those stanzas. These liberties consist in the poetical amplifications made use of in stanzas i. and ix.—in accordance, however, with the spirit of those portions of the original—and in the two allusions made in stanzas i. and vii. to the Philistine bowmen and to the predestined defeat of the Israelite army, as being the most appropriate circumstances, from their positive historical connection with the subject, that could be introduced under the necessity alluded to. Allowing for those liberties, the above version will, *perhaps*, be found to embody more of the literal sense of the authorized translation of the Bible, with something like what may be supposed to have been the metrical "roll" or effect of the original poem, than any versification yet given in English rhyme.

For some further critical and literary remarks connected with, and for a more exact prose translation of, David's elegy, than that given in the English version of the Bible, see the "POSTSCRIPT" at the end of the volume.

TO * * * * *

I.

Oh, let not Malice bid thee grieve,
Or darkly teach thee to suspect
This tender heart could e'er deceive,
Or wound thy fondness with neglect;
For, though my boyhood loved to roam,
Like birds that fly from tree to tree,
In thee, at length, I've found a home,
And life is only life with *thee*.

II.

Then, why should Slander's voice alarm,
Or jealous doubts disturb thy love?
Believe me, Beauty boasts no charm
That could *one* thought from thee remove:
To me, the world's a boundless sea,
Where, like the bird that "found no rest,"
To one sweet ark of peace I flee—
That *only* ark—thy faithful breast.

April 17th, 1829.

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing a Reverend Dignitary of the Establishment, beating some poor boys from behind his carriage.

I CANNOT help thinking *that*'s curious behaviour,
In one who professes to follow our Saviour.
He said, "Let none check little children's approach"—¹
Yon pampered priest whips them away from his coach!
Besides, without meaning the Church to disparage,
May I ask, "What Apostle e'er rolled in his carriage?"

May 19th, 1829.

¹ Mark viii. 13, 14.

NABIS AND THE UNION.

(*Written upon the passing of the Irish Coercion Bill.*)

“Experimentum in corpore vili.”

MACAULEY'S *Speech on the Coercion Act.*

WHEN Sparta, from her ancient fame declined,
In prostrate fear and abject slavery pined,
O'er her fallen sons the tyrant Nabis reigned,
With brutal power by force alone maintained—
Like those who now a suffering land o'erawe,
With drum-head justices and martial law.

'Midst other engines by this despot framed,
T' extort by torture what his avarice claimed,
A moving image, filled with spikes, he made,
Whose form his consort's air and garb displayed.
Whene'er a Spartan dared refuse to yield
Whatever sum the greedy tyrant willed,
Towards his feigned queen the prisoner straight was led;
Quick round his frame its arms the image spread;
Touched by a spring, forth flew its iron points,
Transpierced the victim's flesh and crashed his joints;
Till, in the keenest pangs of lingering death,
The captive, bathed in blood, resigned his breath.¹

My country! in the hapless Spartan's fate,
Behold an emblem of thy present state!
The captive, for his wealth condemned to gasp
Within th' accursed engine's deadly clasp,
Displays the Union England's *love* affords—
A gripe of robbery!—an embrace of swords!
And *must* this tortured land, too long compressed
By such a Nabis' grasp, in misery rest?—
Slaves, *can ye ask? still* crouching and dismayed!—
THE TYRANT'S CHAIN MAY FORM THE FREEMAN'S BLADE.²

1833.

¹ Polybius, lib. xiii. cap. 7., tom. iii., p. 451, &c., edit. Schweighæuser.

² See “POSTSCRIPT TO NABIS AND THE UNION.”

ALMIGHTY LORD.

Devotion is the affection of the heart, and this I feel ; for, when I view the wonders of creation, I bow to the majesty of Heaven.' —KENNEDY'S *Conversations of Lord Byron*, p. 135.

ALMIGHTY Lord, Eternal Cause
 Of wide Creation's wondrous laws !
 Whose word, Omnific Source of Life,
 From dreary, elemental strife,
 Illumed the golden fount of light,
 And gemmed the sky with worlds by night,
 While thousands and ten thousands more,
 The farther Science can explore,
 Sublimely wheel their fiery race
 Along the boundless realms of space !
 How insignificant, how mean
 Is earthly pomp to such a scene !
 But when the microscopic glass
 Displays the smallest blade of grass,
 The crystal stream, the air we breathe,
 The dew from heaven, the earth beneath,
 With countless tiny millions swarmed,
 Yet ALL with nice perfection formed !
 Oh, wisest, greatest, highest, best,
 Devotion swells my throbbing breast !—
 Devotion, not the scheme of knaves,
 To fleece the crowd, their blinded slaves,
 But such by Reason justly called,
 From Superstition disenthralled ;
 Reason, whose torch and Wisdom's voice
 Suffice to guide to virtue's choice—
 I spurn vile Passion's guilty fires,
 And pitying monarchs' low desires,
 Their transient power, their sordid gold
 By which mankind are bought and sold ;
 The dreams of fabling Fear dissolve ;
 No gloomy doubts *my* soul involve ;
 Truth hurls Imposture from her throne,
 And bids me trust in THEE alone !

February 27th, 1829.

IMPROMPTU,

To Miss ———.

WHENE’ER I address you, you bid me say “Miss,”
And I own there are excellent reasons for this ;
Since your temper and face make it equally plain,
That a man would be better to *miss* you than *gain*.

September 7th, 1830.

THE EPISCOPAL MAMMOTH,

ALIAS

A—X—D—R THE “GREAT”—OF MEATH.¹

“She walks in beauty, like the night.”—*Hebrew Melodies*.

I.

HE walks in fatness—what a sight
For Christian climes and Christian eyes !
His coat as “Hunt’s Jet Blacking” bright—
A rich silk apron o’er his thighs !
His cheeks, in that plethoric plight
That Lent, to Popish priests, denies.

II.

Thy day is o’er—thou’lt soon be less—
Men do *not* venerate thy Grace—
They say, “while *we* are in distress,
How bloated is yon Bishop’s face—
Where looks of gluttony express
How carnal is their dwelling-place !”

¹ The first of a series of parodies of the Hebrew Melodies, devoted to the Church, which were written for, and commenced with, the Comet, May 1st, 1831.

III.

And view the cheek, and mark the brow,
 Of him, in church so eloquent,
 At preaching patience under woe—
 They tell of nights in *boozing* spent—
 Of port and claret's ruby glow—
 And *loves*—(of course ?)—ALL *innocent*!"¹

¹ The following parodies, on the subjoined sonnet of Lord Byron and the last of his Hebrew Melodies, are from the pen of a member of the *original* Comet Club, and are at once too good in themselves and too apposite to the present occasion, to be omitted here.

SONNET.

To Geneva.

Thine eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
 And the wan lustre of thy features, caught
 From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
 Seems Sorrow's softness charmed from its despair—
 Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
 That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
 With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—
 I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care.
 With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
 When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
 (Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
 The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
 Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent!
 With naught Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

SONNET.

*To the Right Reverend Father in God,
 The Lord Bishop of ———.*

Thy cheeks' round ruddiness, thy broad gray wig,
 And the rich plumpness of thy features—caught
 From drinking claret—(who'd have ever thought
 A Bishop so addicted to a swig?)
 Have given thee a rotundity so big,
 That—but I know thy *blessed* paunch is fraught

With all a Prelate's appetite e'er sought,¹
 I should have deemed your Reverence—a pig.²
 "With such an aspect, by his colours blent,"
 When born upon the bard's dramatic page,
 (And like him, too, upon his *glass* intent,)
 The Falstaff of Will. Shakspeare trod the stage—
 Such seem'st thou—but how much more corpulent!
 With ALL thy friends can wish—CHURCH PATRONAGE!

AN EPISCOPAL PORTRAIT.

"A spirit passed before me : I beheld."—*Hebrew Melodies.*

I.

A Bishop passed before me : I beheld
 A face of immorality well veiled—
 Amazement seized on every eye save mine—
 As on he moved—a shapeless, huge Divine!
 Upon his bones the bloated flesh did shake ;
 And, in deep, pompous accents, thus he spake :—

II.

"Who is more just than I ? or who more pure ?
 Deem'st thou the CHURCH ESTABLISHED insecure ?
 Tillers of clay ! vile dwellers in the dust !
 The tithes are mine by LAW, and pay ye *must* !
 Degraded clowns ! immersed in Popery's night,
 Blind to *my* sermons, filled with Gospel light !"

¹ *Superbum*

Pontificum potiore cœnis.—HORACE, II. 14.

² "We are told by Plutarch," says Shiel, "that a banquet was once provided by a celebrated epicure, consisting of an immense variety of dishes, but that the whole was made up of *pork*, which had been cooked after different fashions. The CHURCH is like the *pork* that supplied the materials of this variegated feast, and *admits of DRESSING in an infinite diversity of ways*. God forbid, however, that we should insinuate that any of the Dignitaries of the Establishment offered the comparison to *our* fancy, or that *we* should exclaim at the sight of ONE of them, *Epicuri de grege porcus* !"

SONG FOR UNITED IRISHMEN OR IRISHMEN UNITED.

“Frangimur si collidimur !”

*Motto of the Seven United Provinces of
Holland—about the size of Ulster !*

AIR—“Major-domo am I.”

I.

LET fools waste the night,
That was made for delight,
In wrangling on Church or on State ;
We care not a fig
About Tory or Whig,
Or puzzle our heads with debate.
We leave the great to bribe and to spout ;
We leave the mob to hiss and to shout ;
We ask not, who's *in* or who's *out* ?
But laugh,
And quaff,
And send the song gayly about :
For Tories and Whigs may be right or be wrong,
But we ALL like a bottle, a friend, and a song.¹

II.

Where virtue is seen,
Be it Orange or Green,
That virtue we love and respect ;
No distinction we know,
Of a friend or a foe,
By the nicknames of party or sect.
We leave the great, &c.

III.

Then, away with the ass
Who would prate o'er his glass
Of *Green* or of *Orange* to-night !
For good fellows like us
Only care to discuss
The merits of *red* and of *white*.
We leave the great, &c.
May 26th, 1837.

¹ This couplet to be repeated in singing.

EPIGRAM,

On a big-mouthed Glutton.

"GIVE me some place to stand!" Archimēdes once cried,
 "And I'll move the whole earth at my will."—
 Had *you* the same thing, Ned, your mouth is so wide,
 You might swallow the globe as a pill.

March 27th, 1829.

A CONTRAST FOR THE CHURCH.

*Suggested by reading, during a season of famine and pestilence in the West of Ireland, of some tithe-seizures of potatoes, potato-pots, &c., attended with a legalized slaughter of their miserable owners, in consequence of an attempt at "a rescue."*¹

THE ancient natives of Marseilles,
 As Strabo, if I err not, tells,—
 Like Tories, in the present time,
 Asserting, 'tis for Ireland's good
 The Church's reign of wealth and crime
 Should be upheld with guiltless blood—

¹ The apparently *excessive* violence of the lines on this subject cannot be more appropriately justified, than by adverting to the *single* narrative, among *many* such scenes, of the "Battle of Skibbereen," the name given by Cobbett to the tithe-massacre perpetrated by Parson Morrit, of Skibbereen, in the county of Cork, on his Popish parishioners, in 1821, a year of scarcity and pestilence. No less than thirty persons are stated to have been "sent to another world" on this occasion, by the "man of God," who was both a Parson and Magistrate, and, as such, ordered the Police to fire! The people's resistance to his decimating Reverence arose from *their* having left him the tenth perch of every potato-ridge in their fields, the produce of which *he* refused to dig and carry away, insisting on taking his tithe out of the potatoes they had stored up, and which were *the ONLY food they had to live upon!* Amongst other affecting circumstances, on this occasion, the following instance occurred. A fine boy, about 14 years old, the only child of a poor widow, who resided in a miserable hut on the road-side, in the neighbourhood of this military Pastor, having run out to ascertain the cause of the volleys of musketry, was fired at and shot through the body; and, having crawled for refuge to the furze-bush of an adjoining ditch, died there, and remained undiscovered till he was washed down by the floods upon the road between Rosscarbery and Skibbereen, where a friend of

Decreed at each year's termination,
 A human life should be devoted,
 Thinking the welfare of their nation
 Could be by homicide promoted:
 Yet, till the destined year had fled,
 On whose last day the victim died,
 His pitying countrymen, 'tis said,
 With richest food his wants supplied.
 Oh! how unlike that Church accursed,
 And those black vampires who maintain it,
 They *starve* the suffering peasant first,
 And then, consign him to the *bay'net*.

1831.

the writer of these lines beheld the unfortunate mother lamenting over the disfigured corpse, with feelings, which it is so much more easy to imagine than it ever could be to describe. Such were the "*spiritual functions*" performed, in the name of the religion of meekness and poverty, by this anointed specimen of the "union of Church and State," whose sanctified exclamation, when sallying forth upon his predatory mission, is stated to have been, "*My TITHES or BLOOD!*" It was this worthy subject for satire which suggested the following parody in one of the early numbers of the Comet.

PARSON MORRIT'S ADDRESS TO THE POLICE BEFORE THE "BATTLE
 OF SKIBBEREEN."

"Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword."—*Hebrew Melodies*.

I.

Brave Peelers, march on, with the musket and sword
 And fight for my *tithes* in the name of the *Lord!*
 Away with whoever appears in your path—
 And seize all each peasant in Skibbereen hath!

II.

Hesitate not—the *law* is on our side you know!
 "The Church is in danger!" and yonder the foe!
 If women and children expire at *your* feet!
 'Tis a doom good enough for the PAPISTS to meet!

III.

The *rebels* refuse their last morsel to part—
 Let your bullets and bay'nets be fleshed in each heart!
 No matter what Priests or Dissenters *will* say—
 I'll get ALL my *tithes*, or I'll PERISH to-day!

BRING ME WINE!—BRING ME WINE!

—
 The keenest pangs the wretched find,
 Are rapture to the dreary void,
 The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feelings unemployed.

BYRON.
 —

I.

BRING me wine!—bring me wine!—for my sad spirits
 sink—

I sigh o'er the past—from the future I shrink—
 The past, no soft ties of affection endear—
 The future, is shrouded in darkness and fear—
 But let ALL life's evils against me combine—
 I'll defy them to-night!—bring me wine!—bring me wine!

II.

Bring me wine!—bring me wine! Ah! how wrongly they
 deem,

Who think that *my* days pass in one happy dream.
 Though foremost in Pleasure's and Beauty's gay throng,
 I join in the laugh, in the dance, and the song,
 In solitude, oh, what dejection is mine!
 But away with all gloom!—bring me wine!—bring me
 wine!

III.

Bring me wine!—bring me wine! Could *my* spirit have
 bowed,

To grovel in Mammon's dull cave with the crowd,
 I had not been *thus*, unbeloved and unknown—
 Yet my thoughts and my actions have ALL been my own:
 With a soul, proud and free, then I *will* not repine—
 But this heart—this *lone* heart!—bring me wine!—bring
 me wine!

December 28th, 1836.

EPIGRAM,

On Miss ———.

THRICE happy the man who gets *thee* for a wife !
 Thrice happy, indeed, since he's sure of salvation !
 For, if Heaven's to be gained, we are told that *this* life
 Must be *spent in* REPENTANCE *and* MORTIFICATION.
January 20th, 1830.

TRANSLATION FROM VOLTAIRE'S TRAGEDY OF
MAHOMET.*Act II. Scene 5th.*

Zopire, supreme magistrate of Mecca, and priest of the Caaba, or principal Heathen temple in that city, having banished Mahomet, on the first propagation of his novel opinions, the Prophet fled to Medina, which embraced his doctrines. After a war of fifteen years, in which Mahomet captured Zopire's two children, and Zopire slew Mahomet's son, the victorious exile lays siege to Mecca ; but preferring from policy to get possession of the town, rather by a reconciliation with Zopire than by apparent artifice or violence, a truce is concluded, during which, on the day previous to its expiration, the following dialogue takes place in an interview between the Prophet and his old adversary.

ZOPIRE.

AH ! what a weight of grief o'erpowers my mind !
 Thus forced to meet this foe of human kind !

MAHOMET.

Zopire, since by the favouring will of Heaven
 At length a sanction to our friendship's given,
 In Mahomet's presence blush not to appear—
 But speak thy thoughts, unchecked by doubt or fear.

ZOPIRE.

Ah, quel fardeau cruel à ma douleur profonde !
 Moi, recevoir ici cet ennemi du monde !

MAHOMET.

Approche, et puisqu' enfin le ciel veut nous unir,
 Vois Mahomet sans crainte et parle sans rougir.

ZOPIRE.

For thee alone I blush, whose artifice,
 Even to the brink of ruin's black abyss,
 With impious fraud, hath drawn thy native land—
 For thee alone, whose parricidal hand
 Of every crime here sows the baleful seed—
 Whose plots in peace new scenes of carnage breed—
 Whose name with deadly strife distracts the lives
 Of husbands, parents, mothers, daughters, wives—
 Who form'st a truce but to contrive new arts
 To plant the murderer's poignard in our hearts.
 Discord and Falsehood ever follow thee.
 Audacious monster of hypocrisy,
 Dost thou, thy country's tyrant scourge, appear
 T'announce a God and offer peace even *here*?

MAHOMET.

If thou wert *not* Zopire, I'd preach to thee
 The God I *then* would feign to speak by me;
 The sword and Koran, in my blood-stained hands,
 Would bow the silent world to my commands;
 While, terrible as thunder's awful sound,
 My withering voice the boldest would confound.

ZOPIRE.

Je rougis pour toi seul, pour toi dont l'artifice
 A traîné ta patrie au bord du précipice;
 Pour toi de qui la main sème ici forfaits,
 Et fait naître la guerre au milieu de la paix.
 Ton nom seul parmi nous divise les familles,
 Les époux, les parens, les mères, et les filles;
 Et le trêve pour toi n'est qu'un moyen nouveau,
 Pour venir dans nos cœurs enfoncer le couteau.
 La discorde civile est partout sur ta trace.
 Assemblage inouï de mensonge et d'audace,
 Tyran de ton pays, est-ce ainsi qu'en ce lieu
 Tu viens donner la paix et m'annoncer un Dieu?

MAHOMET.

Si j'avais à répondre à d'autres qu'à Zopire,
 Je ne ferais parler que le Dieu qui m'inspire:
 Le glaive et l'Alcoran, dans mes sanglantes mains,
 Imposeraient silence au reste des humains;
 Ma voix ferait sur eux les effets du tonnerre,
 Et je verrais leurs fronts attachés à la terre;

But now, too great to need delusive arts,
 My soul to thee each inmost thought imparts :
 Then, since we're thus alone, my purpose know—
 I AM ambitious—are not ALL men so ?
 But ne'er king, pontiff, chief, or citizen yet
 Conceived a plan so grand as Mahomet.
 Each realm in turn hath gained a splendid name
 By laws, by arts, but more by martial fame.
 At length Arabia's happy hour's arrived ;
 Her noble sons, of fame too long deprived,
 Have seen, alas ! their generous worth obscured—
 In sandy wilds ingloriously immured.
 But now new days, for victory marked, arise ;
 From north to south the world in ruin lies !
 See ! bleeding Persia mourns her falling throne ;
 Egypt laments her ancient grandeur flown ;
 And slavery's yoke or servile fear o'erwhelms
 The wide extent of India's prostrate realms !
 Behold th' imperial walls of Constantine
 Eclipsed of former splendour, fast decline :
 Even the vast empire of majestic Rome
 Hath bent beneath its long impending doom,
 And scattered round, dishonoured, crushed, and dead,
 The mighty giant's severed limbs are spread !

Mais je te parle en homme, et sans rien deguïser,
 Je me sens assez grand pour ne pas t'abuser.
 Vois quel est Mahomet ; nous sommes seuls ; écoute :
 Je suis ambitieux ; tout homme l'est, sans doute ;
 Mais jamais roi, pontife, ou chef, ou citoyen,
 Ne conçut un projet aussi grand que le mien.
 Chaque peuple à son tour a brillé sur la terre,
 Par les lois, par les arts, et surtout par la guerre ;
 Le temps de l'Arabie est à la fin venu.
 Ce peuple généreux, trop long-temps inconnu,
 Laissait dans ses déserts ensevelir sa gloire ;
 Voici les jours nouveaux marqués pour la victoire.
 Vois du nord au midi l'univers désolé,
 La Perse encore sanglante, et son trône ébranlé,
 L'Inde esclave et timide, et l'Egypte abaissée,
 Des murs de Constantin la splendeur éclipsee ;
 Vois l'empire romain tombant de toutes parts,
 Ce grand corps déchiré, dont les membres epars
 Languissent dispersés sans honneur et sans vie ;
 Sur ces débris du monde élevons l'Arabie.

Then, let us boldly seize the favouring hour,
 O'er the fall'n world to raise Arabia's power !
 Another faith, another yoke must bind,
 Another deity deceive mankind.
 'Twas thus Osiris Egypt's sceptre gained ;
 'Twas thus in Asia Zoroaster reigned ;
 Minos in Crete, and Numa thus of old
 The vulgar herd in Italy controlled ;
 Beneath imperfect laws, with ease subdued
 A race ungoverned, ignorant, and rude !
 A thousand years since then have past, but now
 The nations to a nobler sway shall bow—
 Change for my faith the phantoms they adore,
 And, as they yield, exalt my grandeur more !
 Cease then to brand me as my country's foe ;
 I strive, Zopire, her idols to o'erthrow ;
 I strive, Zopire, her scattered tribes to bring
 Beneath one God, one prophet, and one king ;
 And, conquering discord, thus for ever close
 That baleful spring whence all her weakness flows.
 These are *my* aims, on these, and these alone,
 I build my country's splendour and my own !

ZOPIRE.

These are *thy* plans ! for such detested ends,
 To change the world thy mad presumption tends !

Il faut un nouveau culte, il faut de nouveaux fers,
 Il faut un nouveau dieu pour l'aveugle univers.
 En Egypte Osiris, Zoroastre en Asie,
 Chez les Crétois Minos, Numa dans l'Italie,
 A des peuples sans mœurs, et sans culte, et sans rois,
 Donnèrent aisément d'insuffisantes lois.
 Je viens après milles ans changer ces lois grossières.
 J'apporte un joug plus noble aux nations entières.
 J'abolis les faux dieux ; et mon culte épuré,
 De ma grandeur naissante est le premier degré.
 Ne me reproche point de tromper ma patrie ;
 Je détruis sa faiblesse et son idolâtrie :
 Sous un roi, sous un dieu, je viens la réunir ;
 Et, pour la rendre illustre, il la faut asservir.

ZOPIRE.

Voilà donc tes desseins ! c'est donc toi dont l'audace
 De la terre à ton gré prétend changer la face !

Thou seek'st, by fear and massacre combined,
 To crush beneath thy will the human mind.
 Thy lips pretend Heaven's dictates to impart,
 While Desolation reigns where'er thou art.
 But, if our hearts, deprived of Wisdom's light,
 Have slept too long in Error's dreary night,
 Must the rash hand of Violence presume,
 With Horror's torch to dissipate the gloom?
 What is *thy* right to preach, predict, thy claim
 To grasp the censer, and at empire aim?

MAHOMET.

The right a lofty, firm, and dauntless mind
 Claims o'er the vulgar, ever weak and blind!

ZOPIRE.

What! every wretch, whose factious daring can,
May forge new chains to bind his fellow-man?
 May, if *he* wills it, splendidly deceive?

MAHOMET.

Yes; the vile crowd in error must believe;
 They need *my* worship, whether false or true;
 But how canst thou *their* senseless idols view

Tu veux, en apportant le carnage et l'effroi,
 Commander aux humains de penser comme toi;
 Tu ravages le monde et tu prétends l'instruire.
 Ah! si par des erreurs il s'est laissé séduire,
 Si la nuit du mensonge a pu nous égarer,
 Par quels flambeaux affreux veux-tu nous éclairer?
 Quel droit as-tu reçu, d'enseigner, de prédire?
 De porter l'encensoir, et d'affecter l'empire?

MAHOMET.

Le droit qu'un esprit vaste et ferme en ses desseins
 A sur l'esprit grossier des vulgaires humaines.

ZOPIRE.

Et quoi! tout factieux, qui pense avec courage,
 Doit donner aux mortels un nouvel esclavage?
 Il a droit de tromper s'il trompe avec grandeur?

MAHOMET.

Oui; je connais ton peuple; il a besoin d'erreur;
 Ou véritable ou faux, mon culte est nécessaire.
 Que t'ont produit tes dieux? quel bien t'ont-ils pu faire?

With stupid awe? what good can they bestow?
 What laurels round their worthless altars grow?
Thy sect's obscure and grovelling laws enslave
 The noblest soul—they enervate the brave—
Mine fire the slumbering spirit to the fray—
 Change men to *heroes*—

ZOPIRE.

Robbers, rather say—
 With thy curs'd maxims to Medina flee!
 Where Tyranny and Falsehood reign with thee;
 Where, while her lawless flag Imposture waves,
 Those who should be thy masters shrink to slaves;
 Those who should be thy equals fawn around—

MAHOMET.

Equals!—'tis long since Mahomet's could be found!
 I rule Medina—Mecca quakes with fear;
 Believe, take peace, or dread thy ruin near.

ZOPIRE.

Talk not of peace—thy thoughts new treason plot—
Deceit's thy object—

Quels lauriers vois-tu croître au pied de leurs autels?
 Ta secte obscure et basse avilit les mortels,
 Enerve le courage, et rend l'homme stupide;
 La mienne élève l'ame et la rend intrépide,
 Ma loi fait des heros.

ZOPIRE.

Dis plutôt des brigands.
 Porte ailleurs tes leçons, l'école des tyrans;
 Va vanter l'imposture à Médine où tu régnes,
 Où tes maîtres séduits marchent sous tes enseignes,
 Où tu vois tes égaux à tes pieds abattus.

MAHOMET.

Des égaux! des long-temps Mahomet n'en a plus.
 Je fais trembler la Mecque, et je règne à Médine:
 Crois-moi, reçois la paix si tu crains ta ruine.

ZOPIRE.

La paix est dans ton bouche et ton cœur en est loin:
 Penses-tu me tromper?

MAHOMET.

Mahomet *needs* it not.
 The weak deceive—the mighty may command—
 To-morrow, think, canst thou my power withstand?
 Reflect in time, what I request to-day,
 To-morrow I can force thee to obey;
 To-morrow thou, beneath my yoke, must bend;
 To-day submit—and Mahomet is thy friend.

ZOPIRE.

We, friends! we, wretch! by what new prodigy?
 Could even a god unite Zopire with thee?

MAHOMET.

Yes; there is one, Zopire, that pleads by me;
 One ever followed.

ZOPIRE.

Who?

MAHOMET.

Necessity.

Thy int'rest—

MAHOMET.

Je n'en ai pas besoin.
 C'est le faible qui trompe, et le puissant commande.
 Demain j'ordonnerai ce que je te demande;
 Demain je puis te voir à mon joug asservi:
 Aujourd'hui Mahomet veut être ton ami.

ZOPIRE.

Nous amis! nous? cruel! ah, quel nouveau prestige!
 Connais-tu quelque dieu qui fasse un tel prodige?

MAHOMET.

J'en connais un puissant, et toujours écouté,
 Qui te parle avec moi.

ZOPIRE.

Qui?

MAHOMET.

La nécessité.

Ton intérêt.

ZOPIRE.

Ere by *such* a tie we're bound,
 Let dying nature heaven and hell confound !
 Int'rest *thy* God hath been and Justice *mine*.
 Can two such foes in amity combine ?
 But, if such hated friendship thou canst seek,
 What are the terms of such a friendship ? speak !
 Is it thy slaughtered son, this arm hath killed ?
 Is it my children's blood, thy hands have spilled ?

MAHOMET.

Thy children ! yes ; attend while I make known
 A secret thou couldst learn from me alone ;
 Those dear-loved objects of thy long regret,
 The children of thy heart, *are* living yet !

ZOPIRE.

They live ! oh blissful hour ! oh happy day !
 My children living ! living ! dost thou say ?
 And 'tis from *thee* the joyful news I hear !

MAHOMET.

Reared in my camp, they serve my power, Zopire !

ZOPIRE.

Avant qu'un tel nœud nous rassemble,
 Les enfers et les cieux seront unis ensemble.
 L'intérêt est ton dieu, le mien est l'équité ;
 Entre ces ennemis il n'est point de traité.
 Quel serait le ciment, réponds-moi, si tu l'oses,
 De l'horrible amitié qu'ici tu me proposes ?
 Réponds ; est-ce ton fils que mon bras te ravit ?
 Est-ce le sang des miens que ta main repandit ?

MAHOMET.

Oui, ce sont tes fils même. Oui, connais un mystère
 Dont seul dans l'univers je suis dépositaire :
 Tu pleures tes enfans, ils respirent tous deux.

ZOPIRE.

Ils vivraient ! qu'as-tu dit ? ô ciel ! ô jour heureux !
 Ils vivraient ! c'est de toi qu'il faut que je l'apprenne !

MAHOMET.

Elevés dans mon camp, tous deux sont dans ma chaîne.

ZOPIRE.

My children serve ! my children slaves to thee !

MAHOMET.

Were not their helpless lives preserved by me ?

ZOPIRE.

What ! have they never felt thy vengeful ire ?

MAHOMET.

I scorned through *them* to crush their guilty sire !

ZOPIRE.

Proceed ; inform me of their present state ?

MAHOMET.

I hold the trembling balance of their fate ;
One word will save, will yield it to thy hand.

ZOPIRE.

I save them—oh ! what price dost thou demand ?
With joy my life, my liberty receive !

MAHOMET.

No ; teach the world in Mahomet to believe—

ZOPIRE.

Mes enfans dans tes fers ! ils pourraient te servir !

MAHOMET.

Mes bienfesantes mains ont daigné les nourrir.

ZOPIRE.

Quoi ! tu n'as point sur eux étendu ta colère ?

MAHOMET.

Je ne les punis point des fautes de leur père.

ZOPIRE.

Achève, éclaircis-moi, parle, quel est leur sort ?

MAHOMET.

Je tiens entre mes mains et leur vie et leur mort ;
Tu n'as qu' à dire un mot, et je t'en fais l'arbitre.

ZOPIRE.

Moi ! je puis les sauver ! à quel prix ? à quel titre ?
Faut-il donner mon sang ? faut-il porter leurs fers ?

MAHOMET.

Non, mais il faut m'aider à tromper l'univers ;

Desert thy gods, surrender Mecca now ;
 In public thy pretended faith avow ;
 And preach the trembling crowd, the Koran given
 To Mahomet, as the messenger of heaven.
 Refuse me this—'tis useless to implore—
 Consent—thy long-lost son I'll then restore—
 And with my own thy daughter's fate combine—

ZOPIRE.

Mahomet ! a parent's tender heart is mine ;
 For thrice five years I ne'er have ceased to mourn
 My children, from this aged bosom torn ;
 For thrice five years my warmest prayer hath been,
 In their loved arms to quit this earthly scene ;
 But if no choice remain, but to betray
 My country, Mahomet, to thy impious sway,
 Or, with this hand, to stab my children, know,
 A father's hand would give the deadly blow !
 No more !

MAHOMET. (*solus.*)

Proud citizen, fierce old man, *I'll* be
 More proud, more fierce, more pitiless than *thee*.

December 10th, 1830.

Il faut rendre la Mecque, abandonner ton temple,
 De la crédulité donner à tous l'exemple,
 Annoncer l'Alcoran aux peuples effrayés,
 Me servir en prophète, et tomber à mes pieds
 Je te rendrai ton fils, et je serais ton gendre.

ZOPIRE.

Mahomet, je suis père, et je porte un cœur tendre.
 Après quinze ans d'ennuis, retrouver mes enfans,
 Les revoir, et mourir dans leurs embrassemens,
 C'est le premier des biens pour mon ame attendrie :
 Mais s'il faut à ton culte asservir ma patrie,
 Ou de ma propre main les immoler tous deux,
 Connais-moi, Mahomet, mon choix n'est pas douteux.
 Adieu.

MAHOMET. (*seul.*)

Fier citoyen, vieillard inexorable,
 Je serai plus que toi cruel, impitoyable.

DEAR ISLE OF MY BIRTH, ERE I SAIL FROM THY
SHORES.

I.

DEAR isle of my birth, ere I sail from thy shores,
In the banquet's wild glow I will try to subdue
The thought I leave *her* whom my bosom adores—
Yet, in silence, as if to affection untrue.

II.

In silence, as if to affection untrue—
For vain were this fevered emotion to quell
The throb of the heart, in its lingering adieu,
The frenzy of love, in its burning farewell.

III.

And thou, my adored one! thou never wilt know
Of all I have felt, yet of all I repressed;
Though earth, without thee, hath no joy to bestow,
I love thee too deeply to seek to be blest.

IV.

Were thy lot to be linked through existence to mine,
To possess such a heart were Elysium to me;
But, though in distraction *that* hope to resign,
I submit—for alas! 'twould be ruin to thee.

V.

'Twould be ruin—ah, Fortune! why hast thou refused
To join two fond hearts death alone could divide,
But a pittance from all by the worthless abused,
In the revels of vice, or the trappings of pride?

VI.

Oh! could we believe that Futurity's doom
Were the dream of the fool, or the tale of the knave—
How sweet were the refuge from thought in the tomb!
How blest the repose of despair in the grave!

EPIGRAM,

On a ruby-visaged friend, rather partial to his tumbler.

WHOEVER, my friend, sees thy nose clad in scarlet,
Like the lady our clergy call Babylon's harlot,
Learns more than from all the philosophers' chatter,
How visibly *spirit* may act upon *matter*.

March 30th, 1829.

TRANSLATION FROM LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

Book IX.

Cato and Labienus, having collected the remains of the Roman republicans after the battle of Pharsalia, arrive in Africa, to continue the war against Cæsar, and march, for that purpose, across the burning deserts of Lybia called the Syrtes, to join their ally Juba, king of Mauritania. On their way, they reach the celebrated temple and oracle of Jupiter Ammon, when Labienus asks Cato to consult the god on the event of the civil war? This occasions Cato's lofty reply, deservedly pronounced by Blair to be the "finest specimen of the moral sublime in all antiquity." Then follows an equally appropriate and noble eulogium of Cato by the poet.

Now towards the shrine the wearied Romans came,
Sacred to Jove, here known by Ammon's name.
Far from all other fanes the structure stands,
Amid the dreary Garamantian sands :
Not, as in Rome, the sire of gods is seen,
With human form and man's majestic mien ;
No brandished hand the forked thunder rears,
But a ram's head and wreathed horns he wears.

Ventum erat ad templum, Libycis quod gentibus unum
Inculti Garamantes habent: stat corniger illic
Iupiter, ut memorant, sed non aut fulmina vibrans,
Aut similis nostro, sed tortis cornibus, Ammon.
Non illic Libycæ posuerunt ditia gentes
Templa: nec Eois splendent donoria gemmis.
Quamvis Æthiopum populis, Arabumque beatiss

Though Æthiopia's tribes his godhead own,
 Though rich Arabia bows to him alone,
 And to the farthest Ind' no other Jove is known,
 Here ancient poverty so strictly reigns—
 No gaudy pomp the soul's pure worship stains;
 No costly spoil from guilty greatness shines;
 No useless gold, nor gems from Asian mines;
 And Heaven, that simple virtue still befriends,
 From Roman wealth the sacred shrine defends.

* * * * *

From Eastern lands, before the lofty gate,
 A crowd, to learn the god's decisions, wait;
 Who, when the Roman leader¹ they survey,
 Yield, with respect, before the hero's way.
 Here Cato's friends, with anxious hope inspired,
 On every side the virtuous chief required—
 Since to a temple so renowned they came,
 To learn if heavenly truth or empty fame,
 Had o'er the world diffused its wondrous name?
 But Labienus, far above the rest,
 With eager warmth unites in the request,
 That Cato's self should hear their doom revealed,
 As yet within the womb of time concealed.
 "Chance and our lucky rout," the warrior said,
 "To Ammon's fane our wandering host has led.
 What like its awful counsel can instruct?
 What o'er the Syrts' our burning march conduct'

Gentibus, atque Indis unus sit Iupiter Ammon,
 Pauper adhuc Deus est, nullis violata per ævum
 Divitiis delubra tenens: morumque priorum
 Numen Romano templum defendit ab auro.

* * * * *

Stabant ante fores populi, quos miserat Eos,
 Cornigerique Iovis monitu nova fata petebant:
 Sed Latio cessere duci; comitesque Catonem
 Orant, exploret Libycum memorata per orbem
 Numina, de fama tam longi iudicet ævi.
 Maximus hortator scrutandi voce Deorum
 Eventus Labienus erat:
 sors obtulit, inquit,
 Et fortuna visæ, tam magni numinis ora,
 Consiliumque Dei: tanto duce possumus uti

¹ Cato.

What the dire war's uncertain turns can tell?
 What can unfold its dark result so well?
 And whose—if not to Cato's hallowed prayer,
 Will heavenly powers their secret thoughts declare?
 God in thy heart, illustrious sage, resides,
 In every dictate of thy mind presides;
 And spotless virtue, from thy earliest years,
 In every action of thy life appears.
 Then, since the occasion seems prepared for thee,
 Inquire the will of the Divinity;
 Inquire usurping Cæsar's certain doom,
 And learn the final destiny of Rome;
 Learn, if the people shall their rights regain,
 And liberty and ancient justice reign;
 Or if, to free the world, we vainly strive,
 And every field Pharsalia must revive?
 And, while the God complies with thy request,
 Since warmest love of virtue fires thy breast,
 Demand, how erring man may know *her* laws,
 And follow Truth and Honour's sacred cause?

Full of th' inspiring Deity, enshrin'd
 In the pure temple of his lofty mind,
 Cato this superstitious counsel spurned,
 And to the chief sublimely thus returned;
 "What, Labienus, would'st thou have *me* seek,
 Whether I choose a tyrant's yoke to break?
 Whether I choose to live with infamy,
 Or die with glory, struggling to be free?

Per Syrtes, bellicque datos cognoscere casus.
 Nam cui crediderim Superos arcana daturos
 Dicturosque magis, quam sancto vera Catoni?
 Certe vita tibi semper directa supernas
 Ad leges, sequirisque Deum: datur ecce loquendi
 Cum Iove libertas: inquire in fata nefandi
 Cæsaris, et patriæ venturos excute mores:
 Iure suo populis uti legumque licebit,
 An bellum civile perit:

. tua pectora sacra
 Voce reple: duræ saltem virtutis amator
 Quære quid est virtus, et posce exemplar honesti?
 Ille Deo plenus, tacita quem mente gerebat,
 Effudit dignas adytis e pectore voces.
 Quid quæri Labiene iubes? an liber in armis
 Occubuisse velim potius, quam regna videre?

If 'tis beneath the noble spirit's care,
 For mere old age, a worthless life to spare,
 If, though the arm of impious power assail,
 That arm against the good can ne'er avail;
 If fortune's threatening malice ne'er can force
 Triumphant virtue from her sovereign course;
 If, though we view our hopes by fate o'erthrown,
 We still should follow—what is right alone;
 If great designs, in honour's sacred cause,
 Though vanquished, not the less deserve applause;
 This, this we want no Ammon to impart—
 This, this we feel inscribed on every heart!
 Man owes his being to th' omniscient will—
 What, though the voice of oracles were still,
 Is he less bound Heaven's purpose to fulfil?
 And shall the God that formed all Nature, then
 Need by vain words explain his law to men?
 No! from the hour of reason's glorious birth,
 Conscience points out the path to all on earth!
 Think'st thou, *that* Being limits *his* commands
 To a few wandering tribes and barren sands?
 Think'st thou th' Eternal Truth, that knows no bound,
 That fills the ocean, earth, and air around,
 In dreary deserts can alone be found?
 Why should we seek the Deity afar?
 God is where'er we look, where'er we are;
 Or, if th' Almighty Mind can ever rest,
 His noblest dwelling is the virtuous breast!

An sit vita nihil, sed longam differat ætas?
 An noceat vis ulla bono? Fortunaque perdat
 Opposita virtute minas? laudandaque velle
 Sit satis,
 et nunquam successu crescat honestum?
 Scimus, et hoc nobis non altius inserit Ammon.
 Nil facimus non sponte Dei: nec vocibus ullis
 Numen eget; dixitique semel nascentibus auctor
 Quicquid scire licet; steriles nec legit arenas,
 Ut canerat paucis, mersitque hoc pulvere verum:
 Estne Dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aer,
 Et cœlum, et virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?
 Iupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.

Let those, who tremble at futurity,
 To doubtful oracles for counsel flee—
 For *me* it is alone enough to know,
 Timid or brave, Death waits on all below.
 This Heaven hath willed—shall *we* that will explore ?
 This God hath fixed—and man can learn no more.”

Thus said, and turning from the crowd aside,
 Who on the Lybian god for aid relied,
 Illustrious Cato from the shrine withdrew,
 Leaving *their* worship to the vulgar crew.

Bearing his weighty arms in his own hands,
 First of his panting host he treads the scorching sands,
 Nor, with commands, but with example, leads;
 Teaching them patience not by words, but deeds.
 Ne'er in a litter is he seen to loll;
 Ne'er in a chariot lazily to roll;
 But, yielding last to rest, he wakes the first,
 Nor less resists the burning rage of thirst.
 When the tired army in these parching plains,
 Maddened with drought, by chance a streamlet gains,
 He waits till even the meanest slave hath quaffed,
 Nor tastes, till all have drunk, *his* scanty draught!
 If but the good, the truly good may claim
 The purest tribute of immortal fame;
 If virtue, that no suffering can depress,
 Be virtue, independent of success;
 The deeds that won our fathers' highest praise,
 Rome's brightest exploits in her happiest days,

Sortilegis egeant dubii, semperque futuris
 Casibus ancipites: me non oracula certum,
 Sed mors certa facit: pavidò fortique cadendum est.
 Hoc satis est dixisse Iovem. Sic ille profatur:
 Servataque fide templi, discedit ab aris
 Non exploratum populis Ammonia reliquens.

Ipse manu sua pila gerens, præcedit anheli
 Militis ora pedes; monstrat tolerare labores,
 Non jubet; et nulla vehitur cervice supinus,
 Carpentove sedens; somni parcissimus ipse est,
 Ultimus haustor aquæ:
 cum tandem fonte reperto,
 Indiga cogatur latices potare iuventus,
 Stat, dum lixa bibat. Si veris magna paratur
 Fama bonis, et si successu nuda remoto

Seem the mere acts of Fortune's power alone,
 Before the god-like worth by Cato shown !
 What victory o'er proudest realms obtained,
 What conquest by the blood of nations stained,
 Where chance with valour boasts an equal share,
 To Cato's firm affliction can compare ?
 This noble triumph of thy patient toil,
 On the last verge of Lybia's fiery soil,
 Cato ! with thee far sooner would I lead,
 Far sooner through the burning Syrts' proceed,
 Than thrice, oh Pompey ! in thy chariot ride
 To the high Capitol in conquering pride !
 Or gain, oh Marius ! all thy glory gained,
 From Afric quelled, and fierce Jugurtha chained !
 Here, Rome ! his country's real father see,
 Worthiest of altars and of shrines from thee !
 If e'er thou stand'st erect—thy fetters broke—
 If e'er thou freest thy neck from Slavery's yoke,
 Ne'er shalt thou blush to swear by Cato's name,
 But midst thy gods the virtuous chief proclaim !

September 29th, 1836.

Inspicitur Virtus, quicquid laudamas in ullo
 Maiorum fortuna fuit : quis Marte secundo,
 Quis tantum meruit populorum sanguine nomen ?
 Hunc ego per Syrtes Libyæque extrema triumphum
 Ducere maluerim,
 quam ter Capitolia curru
 Scandere Pompeii, quam frangere colla Iugurthæ.
 Ecce parens verus patriæ, dignissimus aris
 Roma tuis ; per quem nunquam iurare pudebit,
 Et quem, si steteris unquam cervice soluta,
 Tunc olim factura deum.*

* From the text of the *Poetæ Latini Veteres*—*Florentiæ, typis Iosephi Molini, ad sigum Dantis, M. DCCC. XXIX.*

The whole of this passage from Lucan is deserving of the very highest admiration; and in this spirit it has been translated. Considering that the author of the *Pharsalia* was put to death when only seven-and-twenty, the translator cannot help looking upon him as a poet that is too little read and admired. This was not the case in antiquity, as may be seen from the *Genethliacon Lucani* of Statius, (*Sylv.* ii. 7,) and the more concise and unequivocal testimony of Martial. (*Epigram.* xiv. 194.)

Lucanus.

Sunt quidam, qui me dicunt non esse poetam:
Sed, qui me vendit, bibliopola putat.

That I am *not* a poet, some people will tell me—
But the booksellers think that I *am*, for they *sell* me.

Indeed, there is a glorious *Drydenism* about Lucan that gives a glow to the mind which makes us pardon all his faults, when we reflect, that though he died so young, he was not only the author of the *Pharsalia*, but of several other long works, which have perished in the wreck of ancient learning. What a poet could *he* have been, had he lived and written up to fifty-two, the age of that plodding methodizer of harmonious plagiarism, whose overrated centos of varnished thefts it has pleased some critics to place above the originality of Homer and Theocritus!—There is more of the noble *aqua vitæ* of really vigorous and independent thought in one page of Lucan's *pike* poetry, than in all the comparatively tame, *conservative* compositions of Virgil. The splendid sympathy of the young poet, with the high-minded and self-devoted, though unsuccessful, champions of freedom, "reminds one," as Shiel would say, "of many things!"

Weep on—perhaps, in after days,
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed shall *wake in PRAISE!*
That now must *sleep in BLAME!*
And when they tread the *ruined ISLE!*
Where rest, at length, the *lord and slave,*
They'll wondering ask, how *hands so vile*
Could conquer *HEARTS so BRAVE!—MOORE.*

NAY, DO NOT TELL ME, WHEN WE MEET.

I.

NAY, do not tell me, when me meet,
 Thou art so happy and so glad—
 No words to me can be more sweet,
 Yet none have made my soul more sad.

II.

No words can be more sweet to me—
 For is it not a bliss to know,
 That one, who would be *all* to thee,
 Can happiness on thee bestow?

III.

No words have made my soul more sad—
 For, though our hearts were formed to twine,
 I feel with hopeless anguish mad,
 To think—thou never canst be mine.

IV.

It is not, that thou wouldst thyself
 Consent to wed for lands or gold;
 But parents only look to pelf,
 And Beauty thus is bought and sold.

V.

Yet why, this object of *their* choice,
 Do *I* thus venture to afraign,
 Who can not, must not, raise my voice,
 And dare not act, to break thy chain?

VI.

For mine must be the Spartan's pangs,
 Resolved his agony to hide—
 He felt his hidden captive's fangs,
 But bore the torture—till he died.

VII.

Ev'n so, the anguish *I* sustain
 Must in eternal silence rest—
 Cease, cease to throb, my burning brain!
 Be calm, be calm, my bleeding breast!

January 4th, 1837.

THE DUCHESS OF BERRI AND THE JEW.

"The Jew, Deutz, who was ennobled in Italy, and is believed at Paris to be the father of the Duchess of Berri's infant, is described as an ill-favoured wretch, with sunken and blood-shot eyes, dark hair, like horse hair, horribly bad teeth, and features deeply indented with the small-pox."—*Examiner*.

SAID Dick to Ned the other day,
 When he had finished reading
 This sketch of Deutz, whom Berri proved
 To be a "man of *breeding*,"—
 "I think the Duchess, in one sense,
 May justly be reviled,
 For choosing such an ugly wretch
 As father for a child;
 But, further, we should blame her not,
 Since, ugly though he be,
 She may have loved the HEBREW as
 A real JEW *d'esprit*."—
 "Alas!" cried Ned, "I'm much afraid
 The Duchess' fame is o'er;
 For all th' *esprit* she could have liked
 Was his—*ESPRIT du CORPS*!"¹

March, 1833.

¹ The whole of the Duchess of Berri's case, in reference to the inopportune little intruder, whose semi-parentage is involved in such disedifying obscurity, is best summed up by the able editor of the Dublin Evening Post. "Her Royal Highness," says the sagacious journalist, "being great with child, has formally announced that she was married in *Italy*. She has been TEN months in FRANCE. Rather distressing for a heroine!"

STANZAS.

"A hollow agony which will not heal."—BYRON.

I.

I LOOK around—I look around—life has no charm for me—
There is a pang in all I feel—a blight o'er all I see—
In vain may joy around me glow, or summer o'er me
shine—
'There is no glance that fondly beams—no heart that throbs
to mine.

II.

Amid the bustling crowd I seek to lull within my breast
Affection's thirsting tenderness, that cannot, will not rest—
For oh! where'er I turn 'tis but in ceaseless gloom to pine—
To meet no glance that fondly beams—no heart that throbs
to mine.

III.

Again, in peaceful scenes, I try my restless soul to calm—
I fly to friendship, wisdom's page, and music's soothing
balm—
But friendship, wisdom, music's voice, in vain their aid
combine—
They bring no glance that fondly beams—no heart that
throbs to mine.

IV.

And yet there is one gentle form—but why *that* thought
recall?
The nectar draught that Love had filled by Fate is turned
to gall—
Those days of hope—that last fond night—to Memory's
tomb consign—
The glance that beamed, the heart that throbbed, can ne'er
on earth be mine.

October 3d, 1838.

PIKES *versus* PIKE!

Suggested by a passage from the speech of a Mr. Pike, of the Metropolitan Conservative Society, in favour of the Orange Corporation of Dublin.

“One good turn deserves another.”—*Old Proverb.*

IN a late Tory clique, cried a spouter called PIKE—
 (An odd sort of name for such gentry to like !)
 “Precursor’s a ‘runner before,’ it is said ;
 And if Dan, their great chief, his ‘two millions’ *will* head,
 We’ll find them all real Precursors, I’ll promise—
 For we ‘Protestant boys’ would soon make them run
 from us !”
 Now, to gain a “hear, hear,” Mr. PIKE, this is well ;
 Nay, ev’n to elicit a “cheer,” it may tell ;
 But I rather suspect, if you’d *risk* an attack,
 We’d have pikes in *our* FRONT, and a pike in *your* BACK.

December 23d, 1838.

WAR SONG OF THE IRISH BARDS BEFORE THE BATTLE
OF CLONTARF.

“*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*”

The memorable battle of Clontarf was fought on Good Friday, the 23d of April, 1014, between the combined armies of Leinster and Denmark, and the forces of Munster, Connaught, and Ulster. The great opulence of Ireland, under the excellent administration of Brian Boru, by whom she was recovered from all her misfortunes and restored to her ancient prosperity, tempted the Danes to seize on the favourable opportunity which the revolt of Maolmorda, king of Leinster, afforded them, to settle permanently in the country, and divide it among themselves, as they had long intended. For this purpose, they took their families on board their fleet, and determined, as far as possible, to exterminate the Milesians. But being convinced, by the bloody and unsuccessful experience of more than two centuries, how difficult this enterprise would prove, the Danes collected the bravest warriors from their own

country, Sweden, Norway, Normandy, Britain, the Hebrides, the Orkneys, the Shetland Islands, and the Isle of Man. The command of these troops was intrusted by Canute to his High-Admiral Broder, a bold and experienced officer of royal blood, with orders, however, to act under Maolmorda, who, upon his junction with those formidable reinforcements, was at the head of 60,000 men. The Milesian army, owing to the absence of a considerable body of South Munster forces, did not amount to 30,000 men. They were led to action by Murrough, the eldest son of the illustrious Brian, who, though he was in his 88th year, is described by our old annalists, as riding through the ranks of his countrymen, with a crucifix in one hand and his golden-hilted sword in the other, exhorting them to do their duty; after which, notwithstanding his great age, he was, with much difficulty, prevailed upon to retire to his tent. There he waited the result of the day in prayer, before the emblem of his suffering Redeemer, having nobly determined, in case of a defeat, to perish with his whole race, whom, to the number of three sons, his brave grandson Turlough, aged only fifteen, and fifteen nephews, he had led to oppose the inveterate enemies of his country and religion. The conflict commenced at sun-rise and continued till late in the evening, when, after one of the most desperately-fought engagements recorded in history, the Northmen were totally routed. Their loss amounted to between 14,000 and 16,000 men, including a chosen band of 1,000 Danish veterans, cased in heavy armour from head to foot. Amongst the slain were Maolmorda, Broder, Charles and Henry, two Norwegian princes, Dolat, Conmaol, and Plait, three eminent Scandinavian champions, and Sigurd, the potent and martial Earl of Orkney—an extensive feudal and piratical sovereignty, embracing, at its most flourishing period, the Orkneys, the Hebrides, the Shetland Islands, the Isle of Man, the three northern counties of Scotland, and large possessions in Inverness and Argyleshires, as well as in Ireland. But this glorious victory was dearly purchased by the deaths of Brian, the Alfred, and Murrough, in strength and valour (though not in invulnerability) the Achilles of his country; Turlough, the monarch's gallant grandson; the brave Sitric, prince of Ulster: the warlike thanes or earls of Lennox and Mar, who, as the descendants of the same ancestors, came to assist Brian against the common foes of Ireland and Scotland; many other distinguished princes and nobles, and from four to seven thousand men. It is *rather* remarkable, that although the English Saxons were completely subjugated, about this period, by the Danish kings Sweyn and his son Canute the Great, yet the Milesian Irish entirely defeated the numerous and *elsewhere* invincible armies of those princes, aided, as such formidable invaders were, by the powerful alliance of Leinster.¹

¹ O'Halloran's Hist. of Ireland, book xi. chap. 8.; Lanigan's Eccles. Hist. of Ireland, vol. iii. chap. xxiii. sect. 9 to 11; Vallancey's Collectanea, vol. i. p. 536 to 543.

I.

Sons of Erin, march on—grasp your swords, shields, and
lances—

Whirl around the swift sling—draw the death-shafted
bow—

And spur the bold steed, that impatiently prances

To trample in slaughter the bands of the foe—

For see! o'er your lines,

How gloriously shines

The “SUN-BURST,”¹ resplendently blazing on high!

And a thousand harps sound

Their loud notes around,

That call on the valiant to conquer or die!

II.

On, on, to the charge—Lochlin's chiefs set in motion,

Her myriads from Alba² to Thyle's icy shore;³

But, though countless, the waves of that vast raging ocean

Shall meet with the rocks they've been dashed from
before:

Maolmorda *may* bring,

'Gainst his country and king,

Yon barbarous invaders that darken the field;

Their glory, ere night,

Shall vanish in flight,

For Freedom's *our* spear and Religion *our* shield.

¹ The signal for engaging, among the ancient Irish, was given by elevating the royal standard, called *Gall-grena*, or the “blazing-sun.”

Bright waving from its staff on air,

Gall-grena high was raised,

With gems that India's wealth declare,

In radiant pomp it blazed.

Miss Brooke's Reliques of Ancient Irish Poetry, p. 58.

² “The word Alba, not Albin, is the Irish name for Scotland.”—*O'Reilly, Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. xvi. part ii. p. 186.*

³ Thule, or Iceland, according to the opinion of many eminent authorities, was well known to, and visited by, the Irish, even so early as the fifth century. They called it *Inis-Thyle*, the island of Thyle.—See *Lanigan, Eccles. Hist. vol. i. p. 401, and vol. iii. p. 220, and 224 to 228.*

III.

Hark! that wide-clashing signal!—the foe calls on Odin!—¹
 (Grim fiend, on whose altars what thousands have bled!)²
 But Erin still boasts the same valour that glowed in
 Her sons, when by Brian to victory led:
 'Tis true, that no more
 The king we adore
 Can lead us, to scatter the Infidel's might;
 Yet is Murrough not here?
 And, what heart can know fear,
 While that "sword of his country" is brandished in fight?

IV.

In vain, to his chieftains, dark Broder engages
 To give thy green fields to the plundering Dane;³
 Beloved island of heroes, of saints and of sages!
 Thou never shalt crouch to a conqueror's chain!

¹ Mallet, speaking of the ancient Scandinavians, says, "When they were going to join battle, they raised great shouts, they clashed their arms together, they invoked with a great noise the name of Odin, and sometimes sung hymns in his praise."—*Northern Antiquities*, vol. i. chap. ix. p. 237.

² For an account of the human sacrifices of the Heathen Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes, see Mallet, vol. i. chap. vii. p. 132 to 139.

³ The following vivid and characteristic description of the famous Broder, who slew the monarch Brian, is literally translated from an old Scandinavian annalist. "Broder, after having embraced Christianity, and having been advanced even to deacon's orders, had apostatized, and, turning a blasphemer of God, became a worshipper of the deities of the Gentiles. He far surpassed every other person in the knowledge of magic, and, when arrayed in military armour, he was able to ward off any weapon. Moreover, he was of great stature and powerful strength; and his hair, the black colour of which darkened his countenance, he wore of such a length that he could have covered it with his belt."—(*Johnstone's Antiquitates Celto-Scandicæ*, p. 113.) Of the sanguinary and rapacious resolution of the Pagan Danes, in case of success, with regard to the Milesian Irish, the following account is given from a Latin chronicle of a contemporary French writer, Ademar, a monk of St. Eparchius of Angouleme. "About this period," says the annalist, "the Northmen already mentioned, undertaking an enterprise, the victorious conclusion of which their forefathers never presumed upon, invaded, with an innumerable fleet, and accompanied with their wives, their children, and their Christian captives, whom they reduced to be their slaves, the island *Hibernia*, likewise called *Irlanda*, in order that, THE IRISH BEING EXTERMINATED, THEY MIGHT COLONIZE THAT MOST OPULENT COUNTRY FOR THEMSELVES."—*Labbe, Nov. Bibl. MSS. libr. tom. 2, ap. Lanigan, Eccles. Hist. vol. III. p. 423.*

Our fathers defied,
 And humbled the pride
 Of Rome's haughty legions that vanquished the world;¹
 Then, Canute! send forth
 All the powers of the North!
 Thy spell-woven RAVEN to earth shall be hurled!²

V.

Oh THOU! who this day upon Calvary suspended,
 Expired on the cross for the sins of mankind;
 Oh THOU! who when ruin o'er Israel impended,
 From five mighty monarchs for vengeance combined,
 Caused the sun to stand still,
 O'er Gibéon's bright hill,
 Till the hosts of the Gentile lay writhing in dust;³
 Then, Lord! let THY name
 Fill yon Heathens with shame,
 For in THEE is our refuge, our hope, and our trust!

¹ According to the combined testimony of Irish and Roman history. the numerous defeats and final expulsion of the "lords of the world" from Britain, were chiefly attributable to the valour of the Irish, then styled Scots, in conjunction with their dependent allies, the Picts. Opposed to their united attack, the enormous barrier of the Roman wall, which stretched from sea to sea across the island, proved unavailing; and, while their Saxon confederates ravaged the coasts of England by sea, the Scots and Picts extended their predatory incursions through the interior of the province. Nor are the maritime invasions of Britain and Gaul by several of the ancient kings of Ireland—especially those of Crimthan or Criomthan I., Nial the Great, and Dathy—less celebrated.—See *O'Comor's Introduction to Dissertations on the History of Ireland*, sect. xiv. p. 23.

² The ensign of the ancient Danes was a raven. On the defeat of Hubba, the Dane, in the reign of the great Alfred, Hume relates that Oddune, Earl of Devonshire, captured "the famous *Reafen*, or enchanted standard, in which the Danes put great confidence. It contained the figure of a *raven*, which had been enwoven by the three sisters of Hinguar and Hubba, with many magical incantations, and which, by its different movements, prognosticated, as the Danes believed, the good or bad success of any enterprise." The same ill-omened bird continued to be the Danish ensign in the age of Brian Boru. "At their disembarkation on the English coast," says M. Thierry, of Sweyn's successful expedition against England, "the Danes, formed into battalions, displayed a banner of white silk, in the centre of which was embroidered a raven opening his beak and spreading his wings."—*Hist. of the Norman Conquest*, vol. i. p. 136.

³ Joshua, chap. x.

VI.

Sons of Erin, march on—grasp your swords shields, and
lances—

Whirl around the swift sling, draw the death-shafted
bow—

And spur the bold steed, that impatiently prances

To trample in slaughter the bands of the foe—

For see! o'er your lines,

How gloriously shines

The "SUN-BURST," resplendently blazing on high!

And a thousand harps sound

Their loud notes around,

That call on the valiant to conquer or die!

January 10th, 1829.

FAREWELL TO MY BOOK.

Here goes for a swim on the stream of old Time,
On those buoyant supporters, the bladders of rhyme!
If our weight breaks them down, and we sink in the flood,
We are smother'd, at least, in respectable mud.—BYRON.

My dear little volume, it seems you are grown
Old enough, as they say, for a will of your own;
And, no longer content to be kept for the pleasure
Of myself, or a friend, in our moments of leisure,
You wish, though the danger of print I've foretold,
To aim at a suit of morocco and gold.
Well, take your own way, since no effort can stop
Your rage to be seen in the bookseller's shop.
But, as soon as yourself and your parent are slandered,
In the *Mail*, and the *Packet*, the *Times*, and the *Standard*;
Magazines and reviews all unite to decry you,
And others, to still meaner uses, apply you;¹

¹ From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, &c.—DRYDEN.

You'll think on the silly career you have run,
 And, comparing yourself with the prodigal son,
 Lament that you cannot, like him, to your cost,
 By repentance regain what by folly you lost.
 Yet *why* thus debate? since my warning you mock.
 Like your brother in rashness, the obstinate cock,
 Who, laughing at all his good parent could tell,
 Disobeyed her advice, and was drowned in the well.
 Then go—but when Edinburgh's critic appears,
 Beneath ev'ry slice of whose merciless shears
 The "membra disjecta poetæ" are lopped,
 As Melanthius of old by Ulysses was cropped,¹
 Like Hassan, the Persian, when cursing the day
 That led him from Shiraz through deserts to stray,²
 With feelings of deep but unpitied regret,
 You'll wish you remained in *my* custody yet.

January, 1839.

¹ See the *Odyssey*, book xxii. v. 510, &c., by Pope, whose modest paraphrase of the original Greek is preferable to the more literal indelicacy of Cowper's version.

² Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!
 COLLINS'S *Hassan, or the Camel-Driver*

POSTSCRIPT

TO

‘DR. SOUTHEY’S EPISTLE TO THE AUTHOR OF THE PARSON’S HORN-BOOK.’

Reasons for the necessity of substituting state-supported churches in every country by the “voluntary system,” and more particularly in Ireland—Origin of the general diffusion of hostility to the Irish Church and tithe-system by the formation of the society of the original Comet Club, and the publication of the Parson’s Horn-Book and Comet—Plan of operations against the Church adopted by the Club, and its great success—Prosecution and true causes of the extinction of the Comet—Correction of the misinformation of the Quarterly Review respecting the two societies of the Comet Club and the Irish Brigade.

If we ought to have any state system of religion, the best, perhaps, amongst so many conflicting sects, would be the Church of England, from its forming such a temperate and respectable medium between the opposite systems of authority and liberty ; from its combining so much of the dignified hierarchy, ceremonial and liturgy of Catholicity, with the greater simplicity and freedom of opinion connected with Protestantism. But Christ and his apostles left Christianity to be supported by the contributions of those who chose to support it; and, without dwelling on the superior deference necessarily due to THEIR authority in religious matters, human experience and reason amply demonstrate the propriety of not deviating from THEIR example in this respect. The Christian Church, in the times of its greatest purity, or during the first three centuries, was solely maintained by voluntary contributions. From the period of its first connection with the state by Constantine, that purity began to decay. An Established Church, by exalting one sect of Christians in a nation above others, tends to promote pride or a sense and manifestation of supe-

riority in the established sect and its priesthood, with feelings of inferiority and consequent discontent and envy amongst other sects—two states of mind destructive of the very essence of Christianity in ALL sects, even where such conflicting opinions do not lead, as at Skibbereen, Newtownbarry, Carrickshock, Wallstown, Moncoin, Bilboa, Carriegen, Rathcormac, &c. to still worse results, by producing positive bloodshed and the destruction of human life. Religion, too, when connected with the state, will be desecrated, by having its holy offices converted into the means of providing for court favourites, government partisans, or unworthy members or dependants of aristocratic families, and by its exposing the clergy to the corruption and debasement of hunting after lay promotion or patronage. Thus, —without going back to the more ignorant or generally immoral periods in the history of state-church patronage, and confining our attention merely to that of France and England, as presenting the least equivocal examples of the equally pernicious tendencies of that system of clerical promotion, in a despotic and Catholic, as well as in a free and Protestant country,—it will be sufficient to instance, in France, the advancement by the Regent Duke of Orleans of the unprincipled Dubois, the companion of his infamous debaucheries, to an archbishopric and a cardinal's hat; and to allude to the subsequent elevation, to the See of Autun, of the scarcely, if at all, less sanctified personage, Talleyrand. In England, the similarly demoralizing effects of an Established Church, not only upon minds of a common, but of a decidedly superior order, may be sufficiently illustrated by the bribery of the late Duke of York's mistress, Mary Anne Clerk, by Doctor O——, that he might, through her adulterous influence with the Duke, obtain leave to preach before royalty, in order to get a bishopric; and by the following extract from the memoirs of the orthodox Hannah More. “I was dining,” says that pious lady, “in a parliamentary party with Lord Castlereagh, and he produced for our amusement in the evening some volumes of original letters, curiously preserved by Lady C——. Perhaps you know of, or have seen the collection, which her Ladyship derived from the Duchess of Suffolk, to whom they had all been addressed. When his Lordship showed us the index, *my* curiosity was immediately fixed by Doctor Young. I professed my enthusiastic ad-

miration of his 'Night Thoughts,' and jugged to see *and admire as a relic*, the original letter of such a man. My request was immediately complied with, with a *significant smile*; and what had I the mortification to read? *Horresco referens!* It was the most *fawning, servile, mendicant letter*, perhaps, *that ever was penned by a CLERGYMAN, imploring the MISTRESS of George II. to exert HER interest for HIS preferment.*" Such are the natural, and, in a greater or lesser degree, the inevitable consequences, of connecting the ministers of a kingdom which is *not* of this world with those of the kingdoms which *are*; consequences which, as they are produced by such a connection, so can they alone be adequately guarded against, by a total separation of the "things which are Cæsar's" from the "things which are God's." By such a separation, also, the heads of the different religions, who ought to "show forth their humility in *all* things," would be more effectually or completely severed, as Christ and his Apostles were, from such "poms and vanities" as attendances at levees, drawing-rooms, or dinners, at the Castle in Dublin, or the Palace in London; fopperies of fashion, unsuited not only to the members of a Christian, but even of a Heathen hierarchy. Christ never appeared in the courts of viceroys or princes but when he was sent from Pilate to Herod, from Herod to Pilate, and from both to be crucified; and the emperor Julian the Apostate, in his description of the duty even of a Pagan priest, says—"The priest of the gods, if he sometimes visits the Palace, should appear only as the advocate of those who have vainly solicited either justice or mercy"—thus drawing a broad and proper line of distinction between the modest and reluctant appearance at court of a member of the sacerdotal profession, in the edifying and appropriate character of mediator or intercessor for the good of others, and the circumstance of a priest being seen there, in vain and unbecoming attendance, as a participator in the folly of ostentatious ceremony, or the indulgence of inconsistent luxury.

If, however, it be no more than a natural result of his position as a state-prelate, that a Protestant Archbishop of Dublin should go to the Castle, as the representative of the religion of the government, it is equally fair that a Catholic Archbishop of Dublin should do the same, as the representative of the religion of the people. And thus it is, that the union

of one church or body of clergy with the state and its vanities, tends to infect the ministers of other churches with similar unclerical frivolities; to say nothing of the worldly spirit of rivalry for state-honours or favours that must more or less exist between the different bodies of Christian teachers, so long as a state-church exists, or until priests of every religious community shall be cut off from the least hope of the formation of any tie between any one church and the state, by the clergy of ALL denominations being left to depend solely on voluntary contributions. The cause of active religion, and the consequent increase of piety, has, however, been still more deeply injured—as it is only natural that it should have been so injured—by the substitution of a compulsory for a voluntary system of sacerdotal maintenance. For, on the plain principle, that if men may calculate upon receiving the same salary or emoluments whether they do their business well or ill, they will, for the most part, give themselves as little trouble about it as possible, it follows, that the great body of the clergy of an established church, from the mere circumstance of their not being dependent upon their flocks for their incomes, will not attend to those flocks as assiduously as if an income were to be expected from no other source. Of the justice of this reasoning, the general notoriety of the greatly-disproportioned decline in Ireland, during the last century, of the number of Church-of-England Protestants, as contrasted with the comparative increase of Catholics and Dissenters, is a sufficient evidence.¹ According to the Parliamentary

¹ “It is worth while to contrast things as they are at present, with what they were above a century ago.

1731.					
Protestants,	700,451
Catholics,	1,309,768
					<hr/>
2,010,219					
1835.					
Protestants,	1,516,228
Catholics,	6,427,712
					<hr/>
7,943,940					

Thus, it appears, that in 104 years PROTESTANTS of all kinds have only *doubled*, while the CATHOLICS have increased to a *FIVE-fold* degree.” (*Morning Register of 25th June, 1835.*) In fact, it would seem from a general reference to history, that Providence has marked its disappro-

Return printed in 1835, there were then in Ireland for every *one* Churchman no less than NINE Catholics and Dissenters, and a surplus of 275,364 persons. In England, likewise, where, above a century ago, the Dissenters were so inferior to the Churchmen, the superior activity of a clergy depending upon voluntary, as opposed to legal or forced contributions, has been amply evinced by the official disclosure, made so far back as 1811, that, even at that period—a period, since which we know that Dissent and the consequent weakness and unpopularity of the Church have so widely increased—even then, out of the parishes of England containing above 1000 inhabitants, the established places of worship were but 2,547, while those of the Dissenters amounted to 3,457! Indeed, the comparative merits of the voluntary and state-church systems may be decided upon by this one simple circumstance—that, in no possible instance, can the voluntary system ever be productive of

bation of injustice and tyranny, in every country as well as Ireland, by the constant decrease observable in the number of an *oppressing*, and the far more than proportionate increase in the numbers of an *oppressed* people. This was what the royal Malthus of Egypt observed when, having found, that “the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied and waxed exceeding mighty, and the land was filled with them, he said unto HIS people,—‘Behold, the people of the children of Israel are MORE and mightier than *we*. Come on, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that *when there falleth out any war*, they *join also unto our ENEMIES, and fight AGAINST us*—and so get them up out of the land!’” (Exod. chap. i. v. 1, 2, 3.) Then followed his majesty’s inculcation of his straight-forward and consistent “preventive check” in the shape of infant murder, which our modern Malthusians have not the honesty to avow, but which, we are told, was defeated, because those Irish Papists of antiquity, the Hebrew women, were so “*lively!*” Mr. Urquhart, too, has noticed, in his work on Turkey, that notwithstanding the many oppressions and slaughters perpetrated upon the Greeks by their eastern despots, and more especially the Cromwellian system of wholesale devastation and massacre practised in the Morea, on the defeat of the Greek insurgents and their Russian allies, during the latter half of the last century, the numbers of the Greeks rapidly increased, while the amount of those oriental Orangemen, the Turks, still *more* rapidly declined. Long, then, in spite of tyranny and Malthus, may the oppressed people of every country successfully act upon the maxim of “The Wife of Bath:”—

“‘Increase and multiply’ is heaven’s command,
And *that’s* a text I clearly understand.”

GENERATION in an *individual*, will ultimately work out REGENERATION in a *political*, sense.

injustice, inasmuch as it rests on the universally applicable and undeniably fair principle of requiring no man to **pay** for what he does not think he has gotten value. On the contrary, in no instance but one, and that now, and perhaps always, a very unlikely one, namely, the instance of every person in a country believing the same doctrines, and consequently so far capable of getting value for the money levied to maintain them—in no instance, but this solitary or improbable one,¹ can an Established Church exist without doing injustice, by forcing money from some individual or individuals, to whom, as disbelieving in it, it can give no return for the sums it levies. Religiously speaking, too, the voluntary system will alone be found to stand the test of a strictly conscientious examination. For if, in order to avoid the manifest injustice and plunder of allowing the clergy of one church to tax all other churches, we pay the preachers of every sect by salaries from the public treasury, as is done in France, then must the members of different religions, in such a nation, be acting so far in opposition to the dictates of religious truth and consistency, as to contribute money to support *several* religions which they consider to be *false*, as well as the **ONE** religion which they will believe to be **TRUE**; and the injustice will besides

¹ Thus, even in Ireland, during a period of such miserable political anarchy, and consequent intellectual darkness, that a superficial judge of human nature would not expect to meet the example of a martyr to scepticism, we find an instance of disbelief, not only in the Catholic, but even in the Christian religion; and, it need scarcely be added, that there will always be more who doubt in an established faith, and suppress their opinions from fear, than of those who will dare to suffer martyrdom in the cause of infidelity. "A. D. 1327. Adam Duffe O'Toole was convicted of blasphemy in Dublin, viz., for denying the Incarnation of Christ, the Trinity in Unity, for affirming that the Blessed Virgin was a harlot, that there was no Resurrection, that the Scriptures were a mere fable, and that the Apostolical See was an imposture and usurpation, and, the next year, pursuant to his sentence, was burned in Hoggin Green (now College Green) near Dublin." (*Whitelaw's and Walsh's History of Dublin*, vol. 1. p. 170.) Yet, what is our present custom of virtually fining a disbeliever in a state religion for *its* support, but a modification of this ancient intolerance, by making individuals pay in *pocket* for that disbelief or dissent for which they would have been formerly condemned to pay with *life*? For the scepticism, however, of the above-mentioned unbeliever, or of any other, it is not, of course, meant to offer any defence or palliation. Nothing, perhaps, has more fatally retarded the advance of political liberty than the sceptical works published by some of the leading advocates of popular freedom.

remain, of taxing, for the maintenance of, priests, such persons as Quakers and Deists, who, as not believing in the necessity of, and therefore not being capable of receiving services from, priests, are *ipso facto* robbed by being made to pay for them. In fact, were the clergy of all sects to be salaried by the state, on the assumption of its being most consistent with justice to treat all sects in this manner, the hardship inflicted upon Quakers and Deists, or such as do not believe in the necessity for priests, would be still worse than where there is but one state-connected or Established Church, since, in the latter case, the Quaker or Deist will be only taxed for the clergy of ONE sect, while, in the former, he would be obliged to pay for the priesthood of SEVERAL persuasions.

Thus, then, the voluntary church-system should be universal amongst Christians; 1stly, as having been instituted by Christ and his Apostles: 2dly, as being proved by experience to be the best calculated to preserve the purity of religion by keeping it apart from the corruptions and vanities of the state; 3dly, as being the system most adapted to render that moral conduct, zeal, and activity, requisite for the preservation and diffusion of religion, universal amongst its professed teachers, by making the diligent and constant practice of those virtues the only source for a subsistence to such teachers; and 4thly, and above all, the voluntary system should be everywhere adopted, it being the only one universally applicable, as being incontrovertibly based on justice and reason, or the plain principle of not making any one pay, against his conscience and the "rights of property," for the maintenance of persons, from whom, as disbelieving in their ministry, he can receive no benefit, in return for the money levied upon *him* for *their* support. Indeed, so glaringly unjust is any other than the voluntary system, that the opposite principle of maintaining religion would appear to be considered intolerable, even amongst the despotic governments and Heathen nations of Asia. In the immense empire of China, there not only is no established religion, but we even read of the dethronement of some emperors, whose too great partiality towards the Bonzes, or priests of Fo, might, if allowed to continue, have procured those priests and their followers an unjust ascendancy over other sects, to the consequent violation of religious liberty and equality. In Tonquin, too, we have

been recently informed, that a native who was converted to Catholicity, being expelled from employment in a silk manufactory, because he would not contribute against his conscience to a Pagan festival, brought his case before the Mandarins, who gave judgment against the opponents of the Christian, saying, "Since the Christians ask *you* for no money for the exercise of *their* religion, you have *no right to force it from THEM for the exercise of YOURS!*" And, in another district of the same country, a Christian having refused to subscribe to a dramatic representation in honour of the Tonquinese idols, and being in consequence beaten by the collectors, on the matter being referred to the local magistrates, the collectors were arrested and bastinadoed, each receiving fifteen strokes on their feet, "for endeavouring," says the account, "to *force the Christians to contribute to a religious ceremony contrary to their consciences!*"¹ If these Tonquinese Christians were Irish or English Papists or Dissenters, the collectors above mentioned tithe-collectors or "rebellion ruffians," and the mandarins some of our Law-Church magistrates and judges, how very different would be those decisions! Yet, contrary to the slightest degree of equity, or to any respect for even that semblance of political decency, which has dictated, that, wherever an Established Church exists, its creed should be that of the majority of the nation, the Church of England has been, in the most galling and obnoxious form of pecuniary exaction, the Established Church of Ireland, though by the *First Report of the Commissioners of Public Instruction*, instituted for the purpose of obtaining the comparative numbers of the different Christian sects in Ireland, according to the census of 1831, the members of the Establishment were, out of a population of 7,943,940 souls, only 852,064 persons, as opposed to 7,091,876 Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and other Dissenters! What a spectacle!—852,064 individuals, privileged to tax for *their* religion a population of 7,091,876 persons, and even, in case of a non-payment or resistance to such a system of taxation, in the name of Christianity, privileged to pillage, incarcerate or shoot them! Surely, there never was in any nation, a Church, whose doctrines, however pure, could be expected to prevail, when connected with, and weighed

¹ Instructive Magazine, p. 168–9.

down by, such a monstrous combination of abstract and practical injustice! The gross income of the Irish Establishment has been thus estimated from OFFICIAL data, in an able article in "The Monthly Chronicle" for May, 1838.

	£	s.	d.
Annual Revenue of continuing and suppressed Bishop-ricks,	151,127	12	4
Income from Glebe Lands,	92,000	0	0
Income from Ministers' Money,	10,000	0	0
Income from Ecclesiastical Tithe Composition,	531,781	14	7
Income from Corporations Aggregate, Deans and Chapters, &c.,	21,724	5	5
	<hr/> £806,633 12 4		

This sum, divided amongst the 852,064 Irish Episcopalian Protestants, makes the religious instruction of each to amount to nearly 19 shillings a head per annum!—whereas, in Scotland, where the Church Revenue for 1,600,000 Presbyterians is but £269,000 a year, the religion of each member of the National Establishment costs but 3s. 4d.; and, in Belgium, the annual sum of £130,000 supplies a Catholic population of 4,000,000 with religion, at the rate of 8 pence each!¹

To get rid of such a gross insult to justice, Christianity, and Protestantism in general, and to Ireland in particular, the *original* Comet Club—a political and literary society, embracing members of various creeds—had the merit of

¹ How easily might the Church be reformed, even according to *Whig* or comparatively *moderate* views, by the following plan. Give every clergyman a life provision proportionate to his present legal income, and reduce the property of the Church to the rented or unobnoxious revenue of £264,851, 17s. 9d. by either doing away with, or applying to national purposes, the 541,781l. 14s. 7d. to which tithes and ministers' money amount. The 264,851l. 17s. 9d. a year, thus left for the spiritual instruction of 852,064 Irish Law-Church Protestants, would be only between five and six thousand pounds less than the annual £269,000, sufficient for nearly twice as many or 1,600,000 Scotch Presbyterians—and these, too, the great majority of the Scotch, and not, like the Irish Church Protestants, a mere trifling minority of the Irish nation. With her present churches, glebes, &c., with the help of some voluntary contributions from the lay members of the Establishment, who are the richest portion of the community, as they own nearly all the land in Ireland, and with the abolition of overpaid dignitaries, this sum of £264,851, 17s. 9d. would furnish a very fair provision for the clergy of the Irish Church, who would thus be neither so poor nor so rich as to be absolutely dependent upon, or too independent of, their flocks.

combining, in Dublin, about the commencement of 1831. From the head-quarters of the Club in D'Olier-street, the commencing blaze of the vigorous fire against the Church, and in favour of the "voluntary system," which has since so widely spread through England and Scotland, was in consequence kindled by the irregular and fantastic but keen and scorching light of "The Parson's Horn-Book." The first edition of this satirical work, with etchings by Lover, and amounting to between 1,000 and 1,500 copies, was sold off in less than a fortnight; and the general impressions of ridicule and disgust towards the Church, so successfully begun, were briskly kept up by other publications of the Club, but particularly by the establishment of the Comet, a weekly Sunday newspaper. The recent success of the Irish people in their long struggle for Emancipation—the animating effect on the popular mind of the triumphant Revolutions of Paris and Brussels, and the *then* victorious resistance of the noble Poles to their Muscovite tyrants—the patriotic excitement extended from Dublin over Ireland by the metropolitan meetings for Repeal of the Union, combined with the general agitation for Parliamentary Reform in both islands,—the irritating violation of both political and personal consistency in Lord Anglesey's shameless execution of a despotic act against Irish popular meetings, though he had affirmed that HE would never enforce such an act, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—the judicial promotion of the Solicitor-General, Dogherty,¹ who had no claim to such advancement but that of his having been the miserable parliamentary tool, the senatorial cur-dog employed by the

¹ The following keen and well-merited lines, in reference to this unprincipled and insulting promotion, appeared in one of the publications of the Club, antecedent to the appearance of the Comet.

EPIGRAM,

ON CHIEF JUSTICE DOGHERTY.

"Populus me sibilat."—HORACE.

- In debate, for a Samson may Dogherty pass,
For the weapon of *both* was the JAW of an ASS.
But, how happy it is, to have interest and friends,
Since the likeness between them no farther extends!
The JEW lost *his* power with the *hair of his head*—
But the GENTILE gained *his* by a *wie* in its stead.

Tories to annoy Mr. O'Connell, as the representative of the Irish people, during the interval between Emancipation and the accession of the Whigs to office—all these causes, and others that might be mentioned, contributed to render the period of the establishment of the Comet Club the best that could have been chosen by them for founding an original and vigorously-written weekly periodical, on **THEIR** principles. Those principles cannot be better expressed than by the following animated lines that appeared in the first number of the Comet, from the pen of one of the contributors to the early publications of the Club, and a subsequent member of the political and literary society of the Irish Brigade.

THE COMET'S AVATAR.

“Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity, Brama, has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to *cut off* **ALL incorrigible offenders**. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.”—**CAMPBELL.**

OUR COMET shines to chase foul mists away,
 And drive dark Falsehood from her cell to-day—
 To scath the hands that break man's chartered laws,
 Or pounce on nations with a vulture's claws—
 To raise the prostrate, soothe the anguished breast,
 To check th' oppressor, bid the goaded rest—
 To give to man true knowledge of his kind,
 And lift him to that rank which Heaven designed—
 For ends like these, from high our COMET moves,
 Bright Freedom wings it, and fair Truth approves.
 Let Erin's sons salute its glorious ray—
 It shines to guide them to meridian day;
 Bright as of erst when their FREE hands unfurl'd
 Their glittering SUN-BURST to th' admiring world—
 Resplendent as when GRATTAN's patriot hand
 Re-op'd its folds to bless the new-born land!

When Israël's sons from Egypt's bondage passed,
 Their God, by day, his mantling cloud o'ercast,
 And through th' uncertain darkness of the night,
 His fiery pillar poured a flood of light,
 To glad his people with its heavenly ray,
 And guide their feet on Freedom's glorious way!

With Truth's own radiance, streaming from on high,
 Our brilliant COMET decks the *western* sky :
 It bends its keen, insufferable blaze,
 On mitred cant, and pensioned vampires' ways ;—
 And while swoln prelates yell their sacred moan,
 With holy twaddle, and with nasal groan,
 (Like some cracked pibroch floating down the gale,
 Or tithe-pig grunting in the lowly vale,) *They*
 may, like Satan, curse the COMET's light,
 Too clear, too dazzling for their blear-eyed sight ;
 And while, round them, all luminous it streams,
 Exclaim, "O COMET ! HOW WE HATE THY BEAMS !"

Yes—'twill be our's to check the bigot's frown,
 Or despot's stride, that tramples Freedom down :
 Not all the arts to prop a sinking cause,
 Not all the bullets fired by reverend paws,
 (Though bay'net-armed should rush each rav'ning priest,
 Who hugs the "*loaves and fishes*" to his breast,) *Shall*
 stop our course ; we, from our sphere sublime,
 Will smile derision on those sons of crime,
 Avenge the victims of their perfidy,
 And blast the *titled* props of tyranny !
 Yes—Themis' bench shall see no hand impure
 Deal partial laws to crush the suffering poor—
 And bloated prelates shall with bigots fly,
 While pure Religion waves her torch on high ;
 And sacred Truth, with Gospel-flag unfurled,
 Diffuse unpaid-for doctrines through the world !

Our COMET comes, and to each listening ear
 Declares the words to Freedom, Virtue, dear ;
 Soon will its rays dissolve that cursed spell
 Which o'er our isle long cast the clouds of Hell.
 Far from the soil THEIR crimes have made a waste,
 Shall oligarchs those heartless wretches haste ;
 And soon shall ERIN—as, regained her right,
 She stands a NATION, glorying in her might—
 (Proud England's SISTER—not, as now, her *slave*—*
 And NURSE of glory—not, as now, her *grave*—)
 Cry, as she bends to earth her grateful knee,
 "'Twas THOU, BRIGHT COMET ! SHOWED ME LIBERTY !"

ALFIERI.

May 1st, 1831.

Such were the legitimate principles on which the Comet
 commenced ; and the sanguine expectations that were enter-

* "We live too near the British nation to be less than equal to it."—
 GRATTAN.

tained of its future success, from the popularity of those principles, the talent contained in the Club, the establishment of the publication at such a peculiarly favourable time, were amply realized. In the short period from May to October,—a portion of the year, the worst, in a capital, like Dublin, for the sale of a new paper, owing to the absence, for the summer, of so many, to whom the existence of a recently-commenced metropolitan journal is consequently unknown—the Comet, independent of the local personality and disreputable scandal, which, after the retirement of the majority of its *original* contributors, finally polluted and destroyed it, arrived at the unprecedentedly large sale of 2,300 copies a week. Although the Comet advocated both Reform and Repeal with unremitting vigour and ability, and, in opposition to the other *weekly* papers, was composed of original matter, instead of a mere collection of reprinted articles and of news from the *daily* organs of public intelligence, the sudden and extensive popularity of the “new luminary” was, above all other causes, attributable to its being the first organ of voluntaryism in the Irish press, and, in every shape, “from grave to gay, from lively to severe,” the unflinching, incessant, and merciless adversary of the Church and tithe system. Before the appearance of the Comet, no Irish paper, however liberal, had advanced beyond a mere timid allusion or shillishall comment upon what were called the “*abuses* of the Church Establishment.” But the Comet not only boldly satirized and exposed what were called the “*abuses* of the Church Establishment,” but branded the Establishment itself, from the fact of its being so, as an abuse to be exterminated root and branch; constantly holding up every member of it from the Archbishops to the Curates as plunderers, inasmuch as they drew their incomes by force from a population, to which, as being Catholics or Dissenters, no value could be given in return—as plunderers, some indeed sharing more, and some less, of the public spoil, and some of them being more and some of them being less rapacious in their exactions, but still as a class of persons, all alike objects for public ridicule, and opposition to what they claimed, as undoubted, though law-supported, plunderers.

This opposition, the Irish people were instructed to give, in that happy form of Quakerism or “passive resistance,” which soon became equally general and effective. The

Parson demanded his tithes. The people were directed to give him the same answer that Leonidas gave to Xerxes, when, on asking for the arms of Leonidas and his companions, he was told to "Come, and take them!"—that is, *if he could!* The Parson accordingly came, with a due attendance of police, yeomanry, soldiers, auctioneers, &c. to get his tithes as well as he could, by seizing and auctioning the crops or cattle of the refractory. These, however, through the aid of a well-arranged system of signals from natural or artificially-constructed heights, were very often effectually removed, secreted, or driven away: or, if actually set up to auction, there were either no bidders for fear of the generally certain vengeance of the assembled people; or else the cattle sold at such a low price as only to occasion an additional loss to the Parson by not defraying the expenses of the sale; or lastly, if the animals, not bid for or not sold, were brought off to be disposed of elsewhere, they were branded with the inscription of "TITHE" or "SEIZED FOR TITHE," tracked by men appointed for the purpose, refused shelter, with their drivers, as having been so seized, and had finally either to be restored to their original owners, or disposed of in a lean and consequently depreciated condition, for what would not cover the mere cost of their journey! The success of this system of anti-tithe tactics, thus generally recommended by the Comet Club, was unprecedentedly rapid, though not more so than they anticipated, both from the intolerable nature of the abuse attacked, and the mode of literary hostility selected for its destruction. This mode was the same as that adopted by the philosophers in France, before the Revolution, for overturning the Church Establishment in that country, namely, the employment, not merely of reason and discussion, but of satire and ridicule, in every shape that could be likely to suit the light taste of a people exquisitely susceptible to such impressions—a susceptibility, which, as it furnished such an excellent ground to work upon in France, would, it was judged, be equally capable of being triumphantly worked upon in Ireland, from the admitted resemblance of the Irish to the French character. With this resemblance in view, the more serious arguments brought forward in defence of the Church were regularly answered by artillery of a similarly ponderous caliber and a more effective execution. But, while sufficient care was taken

to reply to every discharge of heavy ball in proper style, the main reliance of the Club was placed in the less massy indeed, yet more extensive, unceasing and biting fire of invective and contempt—a fire, which was accordingly kept up in every form, from the larger and more sweeping grape and canister of a dashing article, sketch, or dialogue,¹ in prose, to the smaller but keenly-peppering snipe-shot of a volley of epigrams in verse. Exclusive of various original contributions in the poetical line from members of the Club, different passages from the classics,² and extracts from our leading poets, as well as numbers of the most familiar songs, (a few of which effusions are given in this volume,) were parodied with great effect against the ecclesiastical incubus. In prose, in addition to several sharp anti-clerical parables and other compositions in imitation of Scripture, the gnarled and smashing humour of the author of the first volume of the “Parson’s Horn-Book,” with his amusing and eccentric productions called “Buckthorns,” at once broke the bones of the “Bishops, Parsons, and small fry of the Establishment,” and evinced such comic and original powers of execution in the performance of his task, that his victims were only laughed at in proportion to the merciless vigour of his belabouring vivacity. In short, the Quarterly Review, the ablest and best periodical of the Tory and High-Church party, was soon abundantly justified in saying that the Comet Club “*exhibited public proofs that its labours were NOT frivolous or unproductive.*”³

¹ For a specimen of this last-mentioned mode of composition, in imitation of Voltaire, vide Appendix, No. II.

² See, also, in Appendix, No. III., the excellent parody from Virgil, entitled “*Paddy and the Bishop.*” It first appeared, in October, 1831, in the second part of “The Parson’s Horn-Book,” by the *original* Comet Club, but is now given, in a more correct form, by permission of the author, from the papers of that body and the Irish Brigade.

³ “There were in Ireland, of late years,” says the *Quarterly Review* for June, 1836, “two societies, not simultaneous, but successive—one denominated the COMET CLUB, the other the IRISH BRIGADE; both instituted, it was said, for the accomplishment of the same great work, ‘NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE;’ both suspected of having been concerned in *some occupations which shunned the light*, and each known to have exhibited *public proofs that its labours were NOT frivolous or unproductive.* When we say ‘the other,’ we are not to be understood as intimating that the second apparition was substantially different from its predecessor. The COMET had shaken ‘from its horrid hair’ a too portentous and too significant monition; vulgar minds interpreted it into

Prepared as the public mind had been for a fiercer and more constant application of light and heat by the combustible matter which had been first piled around the Church by "The Parson's Horn-Book," the tails of Samson's foxes did not spread a quicker and more destructive flame through the crops of the Philistines than that which the Parsons were involved in by the tail of the Comet. The anti-church insurrection extended itself "far and wide," and so effectually, that the then Secretary for Ireland, the present Lord Stanley, stated in the House of Commons, that an attempt by the government, with the aid of the army, to levy tithes, could, from an arrear of £60,000, collect only £12,000 worth, at an expense of £27,000! And if, in spite of every precautionary admonition to the people, a series of bloody affrays, from that of Newtownbarry in June, 1831,¹ to that of Rathcormac in December, 1834,

an advice to the Irish peasantry to *massacre the Protestant clergy*,—the enterprising and judicious discovered that the advice was given rather prematurely,—and a court of law was illiberal enough to pronounce it 'a seditious libel.' The rebuked 'COMET' withdrew, and the COMET CLUB dissolved. But, if we may borrow the expression from well-known optical illusions, it dissolved itself into a *new SOCIETY*; and, with an altered name, and its periodic time extended, '*alter et idem*' the eclipsed luminary came forth from temporary occultation, to lighten, as the *IRISH* or the '*Catholic Magazine*,' we believe, the same projects and purposes over which, when bearing a bolder name, it had shed a disserviceable, because *too FULL and THREATENING an ILLUMINATION*."

¹ The subjoined particulars of this revolting tithe-carnage, entitled by the *Evening Mail* "a little salutary blood-letting," have been supplied to the author by a friend, from information derived through the relatives of some of the sufferers. The cattle of a Mr. Patrick Doyle, a farmer, were seized in June, 1831, for tithe, claimed by the Rev. Mr. M'Clintock, a connexion of the pious Lord Roden and his episcopal brother of *Philanthropic* notoriety. Though the sum claimed did not amount to more than about £2, 6s. which, moreover, was denied to be *LEGALLY* due till November, the cattle were advertised to be auctioned, in the Parson's name, on Saturday, the 18th of June. This was the market-day, and there was accordingly a large crowd assembled to attend the sale. Lord Farnham's Orange yeomanry, and the police, who were kept in readiness in the yard of his Lordship's agent, Captain G——, were turned out to guard the cattle, on their being taken from the pound. Some of the people began to jeer the yeomen upon the use to which they were applying their new clothing and arms, and a few stones having been likewise thrown by some children from amongst the gathering multitude, the yeomanry fired, until 14 persons were shot dead upon the spot, and several wounded! Some saved their lives by swimming through the river Slaney. A ball grazed the head of Mr.

occurred between the peasantry and the Orange yeomanry and police, reluctantly aided by the military, the established clergy, on the other hand, could not be always protected by such unapostolic satellites. Several members of that reverend body fell victims to the vengeance of the peasantry, as an atonement for the blood of their slaughtered relatives. To such a pitch did this exercise of rural revenge take place, that the lives of clergymen of the Church of England, in Ireland, became uninsurable from the precarious tenure they possessed of an obnoxious existence, in the midst of a hostile and exasperated population. The legislature had to advance a loan of a million to the distressed priesthood of the Establishment, in lieu of the tithes, which it was found so impossible to enforce, that government disavowed the intention of attempting to collect them, even when armed with the aid of martial law, in the shape of the despotic Coercion Bill. The carnage-pile of Law-Church exaction at length became too atrocious and disgusting, after the massacre of Rathcormac, to be allowed to attain any greater elevation. The elusive fiction of a crafty attorney might, through the medium of his "rebellion writs," make a few straggling victims to the expiring cause of ecclesiastical decimation; but such imperfect successes could not compensate for the complete investment of the falling institution, which this hero of the latitat would vainly seek to defend. When soldiers cannot maintain a system, attorneys will hardly be able to uphold it; and the unjustifiable appropriation of tithe must eventually follow its fellow-impost of Church Rates to one common grave. And to the literary exertions of the *original* Comet Club, as having been the first that really "broke the *black* phalanx and let in the light," will the people of Ireland be *prima-*

Patrick Doyle's eldest son, John Doyle, sweeping away one of his eyes and depriving him of the sight of the other. He is still living—a melancholy monument of the Moloch effects of the "union of Church and State!"—Another young man, whose name was Miley Doyle, was also killed on that day. He was a fine handsome fellow, six feet high, made in proportion, universally liked in the neighbourhood, and only in his 22d year. But the most horrible incident, in the details of this tragedy, was the case of a woman, named Mulrooney, through whose body, including that of an unborn child, which she was then carrying, a musket ball tore its way, leaving the lifeless and bleeding remains of *both* exposed to the public eye! Yet, for the blood shed on this occasion, no redress was obtained—no punishment inflicted!

richly indebted for such a desirable result. Like Blucher's Prussians, the rest of the liberal press are, indeed, most ably and most efficiently pursuing and hunting down the disordered enemy—but, to the Wellington and Bulow of the Horn-Book and Comet, must the honour of the original engagement be fairly assigned.

The following are as many of the real particulars as it may be at present expedient to reveal with regard to the allusion of the Quarterly Review to the two societies of the Comet Club and the Irish Brigade. The Comet, and some other publications, not defaced by the private personality and the scandal, unconnected with politics, which *afterwards* injured and destroyed that journal, and embracing no other objects than the overthrow of the temporalities of the Church, the advocacy of Reform and Repeal, and an attention, so far as those important questions might permit, to literature in general, were edited and written, with the exception of some comparatively few contributions, by the body entitled in these pages the ORIGINAL Comet Club. In December, 1831, when the Comet had a wholesome circulation of something between 2,500 and 3,000 numbers a week, and might therefore be considered as established, the majority of the *original* and *constant* contributors to that paper from its commencement in May,¹ ceased to write for it any longer, and, by so doing, consequently *could not be in any way answerable for those satirical accounts of private parties and other personalities unconnected with politics*, which commenced about the month of February, 1832. About the month of May or June following, the famous “Buckthorn” appeared, which was prosecuted by the Attorney General, Blackburne. But, though the prosecution ended in the fining and imprisonment of the proprietors, yet such was the popularity of the Comet, on account of its services against the Church, that in spite of its other more recently adopted irregularities, a liberal subscription was raised in liquidation of the fine; and, in a word, that paper could only be said to have fallen, as it eventually did, through the effects of its departure from those fair and legitimate grounds of restricting its severity to obnoxious political institutions and characters, on which grounds it was, as has been seen, successfully established. On the seces-

¹ Including the author of this volume.

sion of the majority of the *original* Comet Club from the Comet, in December, 1831, they, in connexion with some other gentlemen, all, with but one meritorious exception, independent of any thing they might make by literature, formed themselves into another political and literary society, called the "Irish Brigade," and set up a new periodical, entitled, not the CATHOLIC, as the Quarterly Review has supposed, but the IRISH MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Neither the "Irish Brigade," nor the society from which it originally sprang, were exclusively Catholic. Their objects were exclusively nothing but whatever exclusiveness or sectarianism can be detected in the words, "LET NO MAN BE OBLIGED TO PAY FOR A PRIEST OR A RELIGION IN WHICH HE DOES NOT BELIEVE—REFORM IN PARLIAMENT—and REPEAL OF THE UNION." These measures continued to be generally advocated by the new society in their Magazine, as well as in other publications of similar views. In fine, the Irish Monthly Magazine was kept up for some years, until, from various motives connected with the increasing private avocations and engagements of the members of the body in which it originated,—some of whom were in parliament, others at the bar, and others again excusable deserters of politics and literature for a tie of a more "in-

1 LINES,

[BY THE LATE DOMINICK RONAYNE, ESQ. M. P.]

Suggested by the patriotic device of the Irish Monthly Magazine—an engraving of the present Bank, and former Parliament House of Ireland, with the motto "FUIT ET ERIT" underneath !

Yes, it has been, and it again shall be,
 A nation's pride,—thy temple, Liberty !
 A nation's senate-house—that dome which rung
 With freedom's accents from a Grattan's tongue,
 Proclaiming to his country and mankind
 That Irish laws alone could Ireland bind—
 Scorching, when in indignant wrath he rose,
 With moral lightning his loved country's foes,—
 The sacrilegious miscreants, who for gold
 The soul and body of a nation sold.
 That house, remembrancer of pride and shame,
 Shall vindicate its origin and name ;
 Shall see o'erturned the money-changers' board,
 Its THRONE, its COMMONS, and its LORDS restored ;
 While joyous millions grateful blessings shed
 On him who roused his country that *was* dead !

teresting and domestic nature"—the publication was discontinued. At present, no intercourse, but one naturally resulting from the "auld lang syne" of a brotherhood in national feeling and the love of literature, subsists between the scattered members of the two societies noticed by the Quarterly. As to their past career, the best proofs of its merits are contained in the preceding history of the rise and progress of Irish anti-tithe agitation, and in the acknowledgement of such an able opponent as the Quarterly, that each of those societies "*exhibited PUBLIC PROOFS that its labours were NOT frivolous or unproductive.*" That this was the case, even independent of whatever literary ability their exertions might be deemed to possess, is, indeed, not to be wondered at. "When the sentiments of a people," says Napoleon, "are against the government, every society has a tendency to do mischief to it." Any government, whatever it may be in *name*, can be only the representative of misgovernment in *reality*, while connected with the defence of what I have shown to be such a monstrous and unparalleled anomaly as the Irish Church; and the success of the Comet Club only proved how well its *original* members knew the feelings of their countrymen, in fearlessly acting upon the noble aspiration of Doctor Doyle, that "OUR HATRED OF TITHES MAY BE AS LASTING AS OUR LOVE OF JUSTICE!"

POSTSCRIPT

TO

“DAVID’S LAMENT.”

David’s Lament and Wolfe’s Lines on Sir John Moore—Critical defect of the latter as compared with the former poem, and the other chief remains of Hebrew song on important national events—Obscurity of Wolfe’s lines particularly demonstrated by their translation into French by Father Prout—Fittest place for those lines in a biography of Sir John Moore, or some future standard History of England, on the model of the modern French historians, Michaud, Barante, and Thierry—Historical use of national songs—Geddes’s critical version of, and comments upon, David’s elegy—Concluding remarks on the monotonous spirituality of Hebrew poetry.

THE beautiful lament of David, in the melancholy nature of the public occurrence which suggested it, in its excellence as a composition, and in the circumstance, that if the Hebrew bard left no other production behind him, it alone would suffice to immortalize him as a poet, may be compared to our countryman Wolfe’s lines on the burial of Sir John Moore. Those lines, however, although as deservedly as universally admired, are far inferior to David’s exquisite elegy. Contrasted with it, they display rather description than sentiment, rather images than feelings, rather selection than creation, rather painting than poetry. There is also, in Wolfe’s lines, an inexcusable “sin of omission” which is not in David’s elegy, though in a production like the latter, composed in an age and amongst a people ignorant of the principles of literary criticism, such a fault would be so much more pardonable than in a modern English poem. The fault is that noticed by Johnson, in his critical observations on Pope’s epitaphs—particularly of Sir Wm. Trumbal and Mrs. Corbet—viz. the non-insertion in a poem of the name of the person upon whom it was intended to be written. “To what purpose,” says the Doctor, “is any

thing told of him whose name is concealed?.....The virtues and qualities so recounted....are scattered at the mercy of fortune to be appropriated by guess." Then, after remarking upon an epitaph with such an omission, that "the name, it is true, may be read upon the stone,"—meaning in a *prose* heading to the *verse*—the Doctor adds:—"But what obligations has it (the name) to the poet, *whose verses may wander over the earth, and leave their subject behind them*, and who is forced, *like an unskilful painter, to make his purpose known by adventitious help?*" A remarkable instance of the justice of this criticism occurs in Claudian's description of Stilicho's defeat of the Goths, under Alaric, in the great battle fought at Pollentia; March 29th, A. D. 403. "In this engagement," says Gibbon, "which was long maintained with equal courage and success, the chief of the Alani, whose diminutive and savage form concealed a magnanimous soul, approved his suspected loyalty, by the zeal with which he fought, and fell, in the service of the republic; and *the fame of this gallant barbarian has been imperfectly preserved in the verses of Claudian, since the poet, who celebrates his VIRTUE, has omitted the mention of his NAME.*" This brave Alan chief, from the double fact of his having contributed so gallantly to a victory that saved Rome and Italy, and his having acted thus, notwithstanding the suspicions of treachery entertained against him, must have been so well known, at the time of Claudian's contemporary eulogium, that every one could recognise to whom the poet's description referred; whereas now, not even the adventitious aid of Claudian's commentators is able to ascertain the NAME which their author omitted to mention.¹ The praises of the poet, however splendid, are consequently all so much homage thrown away, as being unappropriated by name to him alone for whom they were designed. Such a practice, indeed, of writing *at* rather than *of* a character, is justifiable in a satirical production, in which, from prudential considerations, it may be either necessary or expedient to point out the subject of the composition, merely by the qualities or the acts attributed to him. Thus, the obscurity of Persius is justifiable, in his omitting to name, when he wrote against, the brutalities of a NERO. Thus, the law of libel, or statute

¹ De Bello Getico, v. 581-593. edit. Gesner.

for the punishment of offensive statements in proportion to their acknowledged truth, would justify a modern poet in limiting to a merely nameless notoriety the princely infamies of a CUMBERLAND. A poet, in such a case, is like Ulysses in the Cyclop's den; he only resorts to anonymous means as the best or safest method of destroying a monster. But, in a poem, written, or supposed to be written, for the purpose of commemorating national feelings of sorrow, admiration or triumph, whenever such statements and the peculiar representatives of them may be both clearly and *safely* expressed, we should certainly not be left indebted for an exact knowledge of who those personages, as well as their adversaries, were, to the lame and extraneous expedient of an epigraph or a note.¹ Yet to this expedient we

¹ Where such political obstacles exist to the expression of sentiments of nationality, as might be apprehended under an ultra Tory regime in Ireland, or a Muscovite despotism in Poland, an anonymous allusion, by the poet of a subjugated nation, to the objects of its interdicted admiration or regret, is excusable, as the result of necessity. Of this description of poems is Moore's melody, "Oh, breathe not his name," on Emmet, and the following elegant lines, on the same subject, by a member of the *original* Comet Club, written before Emancipation, or while the Tories were in power, though not printed till 1831, in one of the early numbers of the *Comet*.

THE UNINSCRIBED TOMB.

"I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world: it is—the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph: for, as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace; and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."—ROBERT EMMET.

1.

"Pray, tell me," I said, to an old man who strayed,
 Drooping over the graves which his own hands had made,
 "Pray, tell me the name of the tenant that sleeps
 'Neath yonder lone shade, where the sad willow weeps?
 Every stone is engraved with the name of the dead,
 But yon blank slab declares not whose spirit is fled!"

ARE left by the author of the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore. The specimens of national song upon great public events, which have been preserved in the Jewish historical books, are, on the contrary, not only free from this defect, but, unlike the poem on Sir John Moore, in which the country of his interment is left as unknown as his name, those oriental songs localize, with more or less precision, the occurrences they celebrate, by introducing the appella-

2.

In silence he bowed, and then beckoned me nigh,
Till we stood o'er the grave—then he said with a sigh,
“ Yes, they DARE not to trace e'en a word on this stone,
To the memory of him who sleeps coldly and lone :
He told them, commanded, the lines o'er HIS grave
Should never be traced by the hand of a slave !

3.

He bade them to shade e'en his name in the gloom,
Till the morning of freedom should shine on his tomb.
' When the flag of MY country at liberty flies,
Then, let MY name and MY monument rise !'
You see they obeyed him—'tis twenty-eight years,
And they *still* come to moisten his grave with their tears !

4.

He was young, like yourself, and aspired to o erthrow
The tyrants, who filled his loved island with woe :
They crushed him—this earth was too base, too confined,
Too gross for the range of HIS luminous mind.”—
The old man then paused and went slowly away,
And I felt, as he left me, an impulse to pray :—

5.

“ Grant, Heaven ! I may see, ere my own days are done,
A monument rise o'er my country's lost son !—
And oh ! proudest task, be it *mine* to indite
The long-delayed tribute a freeman must write ;
Till then shall its theme in *my* heart deeply dwell,
So, peace to thy slumbers !—dear shade, fare thee well !”

O'MORE.

The errors incidental to publication in a newspaper, and continued or augmented in the various reprints which have been made of this poem in England and America, as well as in Ireland, are corrected in *this* copy. The happiness with which the writer has thrown a dramatic locality round the dying words of the Irish patriot, without, at the same time, going farther beyond his last, and, as such, sacred injunction, than the natural and appropriate wish to be the author of the patriot's yet uncomposed epitaph, will strike every reader of taste.

tions of such places and people, as are either connected with the actions, or the results of the actions, commemorated. Thus; in the triumphal hymn of Moses on the passage of the Red Sea, that sea is not only mentioned by name, in conjunction with Pharaoh, but the effects of his fate, and that of his army, upon "Edom," and the "mighty men of Moab," and the "inhabitants of Canaan."¹

Again, in the curious song, or fragment of a song, upon the conquest of Sihon, king of the Amorites,—who had made himself formidable to his neighbours, before the Israelitish invasion, by the defeat of the king of Moab,—the Hebrew bard mentions the name of Sihon's capital as well as that of Sihon himself, specifies the sites of that prince's exploits against the Moabites,—the "people of Chemosh," or Chamosh, as they are poetically called from their national divinity,—particularizes the nature and geographical limits of Sihon's devastations;² and does all this in a composition, containing not more than four verses or

¹ Exod. xv. 1–19. According to Doctor Geddes, the song of Moses is the earliest specimen of poetry in the Bible. See Geddes's Bible, vol. i. p. 127–8, and Critical Remarks, p. 235, for a critical translation of, and observations upon, that spirited ode.

² Numbers xxi. 27–30. The following version—the only consistent one—of this ancient song, is given by Geddes, who considers it as the exhortation of a Jewish bard to "his people to repair and strengthen (Heshbon) a city, whence, while in the possession of the Amorites, so successful a war had been carried on against Moab"—an exhortation, on the bard's part, which reminds us of the Roman tribunes' invitations to their countrymen, to settle, after its capture in Veii, a city so famous for its long wars against Rome.

"Come," exclaims the poet, "let Heshbon be rebuilt; let the city of Sihon be repaired: for from Heshbon there went forth a fire:* from the city of Sihon a flame; which consumed Ar of Moab, which devoured Bamoth-Arnon.† Woe to thee, O Moab! Thou art undone, people of Chamosh! His sons he suffered to be fugitives, and his daughters to be led into captivity, by Sihon, a king of the Amorites!‡ Their fair fields Heshbon destroyed unto Dibon; their fallow-fields unto Nopha by Medeba!"§

* The fire of war. † Ar, the metropolis of Moab, and Bamoth Arnon, included in the same kingdom. ‡ A satirical reproach of the Moabitish deity, for allowing his worshippers to be so severely beaten by the comparatively inferior strength of the Amorites. § That is, the "fair" or cultivated, as well as the "fallow" or uncultivated, parts of Moab, equally experienced the ravages of the Amorites from Heshbon.

Compare Geddes's Bible, vol. i. p. 271, and Crit. Remarks, p. 390–392.

stanzas. The song of Deborah gives, in like manner, a most copious detail of the personal and geographical circumstances connected with its subject, the destruction of Sisera. Indeed, the author, so far from seeming to be shackled by verse in the enumeration of *such* circumstances, acquaints us with several historical particulars relative to the state and conduct of the Hebrew tribes at that period, which are neither to be found in the prose account of the battle of Mount Tabor, nor elsewhere in the Bible.¹ In fine, our more immediate subject, the elegy of David, specifies so exactly the place and persons connected with the event it was written to commemorate, that, were the poem only a recent discovery in the form of a manuscript fragment, with neither a heading nor a note attached to it, the slightest acquaintance with Jewish history, in addition to the internal evidence of the production itself, would show, at once, that it was composed upon the deaths of Saul and Jonathan, at Gilboa, and upon no other occurrence. On the contrary, should the lines upon the burial of Sir John Moore happen to be discovered at a similar interval of between two and three thousand years hence, without either an explanatory heading or note, no critic, however versed in as much of English history and literature, as we may suppose from analogy to be then extant, could, on reading those lines, decide, as to what particular personage or occurrence they alluded. The name of the poet's hero, Sir John Moore, would be involved in more darkness than his own nocturnal interment. It could not be even ascertained but for the single line, "In the grave where a *Briton* has laid him," whether Britons, rather than the natives of any other country, had been connected with the *nameless* funeral described by the poet. In fact, can there be a better proof of the defect noticed in Wolfe's lines than the ease, the *vraisemblance*, with which they have been appropriated to a French subject by the playful Hardouinism of the brilliant Father Prout? In his introduction to an admirable French version of that poem, in which he affects to believe, that, as its *supposed* author never wrote any thing resembling it.

¹ Contrast Judges iv. and v., and see the two versions of Deborah's song, with the comments of Geddes (*vol. II. p. 9—13*) and Milman, (*Hist. of the Jews, vol. I. p. 192—195.*) The latter has the merit of uniting the learning of a scholar with the taste of a professor, and more than a professor, of poetry.

in spirit, he could not be the *real* author of it—that, in consequence, the original of the poem must be sought for elsewhere—and, finally, that the French version is that original of which Wolfe was merely a translator—Prout gives *his* French as the original, which he pretends to have been written upon the interment of a Colonel de Beaumanoir, who, in 1749, levied a regiment in Brittany, his native country, with which he sailed against the English, on the unfortunate French expedition to India, under Lally Tolendal; died in Pondicherry, the last Indian fortress of France; and was buried at night on the north bastion of that fortress by a few followers, who, the next day, sailed with the remains of the French force to Europe. How much of this last anecdote is true or not is of no consequence, since it does not affect the argument drawn from the mere fact of such an introduction and version as Prout's being quite sufficient to demonstrate the obscurity or inadequate identification of Wolfe's lines with Sir John Moore and Englishmen only. By referring to the version in question,¹ it will be seen that the mere solitary proper name of "A BRITON," which Prout adapts into "UN BRETON," is insufficient to preclude the stanza containing it from being applied to a personage and a people quite opposite or hostile to those upon whom the production was really written:—a transfer of appropriation, which, from David's having so copiously identified and localized his elegy with the characters and the people upon whom he composed it, there would be an utter impossibility of effecting with his poem, even supposing a translator to possess two national designations as commodiously convertible into each other in other tongues, as "Briton" into "Breton," in English and French. Thus, so completely dependent upon some extraneous explanation of its subject is Wolfe's otherwise fine poem, that its fittest place would be either in a life of Sir John Moore, or at the end of the future chapter that may be devoted to an account of his death, in what we have not yet, and, according to the present mode of historical com-

¹ See Bentley's Miscellany, vol. i. p. 96-7. Even exclusive of the fault on Wolfe's lines noticed in the text, I cannot regard them, with Prout, as "setting criticism *completely* at defiance." The following line,

"That the foe and the stranger would *tread o'er his head.*"

is decidedly incorrect, as containing a rhyme within a rhyme in a verse of that description of metre.

position, cannot have,—a really standard history of England. I say this, in reference to the revolution, which, to a greater or less degree, must occur in English historical writing, before we can even know how to “set about” the realization of such a desideratum;—a revolution, to be modelled after the modern French school of such historians, as Michaud, Barante, and Thierry, who, by throwing the interest of individual exertions and sympathies into history—by rendering it picturesque—by industriously selecting and tastefully grouping those leading facts and circumstances in which the manners and feelings of each particular age “live, and move, and have a being,” before us—who, by doing all this, have contributed to make history what it should, as far as possible, be made,—a characteristic or panoramic record of the important actions, opinions, and general condition of nations, as marked and modified by the great distinguishing peculiarities of each particular period, instead of being, as at present, little more than a generalized mass of frigidly narrated events, stripped of flesh and blood, and marbled into the comparatively hard, pallid, and eyeless image of what is styled “philosophical” history.¹

¹ Mr. H. L. Bulwer, in the chapter on “History,” in his excellent work on “France,” has most justly appreciated and fairly displayed the merits of the great modern school of French historians, who have come nearest to Mr. Macaulay’s admirable “beau ideal” of historical composition, described in the *Edinburgh Review* for May, 1828, by having duly availed themselves of those minute materials, first so happily applied by Sir Walter Scott, in his novels, to the delineation of character and manners, though neglected by the laziness, false taste, ignorance, or conceit, of our *philosophical* historians. From this chapter of Mr. Bulwer’s work, from M. Thierry’s preface to his *Norman Conquest*, and from Mr. Macaulay’s incomparable article on “History,” above alluded to,—but, more especially, from the passage commencing with, “While our historians are practising,” &c. at page 361 of the *Review*, to the end—the best clue may be obtained to the true mode and spirit of writing history, in opposition to the arbitrary, unfeeling, unindividualizing, unsentimental style, which is the general, and, indeed, the necessary characteristic of our so-called *philosophical* historians. It is somewhere related of Mr. Pitt, that such was his political abstraction and consequent carelessness as to what he ate, that when he had a turbot for dinner, his servants always cut off and kept the fins or epicure’s morsel for themselves, till this habitual oversight of the great statesman was at length pointed out to him by a friend. And such has been the fate of history, the best though smaller portions of which have been strangely abandoned to the inferior grade of novel and romance writers by the mere politically occupied attention of their literary superior, the historian. It

In a conversation on music, in St. Helena, Napoleon, in terms as applicable to the words as to the melody of a tune, observed—"A well-composed song strikes and softens the mind, and produces a greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor effect the slightest alteration in our habits."¹ Nor was this a mere abstract or theoretic statement of Napoleon, speaking as a private individual in St. Helena, but an opinion by which he was influenced as a politician, in the height of imperial power, as appears from the following anecdote related by Colonel Napier.—After alluding to the Emperor's arrival at Dresden before the Russian expedition—the renewal there of the "ancient story of the King of Kings in his person"—and the final junction of 200,000 French with 200,000 confederate soldiers on the Niemen, the Colonel thus proceeds:—"During the passage of the Niemen, 12,000 cuirassiers, whose burnished armour flashed in the sun, while their cries of salutation pealed in unison with the thunder of the horses' feet, were passing like a foaming torrent towards the river, when Napoleon turned and thus addressed Gouvion-St. Cyr, whose republican principles were well known,—'No monarch ever had such an army!'²—'No, Sire.'—'The French are a fine people; they deserve more liberty, and they shall have it; but, St. Cyr, no liberty of the press! *That army, mighty as it is, could not resist the songs of Paris!*'"³ Indeed, on the principle involved in this assertion of Napoleon, France, under the *ancien regime*, had been characterized as "an absolute monarchy tempered by songs." The powerful effects of the famous Marsellaise hymn, at the commencement of the revolution, are too well known to be expatiated upon; and, in our own day, the noble songs of Béranger and their prosecution by the government of Charles X. have exercised no small influence upon the expulsion of that wretched legitimate from the French throne.

is full time, however, that such an error should be remedied. It is time that history should be served up with its fins.

¹ Antommarchi's *Last Days of Napoleon*, vol. II. p. 25.

² Compare several of the circumstances of Napoleon, in this scene, with Gibbon's admirable account of the last expedition and death of the Turkish Sultan Alp Arslan—a passage, which is, perhaps, the most splendid piece of pictorial writing in the entire work of that yet unrivalled *English* historian.

³ *Hist. of the Peninsular War*, vol. v. p. 67 & 8.

Even in more plodding, mechanical, money-hunting England, Addison and Burnet inform us, what an important share the ballad of *Lullibulero* had in rousing the country to that resistance of James II. which ended in the Revolution. "Never, perhaps, so slight a thing had so great an effect," says the bishop; "the whole *army*, and at last the *people*, both in *city* and *country*, were *perpetually singing it.*"¹ The great Lord Chatham has likewise asserted, that he would give the making of the laws for the making of the ballads of the people—a maxim, the spirit of which was acted upon by his son, Mr. Pitt, when he bestowed a pension upon Dibdin, for the great services he was so justly deemed to have rendered, during the French war, as a naval Tyrtæus. And, with a due comprehension of the principle which has dictated these remarks, M. Thierry, an eloquent representative of the great modern school of French historians, has most happily introduced, into his interesting narrative, occasional extracts or specimens of national poems or songs upon the events of their time, as tending to give the reader a more lively or contemporaneous conception of the occurrences and feelings which led to the composition of such productions, than could ever be conveyed to us by any of those falsely-styled *philosophical* historians, that, in the empty or fastidious presumption, in the superfi-

¹ Burnet, in *De Lolme*, on the Constitution of England, chap. xvii. p. 252. Dove's edit. In thus expressing any surprise, that "so slight a thing" as a song could contribute to great political events, Burnet displays much less acquaintance with human nature and general history than his brother prelate Lowth, Bishop of London, who, says Moore, "was of opinion that *one* song like the *Hymn of Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans, than *all* the philippics of Cicero." (*Advertisement to the Fourth Number of the Irish Melodies.*) Though affected to be disputed by our great national bard, for a temporary object, or in reference to a report, that the Irish Tory Government of the day intended to prohibit any further publication of the Irish Melodies as dangerous, the justice of Bishop Lowth's assertion cannot be better evinced than by instancing the important public effects of Mr. Moore's own melodies, not merely on the fate of his own country, where their full results are *yet* to be accomplished, but in Poland, where those delightful songs were translated, as applicable to the unmerited destiny of that noble nation, and thus contributed, as has been acknowledged by Mr. Moore himself, to the gallant though melancholy results with which we all are, unfortunately, too well acquainted. Let us hope, however, that, in this instance, time and events will ultimately justify the prediction of the national song, "Thou shalt not yet, dear Poland, perish!"

cial or stilted stolidity, of their dogmatic dignity, take no notice of such characteristic and influential effusions of popular opinion. Of the GENERAL effect of M. Thierry's allusions to, or citations from, these interesting memorials of national sentiment, an adequate idea can only be formed, by reading his excellent "*History of the Conquest of England by the Normans.*" Of the PARTICULAR effect of such citations, at greater length, it is sufficient to instance the author's introduction of the Saxon song on the great battle of the Brunanburh (or Brunanburgh) in 934, and the song of the Pagan skald upon the death of Erric, the Norwegian sea-king and ruler of Northumbria.¹ In modern history, an author should, perhaps, confine himself to prose, in his endeavours to make his readers "live o'er each scene and be what they behold;" though, even in the more grave and prosaic periods of modern history, I doubt, if pages of the comparatively chaffy, one-sided stuff, called *philosophical* history,—in which we *hear* of men acting and feeling rather than *see* them doing so,—in which, to borrow a legal illustration, history is given to us in a sort of formal, humdrum deposition, instead of being dramatically produced upon the green cloth in open court—even in *these* more modern and less poetical times, I question, whether an historian, if relating, for instance, the sentiments of the United Irishmen, and the opponents of the Union, could ever identify his reader's mind so completely with the feelings of each, as by introducing into his work the vivid representation of those ideas that would be conveyed in "*Ye sons of Hibernia, assert your birth-right,*" on one side, and, on the other, in the once famous Anti-Union song, commencing, "*May He, in whose hand.*"²

¹ Vol. II. p. 122–125.

² UNION FOREVER.

TUNE—*Logie of Buchan.*

I.

Ye sons of Hibernia, assert your birthright,
 For Freedom, for Union, for Liberty fight.
 No longer in Erin let bigotry reign;
 No longer let factions your union restrain.
 Oh, Erin forever!—oh, Erin's the land
 Where FARMER and UNION shall go hand in hand!

Doctor Watts, in some of his works, praises Cowley's plan, in his *Davidis*, of diversifying the epic poem by an occasional introduction of lyrical compositions, as being an innovation, not only agreeable from the mere circumstance

II.

Oppressed by disunion, the North first unites,
In union fraternal the West now delights;
In the East, like the sun, all its radiance you see;
When the South is united, *then* Erin is free.
Oh, FREEDOM forever!—oh, FREEDOM for us!
MAY WE CHASE TO EXIST, WHEN WE CHASE TO BE FREE!

III.

Oh, Union how social! oh, Union how rare!
In which ALL religions may EQUALLY share!
That unites in one cause both the rich and the poor—
Makes the fate of our tyrants decided and sure!
Oh, Union for ever!—oh, Union's a rock
The force of our tyrants no longer shall mock!

IV.

Though Perjury doomed thee, dear *OWN*, to the grave,
Thy blood to our Union more energy gave;
For Union's a current,—impede but its course,
Far and wide it extends, and resistless its force!
Ye sons of Hibernia, then join hand and hand,
To chase your oppressors from Erin's green land!

For these now rare though fine lines, (as given above,) I am indebted to the manuscript of a friend. The other song, dissuading Ireland from a Union, as different from its *namesake* as a real kiss of peace from the kiss of Judas Iscariot, is as follows:—

NO UNION

For our dear native Island!

I.

May He, in whose hand
Is the lot of each land,
Who rules over ocean and dry land,—
Inspire our King
Ill advisers to fling,
Ere destruction they bring off our Island!
For, oh! she's our own little Island,
Our dear and our beautiful Island—
May her shamrock so green
No longer be seen,
Distained with the blood of our Island?

of its variety, but as being natural in itself. And, if this novelty be approved of as natural in the epic, should it not

II.

The fair ones we prize
 Declare they despise
 Those who'd make it a slavish and vile land;
 Be *their* smiles our reward,
 And *we'll* gallantly guard
 All the RIGHTS and DELIGHTS of our Island—
 For oh! 'tis a lovely green Island!
 Bright beauties adorn our Island!
 At Saint Patrick's command
 VIPERS quitted our land—
 But *HE's wanted AGAIN in our Island!*

III.

For her glory or pride,
 We've fought by the side
 Of England, that haughty and high land;
 And we'd do so again,
 If she'd let us remain
 A free and a flourishing Island—
 But she, like a crafty and sly land,
 Dissensions creates in our Island,
 And our FEUDS to adjust,
 She'd trample to dust
ALL the FREEDOM and STRENGTH of our Island.

IV.

A few years ago,
 (Though *now* she says no,)
 An agreement was made with our Island,—
 That each as a friend
 Should the other defend,
 And the CROWN was the link of each Island!
 'Twas the final state-bond of each Island;
 INDEPENDENCE *she* SWORE to EACH *Island*;
 Are WE now so absurd
 As to credit her word,
 When *she's broken her OATH with our Island?*

V.

Let us firmly stand
 By our own native land,
 And she *SHAN'T* be enslaved by a vile land,—
 Whose ambition for gain
 Would insatiably drain
 All the wealth and the blood of our Island.

be much more, of, at least, equally allowable, in history, in which the feelings of nations should not only be pictured

Beware how you sport with our Island;
 You're *my* neighbour, but, *BULL*, *this is my land!*
 Nature's favourite spot,
 And *I'd* sooner be shot
 Than surrender the RIGHTS of our Island!

This spirited effusion,—of which I regret that I do not know any name for the *air*, and am thus unable to convey a sufficient idea of the merit of the *words*, to a general reader—is one of the several clever Anti-Union songs written by the witty and convivial Edward Lysaght, of the *Irish Bar*—when our Bar was properly such. Even Lord Castle-reagh paid a just compliment to the merit of those compositions, after hearing the author sing them at the Castle, by telling him, as I have been informed, that if such songs were generally sung through the country, they would excite a greater opposition to the Union, than all the speeches against it in Parliament, since those speeches did not give the objections to the measure with half the point in prose that the songs expressed them in verse. “*May He in whose hand*” is now, however, so scarce, that I am only indebted for a copy of it to a contemporary of the author; for, in the posthumous collection of Mr. Lysaght's poems, every unpalatable effusion, to the Tory destroyers of Irish independence, was suppressed, through circumstances connected with certain family considerations, unnecessary to mention. Thus, like the lines of Burns, on a similar topic, hereafter adverted to, the best productions of Mr. Lysaght were consigned, as far as possible, to the fate of the national independence in which they originated! Well and truly has Homer said,

Jove makes it certain, that whatever day
 Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away!

Such interesting memorials of poetical Anti-Unionism, and all similar remains of Irish national feeling in its most extended sense, should, however, be collected from old music-books into a regular work, like the Jacobite Minstrelsy of Scotland. If Ireland is ever to attempt a resumption of her former legislative independence, those lyrical effusions would form no bad democratic Scriptures of poetical nationality, for circulation by a Bible Society of patriotism.

Freedom's battle once begun,—
 Bequeathed by *thinking* sire to son,
 Though baffled oft, is EVER WON!—*Byron*.

If, on the contrary, we ARE to remain *West-Britons*, such a collection of the poetical relics of our past nationality would not be less attractive and creditable to us, in a literary point of view.

Thus shall Memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time,
 And the long-faded glories they cover!—*Moore*.

as well as their actions, but in which a collection of the mere dry bones of such actions, unenveloped in the vitality of contemporary feeling, is of little, if any more value, than an "old almanac!" Judging, then, by "analogy, man's surest guide below," as it is styled by Young, Wolfe's lines on Sir John Moore, if inserted in a history of England, written after the equally natural and improved models alluded to, would be read in such a work, 1000 or 2000 years hence, with an interest similar to that with which we at present read the poetical quotations in M. Thierry's history, or peruse the song of Deborah and David's elegy, as luckily preserved for us by the compiler of the Jewish annals.¹ And, in *such* a history of England, or in a biography, as I have said, of Sir John Moore, would be the fittest place for the lines on his interment, in order to insure them that fixed and permanent application to him whom they were written to celebrate, which, from the total omission of his name, or of any peculiar locality connected with his fate, they do not of themselves afford.

The following literal translation of, and comments upon, David's elegy, (which the author of this essay had, however, not seen, till after the completion of *his* metrical version,) are from the pen of the erudite and critical Geddes :

I.

O antelope of Israel !
Pierced on thine own mountains !
Ah ! how have fallen the brave !

II.

Tell it not in Gath :
Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon :
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice !
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised exult !

I. *O antelope . . . pierced on thine own mountains.* An apostrophe to Jonathan. The antelope is, over all the East, regarded as the emblem of beauty and agility; and has always afforded an ample field of metaphor to the Oriental bards. . . . I believe it is common to all the deer-kind, when closely pursued, to run at last to their usual original haunt, and *there* to meet the fatal stroke.—Whose heart is not deeply touched by this allusion ?

¹ Mr. Alison, in his very able and erudite, though Tory, "History of Europe during the French Revolution," has, perhaps, been influenced by something like the views here advanced, in giving Wolfe's lines a place in a note, at the end of the narrative of Sir John Moore's burial.

III.

Ye mountains of Gilboa !
 On you be neither dew nor rain ;
 Nor fields affording oblations :
 Since, there, hath been vilely cast away
 The shield of the brave !
 The shield of Saul !
 The armour of the anointed with oil !

IV.

From the blood of the bold,
 From the havock of the brave ;
 The bow of Jonathan was never held back,
 The sword of Saul never returned in vain.

V.

Saul, and Jonathan !
 Linked, in their life-time, by mutual love,
 At their death they were not disunited.
 They were swifter than eagles :
 They were stronger than lions.

VI.

Ye daughters of Israel ! weep over Saul :
 Who clothed you in delightful scarlet ;
 Who put ornaments of gold on your apparel.

VII.

Ah ! how have fallen the brave,
 In the midst of the battle !
 O Jonathan ! pierced on thine own mountains.

VIII.

I am in distress for thee, my brother Jonathan !
 Very dear to me wast thou ;

III. *Nor fields affording oblations*, i. e. Let thy fields, O Gilboa, henceforth produce nothing worthy to be offered to the Lord.

IV. *The bow, &c.—the sword, &c.* The parallelism is here inverted : the last line of the stanza corresponding with the first, and the third with the second.

V. *They were swifter, &c.* Swiftmess, in those days, was considered as one chief quality in a warrior. So, among the Greeks, Achilles is particularly distinguished by the epithet *swift-footed*.

VII. and VIII. *O Jonathan, &c.* Nothing, I think, can be more pathetic than this inimitable stanza ; which I could never read without rapture. Indeed, the whole composition is admirable, whether we consider it as a singularly fine piece of lyric poetry, or as a powerful engine to move to reconciliation even the most bitter adversaries of the royal

To me thy love was wonderful ;
Surpassing the love of woman !

IX.

Ah ! how have fallen the brave !
How perished the weapons of war !”

I cannot conclude my observations upon this admirable poem, without venturing to add, what a pity it is that we have not more productions of the Jewish poets in general, and of David in particular, upon events of a mere worldly or human interest ; such, for example, as this elegy, and the justly admired effusion of Hebrew patriotism, commencing “*By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion.*” I am not, I hope, so tasteless as to be insensible to the merits, or so irreligious as to be indifferent to the benefits, of *some* devotional poetry. But, with comparatively few exceptions, poems that would deeply interest the great mass of mankind, in their present imperfect condition, **MUST** treat of human actions and appeal to human sympathies—**MUST** describe the conduct of mere men towards each other, and the operation of that conduct on their minds and hearts, as influenced by worldly circumstances, instead of being limited to the necessarily vague attempts of such immeasurably inferior creatures as we are, to hold communion with HIM who “maketh darkness his pavilion.” “The topics of devotion,” says Doctor Johnson, of religious poetry, “are few, and being few are universally known ; but, few as they are, they can be made no more ; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression.”¹ With Johnson,—of whose opinion on this point, only a small portion is, for brevity

author. Though Jonathan is evidently the chief object of his lamentation, yet he interweaves so artful and fine a panegyric of Saul, his avowed enemy, as must have greatly tended to destroy prejudices ; and was, doubtless, highly contributive to that purpose. His ordering it to be taught and sung by those of his own tribe, could not fail to have a strong effect on the other tribes ; and this, with the lenity of his government, and his known valour and piety, at length triumphed over the feeble remains of Saul’s party. On the whole, I will venture to say, without any fond partiality for my author, that all antiquity affords not a more precious relic of genuine elegiac poetry than this ode. Geddes’s Bible, vol. II. p. 101, 102.

¹ Life of Waller.

sake, given—Boileau concurs in his *Art of Poetry*.¹ This deficiency in events and feelings of a mere human or worldly nature, which forms the present comparatively monotonous character of Hebrew poetry, might have been

¹ De la foi d'un Chrétien les mysteres terribles
D'ornemens égayés ne sont point susceptibles.
L'évangile à l'esprit n'offre de tous cotés
Que pénitence à faire, et tourmens mérités,
Et de vos fictions le mélange coupable
Même à ces vérités donne l'air de la fable.

To the fine poetic effect, however, of religious associations, when extended beyond the circle of mere abstract or metaphysical devotion, and properly connected with circumstances of an earthly or historic interest, I believe few, or none, can be insensible. As an eminent example of *this* effect, I cannot help subjoining, from memory, these extremely beautiful lines of the Honourable George Agar Ellis, afterwards Lord Dover.

STANZAS.

"In the city of Cracow, in one of the chapels of the cathedral, a mass is perpetually saying for souls of the kings of Poland. This has now continued for some centuries; and a foundation exists to insure its continuation for ever."

1.

A hallowed fane
Adorns the plain
Where Cracow's towers rise,
Beneath whose dome,
In his narrow tomb,
Each crowned Jagellon lies.

2.

Within those walls
The dim light falls
On an aged churchman's head,
Who recites alone,
In hollow tone,
The litanies of the dead.

3.

Neath the burning ray
Of the summer's day
Which the longest sees the sun,
By the cold moonlight
Of the winter's night
Still glides that regular on.

lessened, had we the lost book of Jasher, the meaning of which Geddes supposes to be "the book of songs," adding, "it seems to have been a collection of historical ballads, in which the great achievements of the nation were narrated, with all the embellishments of Oriental poetry; and sometimes, it may be imagined, with poetical exaggerations."¹ The account we have of the results of Solomon's studies may alone suffice to show, that Hebrew learning was not exclusively theological. "He spake," says the Book of Kings, "3000 proverbs; and his songs were 1005. And he spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake

4.

The ceaseless stave
 Sounds through the nave,
 As the weary chanter sings
 For the kings whose bones
 Lie beneath the stones—
 For the ancient Polish kings.

5.

Ages have fled
 Since among the dead
 Those monarchs' heads were laid;
 Yet, of masses to save
 Their souls in the grave,
 The debt is still unpaid!

6.

Sarmatia's sway
 Hath passed away,
 Her star is set in night;
 Of her long-passed reigns
 No trace remains,
 Save this solitary rite.

7.

And still, though all
 In this world must fall,
 And nations be no more,
 Shall that solemn chime,
 To the end of time,
 Be for ever chanted o'er!

Those verses *alone*, like the elegy of David and Wolfe's lines, should be sufficient to perpetuate the poetical reputation of their noble author.

¹ Bible, vol. i. p. 310.

also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."¹ The loss of what appears to have been such a mass of literary as opposed to mere theological knowledge, and the annihilation of the other analogous productions, which must have preceded or followed those studies of the Jewish monarch, may be attributed, partly, to the destructive results of the Babylonian conquest, and partly, to the natural policy or prejudices of the Hebrew priesthood, that would limit the attention of their order to the peculiar care and preservation of so much of the national poetry and other literature, as was immediately connected with sacerdotal or religious objects. But, by whatever causes such a loss has been occasioned, it must be ever a subject of regret to the curious student of antiquity, in a philosophical, and, still more, in a poetical, point of view.

¹ 1 Kings, iv. 32, 33.

POSTSCRIPT

TO "NABIS AND THE UNION."

CHAPTER I.

Historical sketch of, and resemblance between, Scotch and Irish Anti-Unionism.—Remarkable official testimony to the predominance of Anti-Union sentiments in Ireland.

THE strong and general feeling of Anti-Unionism in Ireland, in which the lines in the text originated, and the public occurrences to which *that* feeling gave rise, assume a new aspect, and appear equally natural and excusable, as viewed in connexion with the events and ideas resulting from the operation of the same spirit of posthumous nationality in Scotland. The aversion of the Scotch people was so general to *their* Union, which, in addition to its having been a notorious matter of sale by the aristocracy for about £50,000,¹ imposed upon

¹ The "*equivalent*" to the Scotch Parliamentary Commissioners deputed to treat of the terms of a Union, was £30,000. For this they sacrificed the rights of their country, particularly, in reducing her representatives from 155 to 45; though, on the score of revenue, Scotland should have gotten 60, and on that of population, 66 members. To redress an analogous injury done to Ireland at *her* Union, is, I need scarcely add, one of the present objects of Mr. O'Connell. The additional sum of £20,000 given to the party of Scotch members called the Squadrone Volante, completed the sale of Scottish independence. Never, perhaps, were such instances of meanness and corruption displayed. "One noble Lord, (Lord Banff,) accepted," says Scott, "of so low a sum as ELEVEN GUINEAS; and . . . he threw his RELIGION into the bargain, and from CATHOLIC turned PROTESTANT to make his vote a good one!" It was in reference to such baseness, that the English Secretary Harley afterwards said, in reply to some Scotch Union members,—“Have we not bought the Scots, and did we not acquire a right to tax them? or—for what other purpose did we give the *equivalent*?” On the other hand, in the last Irish Parliament of 278 sitting members, the Union was only gained by 43 votes, chiefly consisting of rotten-borough members, many of whom were English and Scotch officers—while, in spite of bribes amounting in money to above £3,000,000, exclusive of £1,275,000 compensation for boroughs, there was, without counting the Speaker's vote, that would in case of necessity have been given against the Union,

Scotland an unprecedented weight of taxation, that in 1713, or but six years after the passing of the act, a motion for Repeal was made in the British House of Lords. Its proposer was the Earl of Finlater, who, at the time of the Union, was, as Earl of Seafield and Chancellor of Scotland, one of its principal promoters, and had even been so heartless as to exclaim, on witnessing the last dissolution of his native Parliament, "*There is an end of an old song!*"¹ Thus, this Scotch, like our Irish, Lord Chancellor, Clare, lived to repent of the part he had taken in annihilating his country's independence! The motion was only defeated by a hostile majority of *four*. The gentlemanly temperance and rational calmness that distinguished *this* "Repeal debate" form a very creditable contrast to the indecorous and violent threats of "civil war" from Lord Althorpe, and of "resistance to the death" from Mr. Stanley, in reference to the proposed Repeal of the Irish Act of Union. With but one or two exceptions, it would appear that the House of Lords would have agreed to a "Repeal of the Union," if Scotland, to guarantee England against a "separation of the two countries," by the apprehended choice of the Pretender in *one*, and of George I. in the *other*, would consent, as a condition of Repeal, that the English legislature alone should be entitled to appoint the sovereign of the British empire!² This was exactly Mr. O'Connell's plan of obviating the chance

a glorious minority of 117! And nearly all these were men whose emoluments would have been great, in proportion to their having been, unlike their opponents, *not* the members for rotten boroughs, but the representatives of real constituencies! Thus the dishonest, as opposed to the honest portion of the Irish parliament, were, notwithstanding the most unparalleled temptation, only 43 in point of numerical superiority; or the very small difference, under such circumstances, of 160 to 117! —(See Mr. O'Connell's excellent letter to W. S. Landor, Esq.) Yet *who* talks of the corruption of the Scotch, and who does *not* talk of the corruption of the Irish Parliament? Such is the force of ignorance and cant!

¹ "Seafield the chancellor's observation, on adjourning the parliament, was, *there is an end of an auld sang*, to his immortal memory and honour," (*A short History of the revolution in Scotland, in a letter to a friend at London, 1712.*) Here is a truly *English* view of "immortal memory and honour!" The destruction of Scotch independence was gratifying to England; and, *therefore*, Scotchmen *ought* to consider Scotland's loss as Scotland's gain, because that loss was a gain to—**ENGLAND!** This mode of thinking, as applied to Ireland, at present, is too prevalent a specimen of "England and the English."

² Tindal's *Rapin*, vol. III. p. 737-8, fol. edit. Lond. 1743.

of a separation between Ireland and England in case of Repeal, so far as the objection that the two parliaments might appoint two different sovereigns, was in question! The same year as the Earl of Findlater's motion occurred, a petition for a "Repeal of the Union" was signed by great numbers in Edinburgh; after which the populace proceeded to the Parliament Close, and, under the statue of Charles II., drank Queen Anne's health, ~~that~~ of all true Scotchmen, and the "dissolution of the Union!"¹ They then did the same, amidst great cheerings, at the Market Cross. These circumstances may be compared with the Repeal procession of the Trades of Dublin round the statue of King William, in front of the *once* Parliament House of Ireland in College-green, when that body went, attended by immense crowds, to present a Repeal Address to Mr. O'Connell, in Merrion-square, in the year of Lord Anglesey's rather *personally* inconsistent proclamations. Addresses in favour of Repeal, were gotten up the next year, 1714, in Scotland; and "it was also proposed," says Tindal, "that *none should be elected members of parliament but such as would promise to use their endeavours for that purpose!*"² Thus, the idea of returning none but "pledged Repealers" is older than is generally supposed! Again, in 1715, Anti-Unionism was active in Scotland; for that year, observes Tindal, "was begun with endeavours for a *remonstrance against the Union*; and the advice of the most famous lawyers was asked upon it, who declared the *Act of the Union to have several NULLITIES, and to be very DEFECTIVE!*

A remarkable coincidence, it may be observed, with the opinions of our "most famous lawyers," Bushe, Plunket, Saurin and others, with respect to the *Irish Act of Union!* "The opposite party," continues Tindal, in reference to the Scotch Unionists,—"*the opposite party, to prevent a remonstrance so disagreeable to the Court, were forced to consent there should be no Address of Congratulation,*"—that is, no Address to George I. on his accession to the throne; a circumstance which demonstrates the strength of the Scotch Repealers, as opposed to the weakness of the *Leinster-Declarationists* of that day! The terms in which the Union is mentioned the same year, in the Earl of Mar's manifesto, still further evidence the national dislike of that

¹ Tindal's *Rapin*, vol. III. p. 745.

² *Id. ib.* p. 801.

provincializing measure; and the Chevalier Johnstone, who held a high post in the Pretender's army, says, in his *Memoirs*, that, down to the year 1746, the Union was so generally abhorred in Scotland, even to the lowest peasant, that, had the Pretender identified himself with the Anti-Union feelings of the great mass of the population, by assembling a native Parliament in Scotland, and throwing himself upon the exclusive support of the Scotch, as their own king, instead of using them as mere *provincial* instruments to acquire the English throne, Scotland, with the assistance of France, would have had no bad chance of becoming a separate kingdom, as formerly, under the Stuarts.¹ Sir Walter Scott, in one of his antiquarian tracts, relates, on the authority of an eminent preacher of the day, that, at a later period, or considerably within the latter half of the last century, a sermon was not considered complete, unless it contained some observation or allusion to the Union; and, when Smollet wrote his continuation of Hume, the patriotic Earl of Belhaven's enumeration of the evils which he said would attend a Union, in his impassioned speech

¹ Mr. Home, in his *History of the Insurrection of 1745*, records, though with the sentiments of a *modern*, as contrasted with an *ancient*, of an *English* as opposed to an *Irish* Scotchman, the following noble instance of enduring and determined Anti-Unionism in a Scotch gentleman. After describing Prince Charles's capture of Edinburgh, and entrance into his ancestor's palace of Holyrood House, he adds:—"When he (the Prince) was near the door, which stood open to receive him, a gentleman stepped out of the crowd, drew his sword, and raising his arm aloft, walked up stairs before Charles. The person who enlisted himself in this manner was James Hepburn of Keith; . . . he had been engaged, when a very young man, in the rebellion of the year 1715, and, from that time, (learned and intelligent as he was,) had continued a Jacobite. But he had compounded the spirit of Jacobitism with another spirit: for he disclaimed the hereditary indefeasible right of kings, and condemned the government of James II.; but he also *condemned the Union between England and Scotland as INJURIOUS and HUMILIATING to his country*; saying, (to use his own words,) that the Union had made a Scotch gentleman of small fortune nobody, and that *HE would DIE a THOUSAND TIMES rather than submit to it!* Wrapped up in these notions, he *kept himself for THIRTY YEARS in constant readiness to take arms*, and was the *FIRST person who joined Charles at Edinburgh*: idolized by the Jacobites, and beloved by some of the best Whigs, who regretted that this accomplished gentleman, the *model of ANCIENT simplicity, manliness, and honour*, should sacrifice himself to a visionary idea of the independence of Scotland." (p. 100.) This was, indeed, a glorious fellow—*ultimus Scotorum!*

against it, was “looked upon as a prophecy by great part of the Scotch nation.” From the cold and slurring manner in which such feelings of Scotch nationality are spoken of, when at all adverted to, by English authors—although such would be *their own feelings* had England been provincialized by France, as Scotland and Ireland have been by England,—it is not easy to trace to a more modern period the exact extent and continuance of an Anti-Union spirit in Scotland. However, long subsequent to the time when the official information collected by Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, shows, that Scotland was recovering the injurious effects of its Union, the lingering existence of aversion to that measure may be observed in the occasional vivid representations of the old Anti-Union feeling, which are given in the novels of those great “painters from nature,” Smollet, Moore, and Scott. At present, and long since, every trace of that feeling has perhaps expired among the higher orders in Scotland. Yet as, in the language of Colonel Napier, “it is easier to oppress the people of all countries than to destroy their generous feelings;” and “when all patriotism is destroyed amongst the upper classes, it may still be found amongst the lower,” we see a remarkable instance of patriotic regret that Scotland should be a province, in the letters of her noble peasant Burns, so late as the year 1790. In writing to his friend Mrs. Dunlop, the patriotic poet exclaims:—“Alas! have I often said to myself, *what are all the BOASTED advantages which my country reaps from the UNION, that can counterbalance the ANNIHILATION of her INDEPENDENCE, and even of her very NAME!*”¹ I often repeat the couplet of my favourite poet, Goldsmith,

¹ In spite of the prevalent political notions respecting the “advantages” derived by Scotland from *her* Union, Burns’s idea as to their being of a more “boasted” than substantial kind, is by no means without some *appearance* of foundation. The late Sir John Sinclair, after stating the Scotch revenue, in one of his letters, at about £4,500,000 a year, says, that from that sum, Scotland is annually obliged “to remit above 4,000,000 to the English Exchequer—a *greater tribute than was ever paid by one nation to another*. What, (asks Sir John,) would be the condition of this country, (Scotland,) if *that great sum was laid out upon its INTERNAL improvement?* What (he goes on,) would even England say, if *it had a TRIBUTE of FOUR MILLIONS per annum to remit to FRANCE?* And, were it not for this TRIBUTE to ENGLAND, (observes Sir John,) *no distress could be experienced in Scotland!* But Scotland, (he concludes,) must pay four millions in gold to the

‘———*States of NATIVE LIBERTY possessed,
Though very poor, may yet be very blest.*

Nothing,” continues Burns, “can reconcile *me* to the common terms, ‘*English* ambassador, *English* court,’ &c. And I am out of all patience to see that equivocal character, Hastings”—meaning Warren Hastings,—“impeached by the ‘Commons of *England*.’”¹ Such is the last perceptible

English treasury—for no other species of money is receivable there.” (*Letter to Thomas Attwood, Esq., of Birmingham.*) Sentimental or mere instinctive patriotism, is, after all, more sound and rational in itself than is generally imagined. See more on this subject in the Appendix from *Tait’s Magazine*, at the end of this article.

¹ On another occasion, Burns is described, on beholding the ruined and roofless condition of the Hall of Stirling Castle, “in which *the Scottish PARLIAMENTS had frequently been held*,” as having given vent to his indignant national feelings, in what are termed “some *imprudent, but not unpoetical lines*, which,” it is added, “had given much offence,” and were, as such, *suppressed*! Burns was, in fact, a fellow of the right sort—an *Irish* Scotchman! What a pity it is to think, that *such* a man should, in Byron’s language, have ever been obliged to “quail from his inspiration, bound to please”—that he should ever have been

———“trembling to be wrong,
For fear some noble thoughts, like *heavenly rebels*,
Should rise up in *high treason* to his brain!”—

to think, in a word, that such a real specimen of GOD ALMIGHTY’S, as contrasted with *man’s* nobility, should ever have been compelled to seek a gaugership from any descendant of the despicable aristocracy, who sold the independence of the land of Bruce and Wallace, for the wretched bribe, for the Iscariot compensation, of £50,000! The suppressed Anti-Union lines of the high-minded peasant, that gave such “*offence*” to the degenerate descendants of the heroes of Bannockburn, may be supposed to have been something in the *spirit* of the following patriotic effusion, by my friend, the author of “*The Uninscribed Tomb*”:—

THE SHAMROCK, THE ROSE, AND THE THISTLE.

I.

The SHAMROCK, the ROSE, and the THISTLE combined,
Have long been as emblems of union entwined;
But oh! they regard not the emerald stem,
Who tear it from earth—to entwine it with them.

II.

For the ROSE hath its thorns, and the THISTLE its sting,
While naught can the SHAMROCK but gentleness bring;
And their touch, when they meet, darts the venom they bear
To the life of the SHAMROCK—that soon withers there.

gleam of generous discontent at the extinction of Scotland as a nation—a feeling, so natural in itself, so truly noble in its source, so long in its continuance, and so recent in its expression, that if elegance of sentiment could communicate any of its softening influences to the rugged harshness of party politics, or if Lord Ormelie could care, as a mere Lord, to *what* country he belonged, one could hardly think that a countryman of Burns would have been the special mover of a Coercion Bill for the suppression of *that* feeling on the part of the Irish people. The best proof, however, of the paramount popularity of Anti-Unionism in Ireland is given in the following list of the amount of signatures attached to the most numerous signed petitions presented to Parliament up to the close of the Sessions of 1834, when Anti-Union agitation became *provisionally* suspended:—

	Signatures.
Separation of Church and State, . . .	64,628
Alteration of Lay patronage in Scotland, . .	104,343
Support of the Church of England, . . .	136,533
Observance of the Lord's Day, . . .	155,512
Support of the Established Church of Ireland, .	156,731
Trades' Union Prosecutions, . . .	221,517
Relief of Protestant Dissenters, . . .	349,525
<i>Abolition of Irish Tithes</i> , . . .	367,034
REPEAL OF THE UNION . . .	538,978

III.

The ROSE and the THISTLE together may cling,
 And impart to each other their thorn and their sting;
 But say, *shall* the SHAMROCK of ERIN be found
 With their porcupine prickles eternally bound?

IV.

Oh no! in full freshness, unsullied 'twill blow,
 When round it nor ROSES nor THISTLES shall grow!
 Too long have *their* presence retarded its growth,
 Then oh! may *our* isle soon refuse bloom to BOTH!

1831.

O'MORE.

CHAPTER II.

Inquiry, as regards the idea of maintaining a Union by *force*, into the number of Irish who died in the British army and navy during the last half century, and likewise into the comparative military qualities of the British and Irish people.

THE petitioners against the Repeal were but 21,249!

Thus, it appears that the Anti-Union spirit in Ireland was not only stronger than the national hatred of tithes, on account of which so many sacrifices of property and life have been incurred, but even stronger than the degree of interest evinced in reference to the most exciting questions, in England and Scotland. Whether that spirit is destined to subside into permanent submission in Ireland, as it did in Scotland, it is impossible to foretel. But if it does, such a submission can only be effected by the success of the present experiment of a liberal and popular government to convince the Irish people that a maintenance of the Union will be better for Ireland than its dissolution.¹

¹ The able French historian of the Norman Conquest,—in commenting upon the letter of Donald O'Neill, king of Ulster, in the commencement of the 14th century, to Pope John XXII., at the time that the oppressed Irish crowned Edward Bruce, as their king, and rose up against the tyranny of England, like the Poles, in our day, against the despotism of Russia, has instanced the native Irish as displaying a stronger and more enduring spirit of nationality than the people of any other country. I subjoin the concluding passage of O'Neill's letter—that Polish manifesto of its day—with a portion of the French historian's remarks on that interesting document, rather, as affording a lively description of old national feelings, and, as curious, from the view taken of those feelings by an enlightened foreigner, than as presenting ideas capable of influencing the conduct of the present generation.

"We cherish," says this native Irish manifesto, "at the bottom of our hearts, an inveterate hatred, produced by lengthened recollections of injustice—by the murder of our fathers, brothers, and nearest kindred,—and which will not be extinguished in our time, nor in that of our children; so that, as long as we have life, we will fight against them, without regret or remorse, in defence of our rights. We will not cease to fight against and annoy them, until the day when they themselves, for want of power, shall have ceased to do us harm, and the Supreme Judge shall have taken just vengeance on their crimes; which, we firmly hope, will *sooner or later* come to pass. Until then we will make war upon them unto death, to recover the independence which is our national right:

The *Standard*, speaking of the Repeal question, in terms which are a fair specimen of British Tory, and sometimes *more* than Tory, rodomontade on the subject, has said:—
 “The Union **MUST** be maintained by *force*, and, thank Heaven, it **CAN** be maintained by *force*! And again, thank Heaven for the *British* heart, and the *British* arm, it **SHALL BE MAINTAINED BY FORCE!**” A little inquiry will, however, show, or at least very nearly show, that any Union with Ireland, resting merely on “force,” or the power of the “*British* heart and the *British* arm,” would have rather a dubious foundation. In a strictly national and military sense, Ireland, as a united country, or, as Léinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Munster, combining heart and hand in one cause, has never yet been conquered. The only period, when such a patriotic union of ALL sects and parties of Irishmen took place, was in the time of the Volunteers; and THEN Ireland’s claims were granted, because THEN *they could not be SAFELY refused!* Ireland, THEN, with less than half her present population, and without availing herself of more than the comparatively aristocratic portion of her inhabitants, displayed a self-maintained force¹ of above 100,000

being compelled thereto by very necessity, and willing rather to brave danger like men, than to languish under insult.”

‘This promise of war unto death, made upwards of 400 years ago, is,’ says the historian, ‘not yet forgotten; and it is a melancholy fact, but worthy of remark, that in our own days, [alluding to 1798,] blood has flowed in Ireland on account of the old quarrel of the conquest. The period in futurity, when this quarrel shall be terminated, it is impossible to foresee; and aversion for England, its government, its manners, and its language, is still the native passion of the Irish race. From the day of the invasion, the will of that race of men has been constantly opposed to the will of its masters: it has detested what they have loved; and loved what they have detested . . . This unconquerable obstinacy,—this lengthened remembrance of departed liberty,—this faculty of preserving and nourishing, through ages of physical misery and suffering, the thought of that which is no more,—of never despairing of a constantly-vanquished cause, for which many generations have successively, and in vain perished in the field, and by the executioner,—is, perhaps, the most extraordinary and the greatest example that a people has ever given.’ (THIERRY, *History of the Norman Conquest*, vol. III. p. 168, 172–4.) In this tenacious attachment to past national recollections, and ardent belief in ultimate political regeneration, even under the most depressing circumstances, the Irish may be classed with the ancient Mes-
 senians, the Jews, the modern Greeks, and the Poles.

¹ Grattan’s Miscel. Works, p. 129, 130, and Barrington’s Hist. of the Legislative Union, part. II. p. 10, 11, and 12, edit. 1809.

effective men and 130 pieces of artillery. Indeed, since about that time, or the period of the American war, it is ridiculous to rant about what the "*British* heart and the *British* arm" could do *against* or *without* the aid of **IRISHMEN**. In April, 1783, Mr. Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, remarked in the Irish Parliament, in reference to the Irish Catholics, that "England had America detached from her by force of Irish emigrants."¹ This statement, put forth on the information of British officers, and deduced from the circumstance, amongst others, of the numbers who spoke Irish in the American army, is confirmed by Doctor MacNeven, who says, that one of the many pretexts, in his time, for refusing Emancipation to the Irish Catholics, was the fact, that "16,000 of them fought on the side of America."² Nor were these all. "The men," says the able editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, "who, in the American war, fought most bitterly against the English army, were the Presbyterians of Down and Antrim, who formed the Pennsylvanian line"³—and these, as every one knows, were the very flower of the American force.

Such were the opponents of the "*British* heart and the *British* arm" **ABROAD**—while, of the *British* army that would have had to meet the Volunteers **AT HOME**, in case of a refusal of the demands of Ireland, "nearly one-third," according to Barrington, "was composed of **IRISHMEN**." This proportion of **IRISH** representatives of the "*British* heart and the *British* arm" must have advanced rather than declined. Even before the first material relaxation of the Penal Code, we find it stated, without contradiction, by Mr. Grattan, in his speech to Parliament on the Catholic Bill, in February, 1792, that it was a matter "known by the gentlemen of the army that, since they had recruited for the foot in Ireland, the regiments had been filled in a great proportion with Irish Catholics."⁴ According to General Cockburn, it was a subject of public boast in Ireland, that "full half of the army that drove the French out of Egypt

¹ Plowden's Hist. Rev. vol. III. p. 45.

² MacNeven's Pieces of Irish Hist. p. 8.

³ *Morning Chronicle*, 26th October, 1833. At home the Ulster portion of the Volunteer force alone, was 32,152 men, or but a few hundreds less than the whole of the British army at Waterloo! One province of Ireland could do that then!—what are the **FOUR** to what they might be now? *Tantum RELIGIO potuit suadere malorum!*

⁴ Grattan's Speeches, vol. III. p. 6

were IRISH.”¹ In 1807, or the year before the Peninsular War, Dr. MacNeven states the proportion of Irish in the

¹ Military Observations respecting Ireland, and its Attack and Defence, p. 12.—Dublin, 1804. This instructive pamphlet, printed without the writer's name, is attributed to Gen. Cockburn.

From the county of Wexford, in particular, which Dr. MacNeven supposed to have supplied 40,000 men to the insurrection of 1798, great numbers, after its extinction, volunteered into the British force, preparing against the French in Egypt. Numbers, also, who were sentenced to transportation, preferred joining that expedition; and, with regard to the Irish recruits in general, it need scarcely be remarked, that the government of *that* day would be anxious to have as many of them as possible in such a service, or anywhere, rather than in Ireland. The subsequent distinguished bravery in Egypt of those *Wexford* representatives of the “*British* heart and the *British* arm,” is briefly adverted to by Hay, in his History of the Wexford Insurrection. The insurgents, according to the continuator of Tone's life, were also considerably influenced to join the British expedition against Egypt, by a wish of revenge, on the French, the apparently faithless desertion of Ireland by the Republic—a desertion, however, which was principally, if not wholly owing to Bonaparte, who, when told, previous to his wild-goose-chase expedition to Egypt, that the Irish were prepared to rise and ought to be assisted, basely replied, that nothing more was to be desired from the Irish, than that their movements should operate as a powerful diversion in favour of France. Never was a narrow and selfish policy more signally and deservedly punished. First, the fine fleet of France, consisting, besides frigates, &c., of 13 ships of the line, was destroyed by Nelson at the Nile. Secondly, a large portion of the picked veterans of France, perished in Africa and Asia, uselessly, because for no ultimately available purpose. Thirdly, the French were beaten and expelled from Egypt by a British army, one half of which consisted, as we have seen, of Irishmen, and the commander of which army, at the time of the French capitulation, was an Irishman. Fourthly, the French, and Napoleon's brother Joseph, whom he made king of Spain, were likewise driven from that country, and France itself invaded, through similar means, directed by the “retributive genius” of an Irishman. Fifthly, Napoleon himself was irretrievably defeated and dethroned, and France conquered by the same Irishman, who, had Napoleon, in 1798, landed his Egyptian army of 40,000 men in Ireland, would, in all probability have been unknown, except as a refugee “Irish loyalist.” Sixthly and lastly, this overthrow of Napoleon was, to a very considerable extent, effected by Irish *taxes*, as well as by Irish *troops*, both of which England would have been deprived of, had Napoleon done “justice to Ireland.” “A victory,” says Bourrienne, “on the Adige (in Italy) would have been far better for France than one on the Nile.” But, how much better still, for France, would have been a victory on the Shannon and the Liffey? This Napoleon himself acknowledged, when too late, to Las Cases, at Saint Helena. “*Si, au lieu de l'expédition d'Egypte,*” said he, “*j'eusse faite celle d'IRLANDE, que pourrait l'Angleterre aujourd'hui?*” Napoleon but too well deserved the fate he met with.

British army as "about one-half"¹—and that the estimate was not exaggerated, may be inferred from the following circumstances. On the motion of thanks to Sir Samuel Auchmuty, for the capture of Monte Video, the General, who proposed it, said, that the 7th regiment, which had so gallantly fought there, under Sir Edmund Butler, was composed altogether of Catholics—that is, Irish—and, that he himself knew, that of the 4,000 men who attacked that fortress, 3,000 consisted of Catholics²—or, in other words, Irishmen. In 1810, Sir John Cox Hipplesley, (from whose speech, in the Catholic Question, in that year, the foregoing confirmatory particulars are cited,) mentioned in Parliament that, of his own knowledge, out of two levies of 1,000 men each, made a few years before, only 160 men were *not* Catholics; that in another regiment of 900 in the south of England, 860 *were* Catholics; and he added that it was then a well-established matter, that the proportion of Catholics (or Irish) exceeded that of Protestants (or British) in the English army! It is a generally-affirmed fact, for which, as such, it is unnecessary to cite an authority, that at the Battle of Waterloo, at least two out of three parts of the "*British* heart and the *British* arm" *there*, were IRISH. From the demonstrations of sympathy evinced towards Mr. O'Connell, on his route to the Clare election by bodies of the soldiery, and from the results of an inquiry as to the disposition and feelings of the army with respect to Emancipation, before the passing of the Relief Bill in 1829, it was "shrewdly suspected" by "men in office," that the "*British* heart and the *British* arm" in THAT army would not be sufficient to arrest the settlement of that IRISH question.³ And, in fine, at present, according to Sir Edward Litton

¹ Pieces of Irish History, p. 6.

² Speech of Sir J. C. Hipplesley, on the Catholic Question, May 18th, 1810, p. 50. "In this glorious storm," says Mr. Alison, "the loss of the *British* was about 600, but twice that number of the enemy fell, and 2,000 were made prisoners, besides 1,000 who escaped in boats, so that *the number of the garrison*, at first, had been GREATER *than that* of the BESIEGING FORCE! (*History*, vol. VI. p. 150.) All very well, Mr. Alison, but *why* is all this "glorious storm" set down to the credit of ONE *thousand* BRITISH, and nothing at all said of the THREE *thousand* IRISH companions? "Fair play is a jewel," as we say in Ireland; and, please God, we MUST soon get it!

³ See, on this point, an able article on "*O'Connell and the Catholic Association*," in Tait's Magazine for 1835, p. 307 and 309.

Bulwer, "two-thirds of the army are Irish!"¹ "The reason for this preponderance of Irish in the British service is contained in Mr. Tone's assertion, that "the ARMY of England is supported by the *misery* of Ireland;" or, as the more *loyal* Duke of Richmond said, during the war, on being told, as Lord Lieutenant, of the distress of the Dublin tradesmen,—“A high-priced loaf and low or scarce wages are the best recruiting serjeants for his Majesty.” In fact, "*les privations, la pauvreté, la misère,*" as Napoleon observed, "*font l'école du bon soldat,*" or, to cite the more pointed remark adverted to by General Cockburn—not only *fighting*, but MARCHING and STARVING, "are, at times, the soldier's lot, and the army that excels in these *three* points will probably (if decently commanded) ultimately succeed."² The admitted superiority of the Irish, in these qualifications for a military life, as contrasted with the general mass of their insular neighbours, proceeds from the greater health, vigour, and hardiness of constitution produced by agricultural than by mechanical or manufacturing pursuits; and, in England and Scotland, we know, that there are at least, *two* mechanics or manufacturers for *one* agriculturist, while, in Ireland, the proportion of the former to the latter is so small as to be, comparatively, not worth mentioning.³ The Irish

¹ Sir E. L. Bulwer's words are: "Two-thirds of the army, too, are Irish, and the lowest of them:—the dregs of an Irish populace! What a reflection!"—(*England and the English*, vol. i. p. 87.)—Yes, indeed, "*what a reflection!*"

² Military Observations respecting Ireland, and its Attack and Defence, p. 12.

³ On the 13th of May, 1830, Mr. Slaney, M. P., called the attention of the House of Commons to "the increase which had taken place in the number of those employed in the manufacturing and mechanical occupations, as compared with the agricultural class." From *his* calculations it appears, that, in ENGLAND, the manufacturers or mechanics, as compared with the agriculturists, were 6 to 5 in 1801; 8 to 5 in 1821; and in 1830, they were as 2 to 1. In SCOTLAND the increase of the former over the latter class was still more rapid, the former was as 5 to 6 in 1801; as 9 to 6 in 1821; and in 1830 as 2 to 1. While the general advance of the population of England and Scotland for twenty years, down to 1830, was 30 per cent., the augmentation of their manufacturers had been 50 per cent., and in some cases, as at Leeds and Glasgow, as high as 54 per cent. in one town, and no less than 100 per cent. in the other. (*See Combe's Constitution of Man*, p. 61.) How suitable to the formation of a *military* population the avocations of the great majority of those manufacturers are, will be best seen by a perusal of the debilitating or destructive effects of their pursuits upon their constitutions, and those of their offspring, as

have, accordingly, been recently found and acknowledged, on *English* authority, to be better calculated for soldiers than the English and the Scotch. "The company to which I belonged," says an English officer of the British Legion, in the Spanish service, "when it first landed in San Sebastian, was above 100 strong on parade; six weeks after its arrival at Vittoria, the utmost it could muster was fifteen files or thirty men. The regiment, in like manner, which originally was between 7 and 800 strong, dwindled down, in the space of two months after the fever broke out, to not more than four hundred. *All* the other regiments, *with the exception of the IRISH*, were cut up in like manner, and two of them, the 2nd *English* and 5th *Scotch*, were so nearly annihilated that they were broken up, and the miserable residue drafted into other regiments. The *IRISH Brigade*, on the contrary, suffered little or nothing from disease, although it was not better off for provisions or quarters than the rest of the force; and the 7th, 9th, and 10th, to the very last, retained their superiority of numbers without receiving a single recruit from the disbanded regiments. Had the whole of the Legion been composed of *IRISH*, instead of losing 1000 men at Vittoria, we might not have lost 100. In spite of all their hardships, the severity of the winter, the total want of pay, the *IRISH* lived, thrived, and grew fat, as if in clover." Such are the advantages of misery and starvation at home.¹

detailed in the horrible picture of human suffering and human avarice presented in the parliamentary evidence on the factory system. In Ireland, on the contrary, we are informed by the details of the census of 1831, that the number of families chiefly employed in agriculture were 884,339; while those occupied in trade, manufactures, and handicraft occupations, and, besides, *not* subjected to the wholesale system of health-and-life-destroying Mammon-murder carried on in the British factories, were but 249,359. The males 20 years of age, or able to *carry a musket*, were, according to the same *OFFICIAL authority*, 1,867,765; and, by including those who were 16 years of age in the estimate, of the military population of Ireland, her muster-roll would be still greater! Under the auspices of her factory-augmenting, or peasant-lessening and mechanic-increasing *prosperity*, England, indeed, appears to be fast proceeding in a career of self-destroying cupidity, analogous to that of Carthage, as observed by Cicero. "Nothing," says that great orator, statesman, and philosopher, "more weakened Carthage than the preference of its citizens, for trade and navigation, for which they neglected agriculture and arms!" *De Repub.* II. 4, in *Heeren's African Researches*, vol. I. p. 40.

¹ Twelve Months in the British Legion, by an officer of the 9th regi-

So much for what could be effected on LAND, since the time of the American war, by the "*British* heart and the *British* arm," without the aid of Irishmen. We shall now see what this same "*British* heart and *British* arm" was able to do on SEA, without similar assistance. "In the last war," says Mr. Grattan, in February, 1792, referring to the American contest, "of 80,000 seamen, 50,000 were IRISH names; in Chelsea, near one-third of the pensioners were IRISH names; in some of the men of war, *nearly the whole complement of men were IRISH!*"¹ Thus, to cite one instance out of many that might be given in corroboration of Mr. Grattan's assertion, "In the year 1780," says Sir John Cox Hippenesley, "when fewer Catholics entered the service than at present, (that is, in 1810,) the crew of the Thunderer, of 74 guns, Commodore Walsingham, was composed two-thirds of Catholics," or Irish.² Sir Jonah Barrington, then, is amply justifiable in his assertion as to what England had to dread on a NAVAL, as well as a MILITARY, score, had the "*British* heart and the *British* arm"

ment, p. 123 & 4—a work, written, I believe, by Colonel Thompson, who, at all events, confirmed the truth of the above extract to Mr. O'Connell. In the so-called *English* Brigade in Don Pedro's service, the military merit of the *Irish* was also remarkably prominent, but, more especially, in the attack of the Miguelite army on Lisbon, where the principal position of the usurper was stormed by the Irish Division with the bayonet! In adverting to some criticisms of the *Freeman's Journal*, upon the injustice of the London papers, that in speaking of the gallantry of Colonel Hodges and his companions at the siege of Oporto, set him and them down as *English*, though, as the *Freeman* remarked, the Colonel was a native of *Limerick*, and in his despatch "most of the names particularized by him for bravery were *Irish*," the following characteristic comment appeared in another Dublin Anti-Union journal. "The English live on *our* provisions," says the editor, "and they think they may swallow our military glory with equal gullibility. Their conduct, in this respect, reminds us of the honest Highlander's remark in Zeluco, with regard to the consequences of the Union between England and his provincialized country:—'Oh!' said he, 'whenever a Scotchman is hanged, the English cry out, see that blackguard Scotch rogue—he deserves his fate! But, whenever a *Scotch* regiment defeats the enemy, there is nothing said of anything but the irresistible bravery of the *English* army!' Such are inevitable consequences of Unions. A nation that loses her independence is like a woman that loses her honour, either the one or the other is scarcely ever mentioned but to be insulted and despised: all the imperfections of both are dwelt upon, and any of their perfections are scarcely allowed to exist."

¹ Grattan's Speeches, vol. III. p. 46.

² Speech, p. 51.

come to blows with the Volunteers in 1782. "The British navy, too," says Sir Jonah, after referring to the amount of Irish in the English army,—“was then also manned by what were generally denominated *British tars*; but a large proportion of whom were, in fact, sailors of IRISH birth and IRISH feelings, *ready to shed their blood in the service of Great Britain, whilst she remained the FRIEND of IRELAND*, but as ready to *seize, and steer the BRITISH navy into IRISH ports, if she declared against their country!* The mutiny at the Nore,” he adds, in a note, “confirms this observation. Had the mutineers at that time *chosen to carry the BRITISH ships into an IRISH port, no power could have prevented them*; and, had there been a strong insurrection in Ireland, it is more than probable they would have *delivered MORE than ONE-HALF of the ENGLISH fleet into the hands of THEIR countrymen!*”¹ On the 17th of October, 1796, Mr. Grattan, in his speech to Parliament on Catholic Emancipation, asserts, that without the Irish Catholics, the British navy could not keep the sea; and that their proportion there was such, that their indisposition to England would be fatal. “What,” he exclaims, “is the British navy? a number of planks? certainly not. A number of British men? certainly not: no; but a number of British and Irish. *Transfer,*” says he, “*the IRISH seamen to the French and WHERE is the BRITISH navy?*”² So convinced, indeed, were the French republican government of the great and indispensable numbers of Irish sailors in the British fleets, that the first idea conceived, by the French minister, Charles de la Croix, for accomplishing the invasion of and rendering Ireland an independent nation, was a scheme to diffuse disaffection and eventual mutiny and revolt through the Irish portion of the crews of his British Majesty’s navy, by scattering money amongst them.³ And this plan the French minister had conceived, as we learn from Mr. Tone, *before* any communication had taken place between them—a circumstance which strongly evidences the general conviction of the correctness of Mr. Grattan’s statement. Some time previous to that statement, or in February, 1796, Mr. Tone says, “*Let it never be forgotten, that TWO-THIRDS of the BRITISH seamen, as they are called,*

¹ Hist. of the Legislat. Union, *ut supra*.

² Speeches, vol. III. p. 255.

³ Tone’s Works, vol. II. p. 34, and 44.

are in fact IRISHMEN!"¹—and in the first curious Memorial upon the condition of Ireland, which he presented, the same month, to the minister of the Directory, he writes as follows, in proof of the above assertion:—"For the *navy*, I have already said that IRELAND *has furnished no less than 80,000 seamen*, and that TWO-THIRDS of the *English fleet* are *manned by IRISHMEN*. I will here," he continues, "state the *grounds of my assertion*. First, I have *myself* heard several BRITISH officers, and, among them, some of *very distinguished reputation*, say so. Secondly, I know that when the Catholic delegates, whom I had the honour to attend, were at Saint James's, in January, 1793, in the course of the discussion with Henry Dundas, principal Secretary of State, they *asserted the fact to be as I have mentioned*, and Mr. Dundas ADMITTED it, which he *would most certainly NOT have done*, if he *could have DENIED it!* And, lastly, on my voyage to America, our vessel was boarded by a BRITISH *frigate*, whose crew consisted of 220 men, of whom *no less than 210 were IRISH*, as I found *by inquiry!* I submit *this fact*," concludes the Irish exile, "to the *particular notice of the French government!*"² In the course of the following war, or in 1807, Doctor MacNeven states that the proportion of seamen, then furnished by Ireland to the British navy, as "almost two-thirds"³—and this estimate is not discountenanced by other authorities. Sir John Cox Hippenesley, in the valuable parliamentary speech already adverted to, said, in 1810, that out of a list in his hand of 46 ships of the line, which, at two different periods, had belonged to the Plymouth division, the Catholics greatly exceeded the Protestants in the majority of the vessels. In some of the first and second rates, the Catholics amounted even to two-thirds; while, in one or two first-rates, they formed nearly the whole; and, in the Naval Hospital, about four years before, (or the period of the publication of Dr. MacNeven's book,) out of 476 sailors, no less than 363 were Catholics.⁴ And, from the excellent character, as seamen, assigned to the Irish by Lord Collingwood—the companion-in-arms of Nelson, and second in command at the battle of Trafalgar,—from *that*

¹ Tone's Works, vol. II. p. 199.

² Id. ib. 192.

³ Pieces of Irish History, p. 6.

⁴ Speech, p. 51-2.

character, and a remarkable proposal resulting from it, which his Lordship made to the Admiralty, it may be fairly assumed that the number of Irish in the British navy rather augmented than diminished, during the remainder of the war against Napoleon. His Lordship, in writing to the Earl of Mulgrave, on the 23d of April, 1808, says, "One hundred IRISH boys came out two years since, and are now *the topmen of the fleet!*"—and the editor of his Lordship's correspondence gives the following account of the proposal to the Admiralty, thus alluded to, and the honourable grounds, with respect to the Irish, in which that proposal originated. "He (Lord Collingwood) had found that IRISH boys, from 12 to 16 years of age, when mingled with English sailors, acquired rapidly the order, activity, and seamanlike spirit of their comrades; and that, in the climate of the Mediterranean, they often, in less than *two* years, became expert seamen..... He accordingly proposed to the Admiralty *to raise* YEARLY 5,000 IRISH *boys*, and to send a large proportion of them to *his* command," for the purpose, continues the editor, of having them "taught and prepared in *ships of the line*, before they were sent into *smaller vessels!*"¹ Here is an equally trustworthy and

¹ Edinburgh Review, for May, 1828, (p. 405—407, and 417.) With only a "*Selection*," from Lord Collingwood's writings before him, while his Lordship's relative, editor, and biographer, had a still greater portion or the whole of those writings in his possession, and, as having them, could of course understand more of Lord C.'s opinions than any mere Edinburgh Reviewer—under such circumstances, I say, the self-opinionated scribbler on the Collingwood Correspondence in the Edinburgh Review, strives to dispute the propriety of the high encomium and proposal respecting the Irish, coming from Lord Collingwood, and particularly dwelt upon by his editor, as a sort of explanatory justification of his Lordship's praise. Yet *this* very Reviewer, while endeavouring, in the name of the English and Scotch, to dispute the just title of the Irish to such great praise as seamen, says, in arguing against the system of impressment, that it "can only be abolished with safety to the country by *making the NAVY the nursery of seamen for the NAVY!*" and that "*good men-of-war sailors can ONLY be made IN men-of-war!*" since "there *only*," he adds, "can they learn to *manage guns and to act in concert*, which are the *most essential parts of their business!*" Well, and is it not to have THEM taught, and for THEIR great aptitude in acquiring those very tests of naval excellence, in the very way laid down by the Reviewer himself, that Lord Collingwood sought for and extolled the "IRISH boys?" and, if so, what becomes of the Reviewer's attempt to argue for a natural inferiority of the Irish in seamanship to the English and Scotch, in the teeth of such an authority

creditable opinion of Irish seamanship from one of the most honest men, both in his private and public capacity, as well as by far the ablest admiral, from the time of Lord Nelson's to his own death in the British service:—so much so, indeed, that when he wrote home to the government, on account of ill health, to be relieved from the Mediterranean station, then more important than any other, he was, nevertheless, requested to continue at his post—which he patriotically did till he died!—because the government, as they acknowledged, could find no adequate successor for him! If we may suppose his Lordship's suggestion respecting the “5000 IRISH boys” to have been complied with—and the supposition is not an improbable one, when we consider the source whence such advice emanated, and the superior facility of procuring sailors, as well as soldiers, in Ireland, owing both to the greater want of employment there than in Britain, and the evident expediency of avoiding, as much as possible, the unpopularity of a frequent infliction of impressment in England, when it could be imposed, with so much less cause for political apprehension, upon the less commercial, more warlike, and comparatively powerless or uninfluential, because religiously divided, population of Ireland—if, for *such* apparently strong reasons, we may suppose his Lordship's idea to have been acted upon every year from 1808 till the peace in 1814, Ireland, as Lord Collingwood? The courage (that's not the word,) of such a mere “land-lubber” as this Reviewer, is really amusing.

With respect to Lord Collingwood's remark as to the good effects of mingling the Irish with English seamen, connect the following passage from Paine's “Common Sense,” as tending to show that his Lordship's opinion is *not* to be taken as implying a superiority in the number of English over Irish seamen in the British navy. “In manning a fleet,” says Mr. Paine, addressing the then *navyless* Americans, to make them “set up for themselves” against England, by sea as well as by land,—“people in general run into great errors; *it is NOT necessary that ONE-FOURTH part should be sailors.* The TERRIBLE privateer, Captain Death stood the *hottest engagement of any ship last war*, yet had not *twenty* sailors on board, though her complement was *upwards of two HUNDRED.* *A FEW able and social sailors will soon instruct a sufficient number of active landmen in the common work of a ship!*” For a short account of the noble engagement of Captain Death and his crew against a far superior force, consult Smollet, (*Continuation of Hume, Index, word Death,*) and compare the above opinion of Paine, and the result of Lord Collingwood's experience, with the very small amount of but 10 *English* to 210 *IRISH* sailors in the vessel mentioned by Mr. Tone.

in addition to her previous numbers, would have contributed 35,000 seamen to the British fleets! So much for what the "*British* heart and the *British* arm" could effect, during the last half century, without Irish MEN; and the enormous amount hereafter stated, of the national debt, will show how much the greatness of England owes to Irish MONEY!

CHAPTER III.

Statement (in reference to the same idea of a Union,) of the comparative size, in geographical square miles, of Ireland, and the principal states of Europe, with a view of her great natural capabilities for being a maritime power, and the peculiar military strength of her territory, as combined with the large amount of her population, and illustrated by a plan of defensive operations, based on Napoleon principles.

A UNION with England must, therefore, be made agreeable to the will of the Irish PEOPLE, emphatically speaking, or however party discord, the offspring of sectarian delusion, may occasion submission for a time, a Union with England, through the Mameluke medium of a numerically-insignificant, contemptibly-bigoted, shamelessly-antinational, individually-rapacious and politically-odious aristocracy, *can* not and, what is more, *ought* not, to last.¹ MAGNA est VERITAS et PREVALEBIT! As a nation, Ireland, in size, fertility,

¹ THE VISION OF A PATRIOT.

"I had a dream which was not *all* a dream.—BRUEN."

I.

Me thought I saw a numerous host,
On a once captive-trodden coast;
And every warrior's brow seemed bent
Upon a deep and dire intent.

II.

As mine eye this phalanx noted,
Through the air a banner floated;
And a "sun-burst," as of old,
Glittered high in rays of gold!

revenue, and population, even after the emaciating misrule of centuries, and comparatively unimproved as she is, would

III.

And they stretched for many a mile,
Rank on rank, and file on file;
The war-horse neighed not there—for steep
And wild the hills—the marshes deep.

IV.

And a shout was raised to Heaven,
And the wrench of fetters riven,
Seemed as if about to rattle
Through the fiery ranks of battle!

V.

Gazing on this fixed array,
Thus a voice was heard to say—
('Twas not of the human race,
But the Genius of the place):—

VI.

"Rise in vengeance, rise in right,
Rise in justice and in might;
Rise, each chain-enslaved slave.
Could valour fail, you've still a grave!

VII.

"Let the sword but quit the sheath,
Bent on victory or death;
'Tis but the glittering blade to see—
The chain is broke, the slave is free!

VIII.

Ne'er let foreign priestcraft sever
Freedom's sons, thus joined forever:
Ne'er shall foreign tyrants bow
Hearts, so linked as yours are now!"

IX.

At these wild, magic words did gleam
Ten thousand swords in morn's young beam,
Which smiled, as if all-consciously,
It looked on new-born LIBERTY!

X.

I woke, and marvelled what *might* mean
This fevered vision?—yet I ween,
The dream that then forsook my eyes,
Some better day MAY realize! CAROLAN.

Written, under the above "*nom de guerre*," by a member of the original Comet Club, at the time of the arbitrary arrest of Mr. O'Connell during the Algerine regime of the Anglesey proclamations.

be surpassed in Christendom to-morrow by only six powers, France, Britain, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Spain; and perhaps, not so much surpassed by all of those powers, in reality, as in appearance—the Austrian and Prussian monarchies consisting, not of one compact kingdom, but of various distinct states and people, *wishing* and therefore *liable*, at some future period, to be independent.¹ Taking

¹ The religious alienation from Prussia of its Polish and Rhenish provinces, and the aversion of many considerable portions of its territories to their unjust incorporation with that monarchy, which has only risen to its present condition by the robbery of its neighbours are notorious, as well as the hostile feelings of the adjoining states on that account, and the consequent obstacles to the permanence of such incorporations. The eventual separation of the Austrian Empire into its primitive national elements, is still more probable, owing to the several considerable and naturally distinct kingdoms of which it is composed, and the comparative weakness of Austria proper, whose two circles or divisions only contain 2,200,000 souls, while Hungary has 9,000,000, Austrian Italy, or the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, 4,500,000, Bohemia, about 4,000,000, and Galicia, or Austrian Poland, the best or most southern part of that dismembered monarchy, and about the size of Ireland, has a population of the same amount. And all these portions of the empire, as well as others of inferior but considerable strength, are, we know, deeply attached to the old recollections of their distinct national independence, and determined to act on those recollections, whenever an opportunity occurs. Had Napoleon, after the victory of Wagram, in 1809, availed himself properly of the political advantages presented to him by those old national associations, he would have broken up the Austrian Empire, leaving its sovereign nothing more than Austria, and have restored the various kingdoms of that empire to their ancient independence, by which he would have placed France in a position of political supremacy in reference to her continental neighbours, analogous to that of the Macedonian monarchy towards the states of ancient Greece. He would also have established himself on the French throne beyond all possibility of removal, since, even after the terrible disasters of the Russian expedition, it was only by the interposition of Austria that he was prevented, in 1813, from reconquering Prussia, and beating back the Russians into their own territories, as he had done, in 1806 and 7. But Napoleon had no sympathy with any recollections or with any forms of nationality, as contrasted with the immense aggregations of military and despotic power, which eventually crushed him as he had crushed others. If France were to become a republic to-morrow, and resolve to act upon a principle opposed to Bonaparte's, by vindicating the natural right of self-government to every nation in Europe, on condition of being merely repaid the expenses of their emancipation, she might compensate for her past errors, and attain the most glorious position in history that any country ever possessed. Her celebrated writer, M. Victor Hugo—speaking of Europe, as displaying one system of un-

Ireland, with Wakefield, to comprise 32,201 square miles, and comparing her with the size of other independent European countries, as laid down in the Table of President Von Malchus,¹ she is 4,649 square miles larger than Portugal—409 larger than the kingdom of Naples and Sicily—4,473 larger than Bavaria and Saxony combined—233 larger than Sardinia, Wurtemberg, and the Grand Duchy of Baden put together—1,284 larger than Hanover, the Papal dominions, and the Grand Duchy of Tuscany—351 larger than Denmark added to Greece²—and 1,429 larger than Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland united. In population EIGHTEEN, and in extent of territory, FIFTEEN European states are inferior to Ireland.³ Her revenue—allowing for various uncredited articles of home consumption, credited to, because purchased in, England—is above £5,000,000 a year. She contains, according to the recent parliamentary report of the Irish Railway Commission, above 8,520,000 inhabitants, or a military population of about 2,000,000; while her *insular* as contrasted with the *continental* position of the nations otherwise ranking before her, would give her, under proper management, a defensive strength, sufficient, as the case of England shows, to balance or counteract almost every other superiority.

just, international connexions—as presenting a general collection of lord and vassal, of master and slave, of politically white and black states—observes, in proof of his assertion, that Russia has the late kingdom of Poland, Prussia has Posen, another portion of that old monarchy, Sweden has Norway, Austria has Lombardy or Northern Italy, Naples has Sicily, Piedmont or Savoy has Sardinia, France herself has Corsica, and England has Ireland, “In *this* condition,” says he, “beside each nation in a *natural* state is seen a nation in an *unnatural* state.” This list, might, as we have seen, be considerably enlarged; and, as regards the present connexion between England and Ireland, the sentiments of such an enlightened and impartial foreigner should have their due weight in both countries, in leading to the formation of a firm and lasting, as opposed to a weak and doubtful connexion between the two islands. The present Union is too unjust to be satisfactory.

¹ “This Table,” says Mr. Butler Bryan, “is founded, as far as possible, upon official documents: and probably no individual can have enjoyed better sources of correct information, than one who was successively Minister of Finance to the former King of Westphalia, and the present Sovereign of Wurtemberg.”

² The size of the kingdom of Greece, not mentioned in Von Malchus’s Table, as not having been established when he wrote, is taken from other authorities.

³ Bryan’s Practical View of Ireland, chap. iv. p. 73.

To be an important commercial, and consequently naval power, the natural advantages of Ireland are not surpassed by any country in Europe. With Britain, and the kingdoms bordering upon the German Ocean and the Baltic, with France, Spain, Portugal, the coasts of Africa, the East and West Indies, all the eastern side of South America, the United States, Newfoundland, the "immense regions round Hudson's and Baffin's Bay," and with Greenland—in fine, with numerous nations, capable of, and interested in, receiving and bestowing all the benefits of reciprocal commerce, the maritime situation of Ireland affords her an easy intercourse; while her great, though at present imperfectly-developed fertility and resources, and her large and naturally-intelligent population, if duly taken advantage of, would render her one of the greatest marts of local industry, international communication and increasing opulence in the world.¹ From her superior geographical position and formation, Ireland, indeed, seems intended by nature to rank above England as a trading and maritime power,² since she has not only more harbours adapted for ships of the largest size than England and Wales, but more than perhaps all Europe can display! The western coast of Ireland presents, for the space of 200 miles, a series of the very finest ports, from any of which an Irish ship could either reach the West Indies or America, before a ship from London could get out of the Channel; or arrive in the New World long previous to an English vessel, starting from the comparatively advantageous point of Liverpool. In addition to this, of

¹ Newenham's View of Ireland, part i. sect. i. p. 5. The Politician's Dictionary, (Lond. 1775,) vol. i. p. 361 and 362.

² To this circumstance the many restrictions of England upon the trade of Ireland have been attributed by foreigners. The Abbe de la Bletterie, in a note upon the well-known passage of Tacitus, respecting the superiority of Irish to British commerce in Agricola's time, says,— "Ireland has more harbours and more convenient ports than any other country in Europe. England"—the Abbe speaks by comparison,— "has but a small number. Ireland, if she could shake off the British yoke, and form an independent state, would ruin the British commerce; but"—continues the Abbe,— "to her misfortune England is too well convinced of this truth!" (*Murphey's Tacitus*, p. 604, *Jones' edit.*) See likewise the Huguenot historian Rapin, (*Tindal's Rapin*, vol. i. p. 234,) and the philosopher Montesqueiu (*Spirit of Laws*, book xix. chap. 27;) and compare their statements with the sensible remarks of Lord Lyttleton, (*Hist. of Henry II.*, vol. III. p. 33 and 34,) on the unsuccessful Norwegian invasion of Ireland, in the year 1101.

ships sailing from the majority of the Irish ports, as compared with vessels setting out from the majority of English ports, on a voyage to the Mediterranean, the former would be half over their destination before the latter could get into the Atlantic—a maritime advantage, on the part of Ireland, of which no improvements in navigation, by steam or otherwise, could deprive her, as such improvements would only be an addition of the resources of *art* to the benefits of *nature*, leaving the latter, and the superiority conferred by them, undiminished. The maritime counties of Ireland constitute two-thirds of her area. So numerous along her shores are either marine indentations or those caused by the mouths of rivers, that there is not an acre of her soil more than 50 miles from the sea. The harbours or anchoring places average but 13 miles distance from each other; and six-eighths of her coast have been estimated as almost entirely free from danger to mariners. The proportion of harbours in favour of Ireland, in a country so much smaller than England and Wales, is very considerable—those of Ireland being 136 in number, and those of England and Wales but 112—while, of the latter harbours, no. 20 are to be compared with 40 of the Irish ports. Moreover, of those English and Welsh harbours, a very large number,—unlike those of Ireland—are mere creeks and coves, “dangerous, barred, and difficult of access;” so that if, in imitation of England, Ireland were desirous of adding such artificial to her 136 natural ports, 110 miles of the Irish seacoast are convertible, at a comparatively easy and cheap rate, into receptacles for shipping. In short, says the profound and industrious Newenham, “Most of the harbours of Ireland rank in ALL respects with the *noblest in the world*; SEVERAL of them excel *those of which ANY OTHER country can boast.*”¹ The great advantages for an extensive domestic trade and intercourse by water which the numerous fine lakes and rivers of Ireland afford,¹ and their peculiar aptitude for a still further and comparatively cheap increase by canals, that would add as much to the natural strength of the country in war,² as to the commercial accommodation of its in-

¹ Newenham (part i. sect. i. p. 5, 6, 8, 12, 14, and 16,) and Butler Bryan, (chap. i. p. 4 and 5.)

² Thus, ancient Egypt is mentioned by Diodorus Siculus to have been constantly invaded by the Arabs, who—if they were, according to some eminent authorities, the famous Shepherd Kings—even held that king

habitants in peace, are circumstances so obvious to any one who casts an eye over a map of the island, that to be admitted, they need only be alluded to.

The happy formation of Ireland for military defence is not inferior to her admirable position for commercial purposes. Ireland is in shape more circular, or like a *wheel*, than, perhaps, any other island of the same size. She is therefore so much the stronger, from the facility which such a formation affords to march, in about the same portion of time, from her centre or *nave* to all parts of her *sea-gir-felloe* or circumference, a number of armies sufficient to meet those which any invading enemy *might* land upon her shores. Such a landing *might*, for example, have occurred in the time of the Volunteers, or in 1779, from the month of May to September, when the combined French and Spanish fleets of 50 ships of the line rode triumphantly through the Channel; when England, unable to oppose the enemy on what she called "her own element," was in dread of, and made preparation against, a descent upon her own coasts; when, in reply to the application of Ireland for assistance against a similar cause for apprehension, in consequence of the country having been drained of regular troops for the war in America, the Irish learned that they had no

dom in subjection for many years. Nor were their destructive invasions ever effectually stopped, till the great Sesostriis cut several canals from the Nile, and, from those canals, extended a great number of small trenches or dikes throughout the country; which dikes could be filled at any time with water from the canals, and were thus equally serviceable for irrigation, and as a protection against the inroads of an *equestrian* foe. Such a system of canals and dikes, which the kings of Babylon are also mentioned to have made use of against the cavalry of their neighbours, the Medes, on the north, and the similar aggressions of the Arabs, on the southwest of Babylonia, would be additionally useful in modern warfare, by depriving the regular infantry of an invading army of its *artillery* as well as its *cavalry*, or the two main arms of its defence, if it intended to proceed rapidly to action, or would be scarcely less serviceable by fatally delaying its march, if it proposed to advance in conjunction with them. A *regular* infantry, thus partially or totally deprived of its chief sources of superiority over an *irregular* infantry, would consequently be obliged to contend with the latter in quickness of movement and desultory combats, in which their chief strength would lie; and be thus like a Samson with his hair shaved *off*, opposed to a Samson with his hair *on*. The great watery defence which the Dutch opposed to the formidable invasion of Louis XIV. and 130,000 men, under the first generals and engineers in the world, is too well known to be expatiated upon.

aid to expect from "the *British* heart and the *British* arm;" when Ireland consequently found, that "in NATIVE swords and NATIVE ranks her *only* hope of safety dwelt;"¹ when Irishmen, if they chose to take advantage of and to remember against England the oppression of centuries, might, in Lord Plunket's language, have "flung British connexion to the winds, and clasped the independence of their country to their hearts;"² and, in fine, when, instead of acting thus,

¹ What a very different spectacle Ireland presents on this occasion, when told by the British government to provide for her own defence against the French and Spaniards, compared with the Britons, when they were enjoined by the Roman emperor Honorius to do the same with respect to the Scots, Picts, and Saxons! The historical parallel between the political circumstances of England and Ireland at those two periods is complete, and the contrast in the conduct of the two countries is as honourable to Ireland, as it is the direct opposite to her insular neighbour. Ireland, a dependency of England, was, when the Volunteers arose, deprived of all the regular forces of her English *protectors*, and of a large amount of her own natives among them, for the contest in America. Britain, a province of Rome, in the time of Honorius, was stripped of all the legions or regular forces of her Roman protectors, and of numbers of her own youth, who had been conveyed over to the continent to take part in the civil or foreign wars of Rome. But, though a naval invasion from the triumphant armaments of the French and Spaniards was so much more formidable than the power of the Scots, Picts, and Saxons, the Irish never disgraced themselves by such a document as this petition of the Britons, in 446, to the Roman general Ætius, for assistance. "To Ætius, thrice consul, the groans of the Britons. The barbarians drive us to the sea, the sea throws us back on the swords of the barbarians; so that we have nothing left us but the wretched choice of being either drowned or butchered!" (*Henry's Hist. of Great Britain*, vol. i. p. 129.) These base "groans" met with no more aid than they deserved; but, though not creditable to his countrymen, they should not have been completely suppressed, in his History of England, by Dr. Lingard.

² See in Barrington's Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation, p. 82, the account of the meeting of Lieutenant Doyne and the 2d regiment of Horse, on Essex Bridge, with a body of Volunteers under Lord Altamont, in which the regular forces *thought proper* to give way to the latter. See also, in p. 173 and 4 of the same work, the description of the strength and preparations of the Volunteer Army, for REAL service, in case "the *British* heart and the *British* arm" did *not* think proper to surrender the usurped legislative independence of Ireland.

O Liberty! *can* men resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whip *thy* noble spirits tame?

The principles of national independence, so triumphantly vindicated

they came to the memorable decision of standing or falling with England in the hour of her weakness, for which they were afterwards so basely requited by the annihilation of their national independence at the Union.'

Whatever has happened once may happen again. France, Russia, and the United States, possess far more formidable strength *now* than France, Spain, and Holland, the maritime opponents of England during the American war, did

those men, were condemned, as contained in Molynaux's book, to be burned by the common hangman only about 80 years before, and were proscribed, still later, in the person of Doctor Lucas. But the phoenix of Irish legislative nationality arose from its ashes; and if Ireland, like Sir Malice Ravenswood in the story, only "*bides her time*," the hour must sooner or later arrive, when she may be again as great, or greater, than she has ever yet been.

To act, to suffer, may be truly great—
But nature's noblest effort is—to WAIT!

'The ingratitude of the British government at the Union, in forcing that measure upon Ireland at the time of her distress, though Ireland, in the period of her strength under the Volunteers, had adhered so faithfully to England in the hour of *her* weakness, is calculated to remind and *almost* to identify the political feelings of every true Irishman with those of the Tyrolese peasant mentioned by the late Mr. Inglis, in the account of his journey through the Tyrol. The bold and loyal struggle against the superior power of France and Bavaria, and in favour of an Austrian "connexion," which was made, in 1809, by the heroic Hofer and his brave rural volunteers," is well known. Austria, however, has since taken such a method of evincing her *gratitude* to the noble Tyrolese for their endeavours to "maintain the connexion between the two countries," that—though, by the way, Tyrol *has not been stripped of its DOMESTIC LEGISLATURE as Ireland has been*—the government of Austria is deservedly detested. In the course of a conversation with one of those gallant peasants on the unworthy conduct of Austria to his country, Mr. Inglis asked this 'village Hampden' if he had ever borne a rifle! "We were walking," says that gentleman, "up a steep mountain path: he stopped,—faced round,—leaned upon his rod,—and, in almost a whisper, said, 'Sir, I *carried* a rifle, and *used* it, too; but in a *bad cause*. Hofer was a hero; Speckbacher whom I followed was a hero; Haspinger was a hero; but they were *all three fools*! OUR BALLS WERE ALL SPENT IN DEFENCE OF AUSTRIA: and let me tell you *this arm can carry a rifle* YET,—but NOT FOR AUSTRIA!" 'But,' said I, *If not under the government of Austria, UNDER WHAT GOVERNMENT WOULD THE TYROL PLACE ITSELF?* 'Under the government of TYROLEANS,' said he; 'Switzerland is free, and respected; and your government has recognised ITS REPUBLIC: have we shown less ardour in defence of OUR privileges than the Swiss? but no matter; OUR turn is at HAND!'"

THEN; while, owing to her enormous national debt, or what Lord Brougham has called the “bond for £800,000,000 to keep the peace”¹—her internal political divisions—her bloated and unsound extent of foreign or colonial dominion²—and, above all, owing to the great progress made by other nations, since the last war, in manufactures, commerce, and naval power³—England could never again display such efforts on land or sea, as she *has* done. If, then, any such emergency or necessity for self-protection should occur in Ireland again, as took place in the time of the Volunteers,

¹ The clearest idea that has been yet conveyed of the enormous amount of the National Debt, and the corruption of the system of government that produced it, is given in the following passage from a tract published by the Chard Political Union, and very properly printed as an appendix to Watson’s edition of “Paine’s Political Works.”

“*George the Third* came to the throne in 1760. He found the national debt 120 millions, he reigned fifty-nine years, and left it above 820 millions, being 700 millions more than at his accession, increasing on the whole period of his reign about *thirty-six thousand pounds every day, or twenty-three pounds every minute!!!* At the beginning of his reign, the taxes were *six millions*; at his death he left them at above *sixty millions!*... Taking the national debt at eight hundred and fifty millions, it will weigh very nearly *seven thousand tons in sovereigns*; it would take a man sixty-four years to count it over, allowing him to count fifty sovereigns in a minute, and work twelve hours a-day; it would load as many waggons as would extend eighty miles in a direct line, allowing each waggon to carry one ton, and to occupy twenty yards. The interest of the sum is thirty millions; and is drawn by taxes from the farming, manufacturing, and labouring people of England. This annual interest would load as many waggons as would extend over three miles in a direct line, with one ton weight of sovereigns in each!!!”

² The Indian empire of England must, to use Heeren’s expression, “break down by its own weight.” Colonel Napier calculated the regular force which England required for her colonial possessions so far back as 1808, as no less than between 50 and 60,000 men; and those possessions have been considerably added to, since that time. The Duke of Wellington, as reported in the *Morning Herald* of March 9th, 1830, referred full half of the expenses of the military establishment of England to the colonies, the preservation of which Sir Henry Hardinge admitted to be “in effect a *war-service* in time of *peace*!”

³ Colonel Keatinge, in his “*Defence of Ireland*,” written in 1795 or 6, well observed what succeeding events are, and have, for some time, been in the way of, accomplishing. “England,” said he, “for many years engrossed the trade and wealth of the universe, without a rival, and founded her splendour on it. But it is not in the nature of things that it can be *always* so; trade will in time find its level, and all cannot be gainers.” (Chap. xi. p. 80.)

let us suppose that we could muster a force of 200,000 men, or only about twice the number of the Volunteer Army *then*, although our population is *more* than doubled now.¹ Let Athlone be fixed upon as the national head-quarters or those of a Grand Army of the Centre, amounting to 100,000 men. Let these 100,000 men have the care of the principal magazine of artillery, ammunition, provisions, money, &c., intended for the public defence; and act, in fine, as a sort of heart to the country, by extending to its extremities the current of martial vitality. Of the remaining 100,000 men, form four provincial armies or military *spokes*, each of 25,000 men. Let each of these four *spokes* be at once in communication with and stretching along from the Grand Army of the Centre in four lines, running as much as may be deemed requisite N. W. and N. E. and S. W. and S. E. to the corresponding parts of the coast of Ireland. Then,—speaking with reference to the four divergent armies or provincial military spokes, just mentioned,—let four *less* or *intermediate* ones, each of these to consist of 10,000 men, be kept ready for action by the Grand Army of the Centre, which, exclusive of them, would still constitute a reserve of 60,000 troops. In order to allow every advantage, and even much greater advantages than could be reasonably claimed by those who assert the inability of Ireland to stand

¹ Belgium and Holland, whose united population is not equal to that of Ireland, *each* maintain a military establishment, at present, of above 100,000 men; and, according to Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, there were, in 1798, no less than 279,896 names on the muster-roll of the United Irishmen, exclusive of the large numbers of Irish in the Militia and Yeomanry, whose services were so great in the suppression of the insurrection, that the present Lord Plunket attributed the putting down of the rebellion, not to "the *British* heart and the *British* arm," but to Irish "zeal and loyalty."—(*Speech against the Union, in Phillips's Specimens of Irish Eloquence*, p. 401.) The Irish Militia alone were 18,000 strong. And yet we hear of an *English* "conquest of Ireland!" If Ireland, however, were but true to herself, she never could be conquered by England or by any other country on earth; and, though she does not occupy the political position which she ought to possess, yet her fall may be attributed, like that of Argantes in Tasso, as much to herself as to any efforts of her enemy.

Then, spent in empty air thy strength in vain,
Thou fall'st, Argantes! headlong on the plain;
Thou fall'st! (yet unsubdued alike in all)
None but *thysself* can boast *Argantes'* fall!

For "empty air" read "empty feuds," and the picture is complete.

against a foreign aggression without “the *British* heart and the *British* arm”—let us next take for granted, that an invader *could* land four armies in Ireland, on four different points of the coast, each of these armies being as numerous as each of the four *provincial* armies or military SPOKES appointed to meet them. It is, in that case, evident, that such an enemy must succeed in disembarking *in front* of the four great military SPOKES, or *between* some two out of the FOUR of them. If he disembarks his four armies in front of the four native provincial armies or military spokes, and they retreat on Athlone for reinforcements, the four minor or *intermediate* spokes of 10,000 men can then issue from the Grand Army of the Centre and delay his operations, by subdividing themselves, and flanking, on both sides, with 5,000 men, or 10,000 in all, each of the enemy’s four successful armies; while the four *native* armies can meantime enjoy the advantage of returning reinforced to combat against a hostile force, necessarily diminished by its previous losses in an enemy’s territory. On the other hand, in case the invader’s four armies should land *between* the four great provincial military spokes, then, exclusive of the smaller spokes of 10,000 men each, in his front, and capable of being still further strengthened from the Athlone Grand Centre of 60,000 in their rear, he must have an Irish army of 25,000, or, if divided, of 12,500 men, on each of his flanks, and threatening his communication with the sea, could it be possible for him, under such circumstances, to advance far into or towards the centre of the country. Or if, with the intention of *clearing his way* ROUND *the island*, before an advance INTO it, he should divide each of his armies of 25,000 into two bodies of 12,500, in order to make the four native armies do the same, each of these invading subdivisions of 12,500 men would, indeed, be protected in its rear by one of a similar amount, and would be guarded, on *one* of its flanks, by the sea; but in both these advantages the subdivided Irish armies would equally participate, while, on the side towards the interior or centre of the island, the smaller or intermediate spokes of 10,000 men each could protect the flank of the Irish and annoy the enemy’s in the same direction—to say nothing of the further advance of the Grand Army of the Centre to the assistance of the four great and four smaller native armies or military spokes, by which co-operation the whole of the

hostile force could not escape being destroyed, captured, or driven out of the country! If, finally, according to the only alternative that remains to be considered, the invader should so far “strive with things impossible and get the better of them,” as to drive in all the provincial and minor armies of the island upon that of the Centre at Athlone, he would there have to meet, with his harassed and lessened force, a consolidated mass of troops augmented by a numberless amount of enthusiastic irregulars, armed with Montecuculi’s “queen of weapons,” the pike, of which General Cockburn said, that even, in 1804, there were “materials, carpenters and smiths enough to arm ALL Ireland in a fortnight!”¹ But, this is a position of Phocian desperation to which such a country as Ireland, if united in herself, could never be driven.²

¹ Military Observations respecting Ireland, &c., p. 57. Sir Jonah Barrington says, that in 1782, the Volunteers would have been aided, in case of a war, by “a million of enthusiasts!” and how much *more* could Ireland furnish now than it could then?

² Every Irish reader will, of course, recollect the noble passage in poor Emmet’s speech, in contemplation of Ireland’s being placed in such a position as the above:—

“God forbid that I should see my country under the hands of a foreign power. . . . When it has liberty to maintain and independence to keep, may no consideration induce it to submit! If the French come as a foreign enemy, oh my countrymen! meet them on the shore with a torch in one hand—a sword in the other: receive them with all the destruction of war—immolate them in their boats, before our native soil shall be polluted by a foreign foe! If they succeed in landing, fight them on the strand, burn every blade of grass before them, as they advance; raze every house; and, if you are driven to the centre of your country, collect your provisions, your property, your wives and your daughters—form a circle around them—fight while two men are left; and when but one remains, let that man set fire to the pile, and release himself and the families of his fallen countrymen from the tyranny of France!” The bold enthusiasm of these ideas of Mr. Emmet, in reference to a *hostile* French invasion of Ireland, is conceived in the true spirit of those brilliant periods of ancient patriotism and bravery with the history of which HIS classical imagination was so familiar. “When on the point of sinking under the power of the Thessalians, who had invaded their country with superior forces,” says the author of Anacharsis respecting the Phocians, “they constructed a large pile, near which they placed their women, their children, their gold and silver, and all their valuable effects, and left them under the care of thirty of their warriors, with orders, in case of a defeat, to kill the women and children, to throw every thing into the flames, and either to destroy each other, or repair to the field of battle and perish with the rest of the nation. The conflict was long, the slaughter dread-

The above outline of a system of defending Ireland against an invader is analogous in substance to the plan adopted by Napoleon in Spain, in 1808, with this advantage in favour of Ireland, that **HER** forces would be fighting in their own, and consequently in a friendly country, whereas **NAPOLEON**'s armies in Spain were in a foreign and a hostile territory. Again, the French, besides fighting against the *military*, had also to watch over and keep down the *civil* population of Spain. They had, moreover, to maintain a long, intricate, and continually-menaced communication with France, since, from it alone, the imperial forces could draw any recruits to make up for the "wear and tear" of war. Colonel Napier's description of the mode in which Napoleon distributed his troops in the Peninsula, after hearing of the commotion at Aranjuez, is to the following effect. The French, while ranged with reference to the occupation of the most important points, were so stationed with respect to Murat's head-quarters at Madrid, (at once the capital, and the centre, or Athlone of Spain,) that from *that* Grand Centre, as regarded the entire kingdom, and from the subordinate centres connected with it, and formed by the respective head-quarters of the French armies branching into the provinces, (on the principle of the four Irish military spokes of 25,000 men,) the forces of no

ful, the Thessalians took to flight, and the Phocians remained free!"— (*Travels of Anacharsis, chap. xxii. vol. II. p. 29.*) See, likewise, the undaunted conduct of the Xanthians and Caunians, when invaded by Harpagus, lieutenant of Cyrus, (*Herodotus, I. 176.*;) and, again, of the Xanthians, when invested by Brutus (*Plutarch, vit. Brut. Appian, tom. II. p. 632-3, edit. Schweighæuser.*;) of Boges, the Persian governor of Eion, in Thrace, against the Greeks under Cimon, (*Herod. VII. 107. Plutarch, vit. Cimon.*;) of the Sidonians, against Darius Ochus, king of Persia, (*Diodorus Siculus, XVI. 45. edit. Wesseling.*;) of the Marmarians, a Lycian people, against Alexander the Great, (*Diodorus, XVII. 28.*;) of the Saguntines, when attacked by Hannibal, (*Livy, XXI. 14. Appian, tom. I. p. 113-14.*;) of the Acarnanians, when menaced with a Roman and Ætolian invasion, (*Livy, XXVI. 25.*;) of Astapa, a Spanish city, when besieged by Marcius, the lieutenant of Scipio, (*Livy, XXVIII. 22-23, Appian, tom. I. p. 140-41.*;) of Abydus, in similar circumstances, against Philip II. of Macedon, (*Livy, XXXI. 17-18. Polybius, tom. XVI. p. 629-637, edit. Schweigh.*;) and, lastly, the glorious end of the noble wife of Asdrubal at the destruction of Carthage, dying like an emblem of the lofty genius of her country, amidst the last conflagration of its last uncaptured fortress! (*Appian, tom. I. p. 491-493. Tertullian, p. 72 & 157. edit. Rigalt. Zonarus, lib. ix. tom. I. p. 469.*)

three of those Spanish provinces (such forces being similar to the invader's armies in Ireland *between* her occupying military spokes,) could act in concert without first beating a French corps;" while, adds Colonel Napier, "IF any of the Spanish armies *succeeded in routing a French force*, the remaining corps could *unite without difficulty and retreat without danger!*" though, as has been before observed, they were not in a *friendly* but a *hostile* territory. By this plan Napoleon enabled 70,000 men, the greater part of whom were mere raw recruits, to maintain themselves in a strong and spacious country, inhabited by 11,000,000 of a proud, fierce, fanatical, and exasperated population, who, as the Colonel remarks, were sufficient to have trampled the French under foot, were the latter not so skilfully disposed.¹ On such a Napoleon system of military arrangement, containing all the inherent strength, unaffected by any of the weakness, incidental to the position of the French in Spain, might Ireland be triumphantly defended against any foreign power, however formidable, either by means of a completely Irish or a popular Anglo-Irish army, receiving support and assistance from a *friendly* country, instead of being situated, like the French, in the midst of a *hostile* nation.

The local advantages which a native army, defending Ireland and British connexion, would possess over a foreign enemy, may be divided into the two heads of GENERAL and PARTICULAR. The first of these are well summed up and illustrated in the following words of the great Frederick of Prussia. "War," says Frederick, "must be carried on, either in our own, or in a neutral, or in an enemy's country. If I had no view but to my own glory, I would always prefer making my own dominions the seat of war. As *there* every man serves for a spy, and the enemy cannot stir a step without its being known, I can then send out large or small parties without apprehension, and make any movements I please without risk! If the enemy is beaten, every peasant becomes a soldier, and harasses the enemy! Of *that* the elector Frederick William had experience, after the battle of Ferhbellin, where the peasants killed more of the Swedish soldiers, than there were slain in the action; and the same circumstance happened to *me* after the battle of

¹ History of the Peninsular War, vol. i. p. 45, 47, 48, 53, 55, 58, and 59.

Hohenfriedberg, where the mountaineers of Silesia brought me in a multitude of Austrian prisoners That party always has the advantage which is able to obtain the good will of the people ! . . . In regard to detachments, &c., all *that* must be entirely regulated by the good or ill disposition of the common people towards you !”¹ Thus much for the GENERAL advantages which a native army would possess in the defence of this country ; and even without taking into consideration the natural military strength of the interior surface of the island, the PARTICULAR advantages that would result from the nature of the climate, in connexion with the hardy habits of the mass of the population, would be of still greater importance. The climate of Ireland is the moistest in Europe,—that portion of the year in which frost and snow are prevalent elsewhere being damp and rainy in this country. Sir John Pringle, the celebrated army-physician, has observed, that the mortality of an army in a winter-campaign is far less extensive on account of frost than of moisture ; and this fact has occasioned Colonel Keatinge’s remark, that, in reference to the health of those engaged in active military operations, “ an advanced season of the year,” or, in other words, from September to May, would be “ always *fatal to foreigners in this country !*” On the other hand, “ the natives of Ireland,” says a famous military writer, “ suffer not from this ever-moist atmosphere. They have been formed to it. The institutions and authorities under which, for 600 years, *they* have lived, have condemned all the laborious and effective part of the population to a straw bed, laid upon their native clay, for their repose Hence, this hardy population sets the severity of the Irish climate at defiance. Captain Rock can answer for the security with which *that* population can sustain a continued bivouac. His troops have always chosen the depth of the Irish winter as the most congenial season for THEIR operations No other state of life can equal the hardness in which these people have been and are, by such means, reared !” The cheap abundance, too, of the vegetable diet on which, and a draught of water or buttermilk, the Irish peasantry are accustomed to subsist, in a manner that makes the Spartan broth of antiquity appear comparative epicurism, and “ the rations of the modern soldier, to *their* abstinence, a succession of gormandizing,”

¹ Cited from Colonel Keatinge’s work, chap. xi. p. 82 and 83.

would give an army and a peasantry reared to live in such a way, under such a climate as that of Ireland, incalculable advantages in defending their native country against the comparatively delicate and effeminate troops of a foreign enemy. The plenty with which the Irish might be supplied by the military root that forms their usual sustenance, and the natural facilities which it would afford of being concealed from an enemy in pits, are unequalled by any other description of food. "The produce of an acre of potatoes," says Mr. W. G. Andrews, in an *Essay on the Properties, Habits, and Culture of the Potato*," "will furnish subsistence for six men for a whole year, whereas, an acre of wheat will scarcely supply food for two men!"—and again, "the potatoes kept in houses, in large quantities, have failed to a much greater extent than those kept in pits, the tendency to heating and fermentation being greater, owing to the closer situation and the greater quantity accumulated."¹

With these particulars combine the reflections suggested by the subjoined passages from an ancient and a modern writer, and no country can present a picture of more NATURAL defensive invincibility than Ireland! "Cæsar," says Plutarch, in his account of the operations against Pompey's camp in Epirus, "offered battle to Pompey, who was encamped in an advantageous manner, and abundantly supplied with provisions both from sea," of which his fleet were masters, "and land; whereas Cæsar at first had no great plenty, and afterwards was in *extreme want*. The soldiers, however, *found great relief from a root in the adjoining fields*," called *clæra* or *chara*, which some of them, who had served in Sardinia, learned to make bread of, and "which they prepared in milk. Sometimes, they made it into bread, and going up to the enemy's advanced guards, threw it in among them, and declared,—'That *as long as the earth produced such roots, they would certainly besiege Pompey!*' Pompey," continues Plutarch, "would not suffer either such *bread* to be produced, or such speeches to be reported in his camp; for *his* men were already discouraged, and ready to shudder at the thought of the *impenetrable hardness of Cæsar's troops*, who could bear *as*

¹ From a citation and review of Mr. Andrews's *Essay* in the *Morning Register*, March 4th, 1835.

much as so many wild BEASTS."¹ The other citation, alluded to, is an abridged extract from Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland*. "The chief disorders," says that historian, in his account of the war between James and William in Ireland, "came from the lowest class of the nation, called Rapparees. The genius of nations often depends upon the food with which they are nourished The potato root upon which most of the common people of Ireland, at that time, subsisted, while it increased the population, debased the character of the nation ;² because a man,

¹ Langhorne's *Plutarch*, p. 508, Tegg's edit. Duncan's *Cæsar*, p. 267, Jones's edit. It is not a little remarkable, that this root-bread was invented—and "necessity is the mother of invention,"—in Sardinia. This Island, as Muller, the German Thucydides, observes, is by nature one of the most fertile on earth ; but, on being conquered by Carthage, it was turned into a mere "draw-farm ;" deprived of any commerce, unless with its mercantile tyrant ; and, in fine, treated with such barbarity that neither the country nor its inhabitants have ever recovered the effects of the African dominion, even to the present day ! Has the treatment of any other fertile island, by any other mercantile state, borne any resemblance to that of Sardinia by Carthage ?

² The statement of Dalrymple, that the potato has debased the character, while it has increased the numbers, of the people of Ireland, is a favourite axiom amongst British, but more especially Scotch, "*philosophers*" and their Tory echoes in this country. Such an assertion, if in any degree, is, at most, very partially true. The real reason of this debasement, if any such exists, is to be found, not in the potato, but in the causes that have brought down the mass of the Irish people to live on the potato or to starve ; and these causes, in a pre-eminently rich and fertile country, transporting, at present, between sixteen and eighteen millions worth of provisions every year, are to be traced to the combined effects of foreign and domestic, of British and Tory misgovernment and plunder, or what their prime representative and champion, Pitt himself, acknowledged to be, the "depriving Ireland of the benefit of her own resources for English objects." Build a wall of brass around Ireland, according to Bishop Berkeley's idea, or in other words, leave her to subsist merely on her own natural resources, and every man, woman, and child, in Ireland, might eat meat, and plenty of it, every day in the year. And, as to any debasement amongst the population of Ireland, if debasement, in the words of the song, means "poorness of spirit, *not* poorness of purse," there is not a more undebased peasantry in Europe than the Irish. With respect to their own private or local wrongs, no peasantry more frequently let tyranny know how deeply they feel and how boldly they resent those wrongs, in patiently submitting to which they could alone be pronounced a debased population. With respect to intellectual powers and education, the common Irish are more witty, clever, and social, and more of them can read and write, as the published returns show, than the peasantry of England. The *real* debasement

by the work of a few days, could raise as much food as was sufficient to maintain him during the rest of the year. The Rapparee was the lowest of the low people. He lived in the country upon that root alone. In his clothing, he was half naked. His house consisted of a mud wall, and a few branches of trees, covered with grass or bushes,...a fabric that could be erected in an hour.....The Rapparees... rendezvoused during the night, coming to some solitary station from an hundred places at once, by paths which none else knew. There, in darkness and deserts, they planned their mischievous expeditions. Their way of conducting them was, sometimes to make incursions from a distance in small bodies, which, as they advanced, being joined at appointed places by others, grew greater and greater every hour; and, as they made these incursions when the moon was quite dark, it became impossible to trace their steps, except by the cries of those they were murdering, or the flames of the houses, barn-yards, and villages which they burnt as they went along.....It was difficult to detect, or to guard against them till too late...They carried the locks of their muskets in their pockets, or hid them in dry holes of old walls, and they laid the muskets themselves charged, and closely corked up at the muzzle and touch-hole, in ditches, with which *they* were acquainted. So that bodies of regular troops often found themselves defeated in an instant, they knew not how or from whence. Their retreat was equally swift and safe; because they ran off into bogs¹ by passages with which *others* were unacquainted, and hiding themselves in the unequal surfaces formed by the bog-grass, or laying themselves all along, in muddy water, with nothing but the mouth and nostrils above, it became more easy to find game than the fugitives!"² Ireland has now a population as hardy and

that exists in Ireland, and keeps her as she is, prevails not amongst her potato but her meat eaters, not amongst her water but her wine drinkers, not amongst her wearers of frize but of broadcloth.

¹ About a fourth part of Ireland is composed of bogs, which are generally impassable to horse and artillery, and are as favourable to the movements of an *irregular* as unfavourable to those of a *regular* infantry.

² Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, p. 511-12. The reader and admirer of Gibbon will recollect and compare with this description of Dalrymple the account given of the Slavonians, whose rapid inroads and destructive hostilities were so formidable to the Roman empire in Justinian's time. "In the field," says the Roman historian, "the Sla-

more numerous and better educated than it has EVER yet been—so that, if properly organized against a foreign invasion, it may well be said, in the language of the English writer, Wakefield, in 1812, that “a country having *such* defenders, and *capable of supplying one army* after another in succession, *would rise superior to every defeat*, and the *loss of a battle* would only be a stimulant to a more vigorous and successful exertion!”

CHAPTER IV.

Examination of the assertion of Voltaire and others, that the Irish “have *always fought badly* at home,” and confutation of that assertion, by an account of what men, and how much domestic dissension and money enabled England to terminate the Elizabethian and Cromwellian wars.

VOLTAIRE, indeed, though he admits the goodness of the Irish as soldiers abroad, ventures to infer—from *his* notion of their having *always* fought badly at home—from the mere occurrence of Ireland’s annexation to England—and from his own extremely narrow and erroneous idea of the battle of the Boyne and the whole of the Irish war between the adherents of James and William—that Ireland is one of those countries which “seem made to be subject to another.”¹ But as, in the language of Dryden,

vonian infantry was dangerous by their speed, agility, and hardiness; they swam, they dived, they remained under water, drawing their breath through a hollow cane; and a river or lake was often the scene of their unsuspected ambuscade!” Gibbon, indeed, adds, that “these were the achievements of spies or stragglers; the military art was unknown to the Slavonians; their name was obscure and their conquests inglorious.” But the military art *has been* made known to the Russians, the descendants of those Slavonians, as it *was* to the Irish in the French service, and, since it *has been* known, have the names of either been obscure, or their conquests inglorious? The Russians may speak, as they have acted, on *their own account*!—and, as for us, “mere Irish,” *perhaps* the “raw material” of the 600,000 men, who, according to Newenham, fought in the various continental services, during the LAST century, and of those who have constituted two-thirds of “the *British* heart and the *British* arm” in THIS, may not be *altogether* “obscure” and “inglorious!” We have seen and shall see.

¹ Oeuvres de Voltaire, (Siccle de Louis XIV., chap. xv.) tom. xx. p. 408, edit. 1785

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow—

They, who would seek for pearls, must dive below !

so, in this superficial assertion, Voltaire can have no greater credit attached to *his* opinion—though a favourite one among a certain class of politicians,—than a judicious thinker should annex to a mere rapid and arbitrary generalization from a hurried and imperfect view of facts, without any endeavour to form a due conception of the causes from which those facts arose. As to Ireland's political junction with England, it took more than four hundred years to accomplish, notwithstanding the total national disorganization, the continual divisions, and even the constant, bitter, and sanguinary hostilities of the Irish against each other. But for these circumstances, it is admitted by Leland himself—an historian, from his collegiate bigotry and clerical emoluments, no friend to his country's emancipation—that the native chieftains, by even a moderate degree of union among themselves, could have often destroyed—as, indeed, they long kept tributary—the comparatively tolerated and insignificant feebleness of the English Pale in Ireland. A mere allusion to the defeat of Richard II. by Arth MacMurchad O'Cavenagh, and to the results of that defeat, is sufficient to establish the truth of *this* assertion. It was not until the bloody battle of Knocktow, in 1504, in which, too, the Earl of Kildare, the king of England's deputy, had *far more native Irish troops on his side than men of English birth or descent*, that the Pale only began to be raised to any thing that deserved even the name of an English government in Ireland, or rather in a portion of Ireland; and an anecdote that is related, on English authority, to have occurred on the field of Knocktow between two Irish lords, Kildare and Gormanstown, shows, from the discord and hatred between the Irish, how little a people so divided could ever be said to be conquered as a NATION by England. Lord Gormanstown turning, in the elation of victory, to Kildare, said, “ We have slaughtered our enemies, but to *complete the good deed*, we must proceed yet further—*cut the throats of the Irish of our own party!*” —to which Kildare coolly replied, “ 'Tis *too soon YET!*” —The final submission of Ireland did not, however,

¹ See Taaffe's History, 1st vol. *passim*, and for the above anecdote, p. 311-12. See, also, MacGeoghegan's History, vol. II. p. 377.—O'Kelly's translation.

occur till towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, after the protracted, bloody, and expensive contest against O'Neill and O'Donnell, which was terminated by the consequences of the victory of Lord Mountjoy over these brave and long-triumphant chieftains,¹ at the fatal battle of Kinsale, in December, 1601. And how this submission of Ireland was realized, will be best conceived from the facts—*that*, though Elizabeth's revenue "fell much short of £500,000 a year," Ireland, in ten years, cost the Queen, according to her minister Cecil's admission, no less than £3,400,000, which may be called, in the wondering or sceptical language of Hume, "an incredible sum for that age!"—*that*, in only six months of one year, 1599, the public service of Ireland came to £600,000!—*that*, by the statement of the Lords of the Council, the average *annual* charge of the English military establishment in Ireland, which was usually as high as 20,000 men, came to £300,000, at a time when, as has been before observed, the revenue of England was "much short of £500,000 a year!"—*that*, after some of the best English commanders, who had distinguished themselves on the Continent, were baffled in Ireland, the gallant Essex, with a well-appointed army of no less than 20,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry, was able to effect nothing of consequence against the Irish—*that* all the above-mentioned outlay of money was exclusive of large contributions by Ireland herself to put down the Queen's enemies—*that* the majority of the Irish nobility and gentry and all the great corporate towns were on the side of Elizabeth—*that*, if the Irish had joined with the Spaniards, at Kinsale, as numerous as, if directed by a spirit of national unanimity, they would have done, it appears that Kinsale could not have been taken—and lastly, and above all, *that*, according to the acknowledgment of Lord Mountjoy's secretary, the historian Moryson, *MORE than one half of the army that*

¹ The Abbé MacGeoghegan, in his enumeration of those who fought in the last war in Ireland against Elizabeth, very properly "begins with Ulster, because," says he, "the inhabitants of *that* province were the chief actors in the war. . . . If *their* example had been followed, continues the patriotic Abbé, "the sway of the English would have been inevitably destroyed in Ireland!"—(*History*, vol. III. p. 186.) This spirit showed itself amongst the Presbyterians of Ulster, in the time of the Volunteers, and at another time that need not be mentioned—but *where* is it now? Echo answers, Scotch "*poleetikal occonnumy*," and "*regium donum*."

gained the decisive action of Kinsale against O'Neill and O'Donnell, and which, though receiving less pay, was exposed to the chief brunt of the engagement, was composed of IRISHMEN!¹ So much, in this instance, for what some, with Voltaire, may choose to call an *English* "conquest of Ireland!" The reduction of this country, in the time of Cromwell, can be as little entitled to the designation of an *English* "conquest of Ireland," owing to the religious and political divisions amongst its inhabitants; but, more particularly, to the base defection to Cromwell, through Lord Broghill's intrigues, of the forces of Lord Inchiquin, with the numerous garrison-towns and fortresses of Munster which he had under his command, and which the Irish had been at an "excessive charge" in supplying with every necessary during the preceding summer.

By this "untoward event," the fate of Ireland was decided, at a period, when, in consequence of the diminution of the English army from 12,000 to 5,000 disposable men, by the sword, by the climate, by garrison detachments, and by its two recent repulses at Waterford and Duncannon, Cromwell was in great difficulties in Munster, from the effects of the winter, the scarcity of provisions, and the approach of 5,000 foot and 500 horse, under the command of Major General Hugh O'Neill, the subsequent gallant

¹ Hume, vol. v. p. 404, 473, 474. Cadell's edit. London, 1789. By the same authority it appears, that the Irish war was so expensive, that, in addition to the money granted by Parliament, the Queen was obliged to exact loans from her people, and even to adopt other expedients for "raising the wind," such as "selling the royal demesnes and crown jewels!" See, also, Lingard, (*vol. v. chap. xi. p. 599, edit. 1823,*) and, for the other circumstances in the text, Curry's Review of the Civil Wars of Ireland, (*chap. ix. xii.*) The reason why Lord Mountjoy was glad to avail himself of the service of so many *Irish* in the *English* army, is well described in the contemporary language of the English poet Spencer, who both lived and wrote in Ireland. "I have heard," says he, "some great warriors say, that in ALL the services which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they NEVER SAW A MORE COMELY MAN THAN THE IRISHMAN, NOR THAT COMETH ON MORE BRAVELY TO HIS CHARGE!" As an additional example of the deadly animosity of the Irish against each other, at this period, when more than half the *English* army consisted of *Irishmen*, it may be mentioned, that, at the battle of Kinsale, Lord Clanricarde, an *Irish* Roman Catholic nobleman, in the Queen's service, would let no quarter be given, and killed no less than 20 men with his own hand! How long will ignorance, mendacity, and cowardice prate about an *English* "conquest of Ireland!"

defender of Clonmel and Limerick.¹ With this important force—disciplined and trained to victory as it had been, under its leader's late celebrated uncle, General Owen Roe O'Neill, the conqueror of Benburb²—there was every pro-

¹ With a body of between twelve and sixteen hundred of his gallant northerns, Hugh O'Neill defended Clonmel for two months against Cromwell at the head of 20,000 men, killing between two thousand and two thousand five hundred of the English in one assault alone, which lasted, according to Lingard, no less than four hours! The Irish general finally evacuated the place only from the want of powder and provisions, and, when he retired, withdrew his garrison so skilfully, that Cromwell, being unacquainted with the circumstance, gave the unarmed citizens as honourable terms of capitulation as if the garrison had been in the town. O'Neill, who, on this occasion, proved himself worthy of having served in the continental wars under such an experienced captain as his uncle, afterwards defended Limerick against Cromwell's son-in-law, Ireton, till he was compelled to capitulate by the machinations of a traitor; and so favourable was the impression which the Irish officer's conduct made upon his prejudiced and bigoted enemies, that his life was spared, even by those sanguinary fanatics. *Carte, MacGeoghegan, Taaffe, and Lingard.*

² The inopportune death of the brave and accomplished Owen Roe O'Neill, and the equally unlucky revolt of Lord Inchiquin's army, may be looked upon as the two causes of the submission of Ireland to the English Commonwealth. General Owen Roe O'Neill had distinguished himself on the continent in the Imperial and Spanish services, especially at the siege of Arras, in 1640, which he defended against the French with such ability as to gain their respect, and, though eventually obliged to surrender, only did so on the most honourable terms. In the north of Ireland, this able commander had given a still further proof of his military talents by the defeat of Cromwell's *brethren*, the Scotch fanatics, under Monroe, at the battle of Benburb. With inferior numbers, or but 5,000 infantry and 500 cavalry to 6,000 foot and 800 horse, he killed 3,243 of the enemy on the field of battle, besides those who fell in the pursuit, taking, with other prisoners, Lord Montgomery and twenty-one officers, all the Scotch artillery, arms, tents, baggage, and thirty-two stand of colours, together with an immense booty, containing 1,500 draught horses, and provisions of every kind for two months! And all this was done with but a loss to the Irish of but 70 men killed and 200 wounded! The Scotch general, Monroe, only saved himself from his victorious pursuers by a precipitate flight on horseback, leaving his coat, hat, and wig behind him! If such a commander as the defender of Arras and the conqueror of Benburb had lived to measure swords with Cromwell, it is consequently very probable, that by encamping behind the English in their *unsuccessful* sieges of Waterford and Duncannon, and by thus besieging the besiegers themselves, General O'Neill might have either destroyed or driven back the enemy to Dublin, and have likewise prevented the revolt of Inchiquin's troops, which, as traitors know their own advantage, might not have occurred under such

bability, but for the treachery after which Cromwell was enabled to take the field with 20,000 men, that such use could have been made of a neighbouring pass to harass the English troops, and to straiten them still further for provisions, that they would have been compelled to retrace their steps towards Dublin, with considerable loss. These favourable prospects were, however, completely blasted by the irreparable perfidy, which, by suddenly surrendering "all the considerable places in the province of Munster, as Cork, Youghall, Kinsale, Bandonbridge, Moyallo, and other garrisons under Lord Inchiquin," to the English army, "thereby gave them a safe retreat, free passage, and necessary provisions of all they wanted; as likewise harbours for their ships, to bring every thing to them they could desire. *This* defection, in so fatal a juncture of time, was," consequently, "not a loss or a blow" to the Irish, but "*a dissolution of the whole frame of their hopes and designs!*"¹ So much, in this instance too, for the idea of an *English* "conquest of Ireland," if "conquest" it *can* be called! And, as to what this "conquest" cost, at a

unpromising circumstances, and was subsequently the principal if not the entire cause of Cromwell's success. In fact, when Cromwell *had* to deal with a general of real skill, trained in the continental wars, such, for example, as the Scotch commander previous to the battle of Dunbar, who acquired his military knowledge in the same school as Owen Roe O'Neill, his republican Highness was only rescued from a disgraceful retreat into England by the contemptible fanaticism of the Scotch preachers, who forced their veteran commander to come down from his unassailable position, and thus wrenched a bloodless victory from his grasp. The character of General Owen Roe O'Neill, as it is drawn by the learned Carte, seems to have been as well adapted for a defensive warfare as that of Lesley; and there is no reason to believe that less success would have attended the Irish commander, who had both signally defeated Cromwell's fanatical brethren in the field, and was possessed of that military circumspection and experience, which, in Lesley's case, would have utterly foiled Cromwell, but for the presumptuous interference of spiritual folly or madness. Those O'Neills, indeed, were glorious fellows—worthy descendants of the race that held the Irish sceptre for 699 years! But *who* would be their present *honourable* and *titled* namesakes, of whom it may be so aptly observed, in the language of Burke, that "no people will *look forward to posterity*, who do not *often look backwards to their ancestors!*" If it is *not* true, as some assert, that the last of this really noble race died at the battle of the Boyne, how justly may *we* exclaim with the poet,—

"Oh! how unworthy of the brave and great!"

¹ Curry, book VIII. chap. vi. Lingard, vol. VII. p. 31, 32, & 33.

period when, according to British testimony, Ireland had not 1,500,000 inhabitants, nor England a revenue much above £2,000,000 a year, we find that the expense of the contest to England, and that portion of her *Irish* assistants denominated the "Protestant party," has been estimated by one British authority of those days at the immense sum of £22,191,258, and by others even so high as £34,480,000!¹ Descending to the next Irish war, or that of the revolution of 1688, Voltaire's remark, that the Irish have *always* fought badly at home, and that Ireland seems made for subjection, will appear to have no more foundation in truth than his erroneous notions respecting an *English* "conquest of Ireland," and even respecting the very circumstances of the battle of the Boyne and the other events of that war from which he ventures to draw such rash and hasty conclusions. Indeed, through the whole of that war, any want of success on the part of the Irish was attributable rather to foreign than to native misconduct—rather to the faults of their leaders, or of James and St. Ruth, than to any deficiency of military spirit or ability in the Irish soldiers or officers.

Thus, when in the first campaign against the English, or that of 1689, Schomberg was enclosed in a *cul de sac* amongst the bogs and morasses of Dundalk, where, from the unhealthiness of the situation, in addition to the moisture of the climate, the English lost, according to some accounts, 8,000, and, according to others, 9,000 men; when even their available troops, but 12, or 14,000 in number, were in a weak and dispirited condition; and when it was the general and well-grounded opinion in the Irish army, that, if attacked by their force of 20,000 men, Schomberg's troops would be destroyed or driven to their ships—James, instead of ordering an assault on the English camp, con-

¹ Story's Continuation of the History of the Wars of Ireland, chap. xi. p. 315-16. This writer, who is the best *English* authority for the transactions of the war of 1689-90, and 91, in Ireland, the whole of which he was present at as a chaplain to one of William's regiments, cites Sir John Borlase's (or, as he spells it, Burlace's) History for the *first* sum, and others, without naming them, for the *second* sum, in the text. The annual amount of the English revenue is taken from Hume, at its highest pitch, or under the administration of Cromwell; and the number of the population of Ireland is stated in round numbers from Sir William Petty, who calculates the Irish people, at the time of the insurrection of 1641, as 1,466,000.

tented himself with a mere idle demonstration to that effect, and then withdrew his soldiers with a degree of indecision, at once so unseasonable and ruinous, that Marshal Rosen naturally exclaimed, "If you possessed a hundred kingdoms, you would lose them!"¹

¹ MacGeoghegan, vol. III. p. 454-5. Dalrymple, vol. I. p. 436-441. Harris, p. 254. Story, *Imp. Hist.* p. 16, 17, 44, 45. King James's Memoirs, vol. II. p. 372 to 384. Keatinge's *Def. of Ireland*, chap. v. p. 17, 30, 31. In this chapter of his work, Col. Keatinge has given an interesting military analysis of the Irish campaigns of 1689, 1690, and 1691. James takes credit to himself for going to meet and for offering battle to Schomberg, with an army so harassed, dispersed, and enfeebled as the Irish forces were after the siege of Derry, instead of abandoning Dublin to the enemy, and falling back and waiting at Athlone and along the line of the Shannon for succours from France, as he states that he was advised to do by Marshal Rosen and several French officers. But, in not compelling the English to engage, with a force in such good spirits, and so superior in numbers, health, and strength, as he confesses that the Irish subsequently became, while the English, on the contrary, both from their own historian Story and from Schomberg's correspondence with William, appear to have been so enfeebled by disease, that they could hardly have resisted a vigorous attack, supported, as such an attack could have been, by the explosion of a plot in Schomberg's Huguenot regiments of some disguised French Catholics; by not acting, I say, as a good military judge, like Colonel Keatinge, thinks that a proper general ought to have acted against an enemy so circumstanced, James seems to have merited the censures of those historians who condemn his conduct on that occasion. He thus deprived himself of the great advantage which his Catholic partisans in Schomberg's camp might have given him, by declaring themselves for him at the most critical period, or in the very time of action; and, in consequence of the subsequent discovery and frustration of the plot by Schomberg, an opportunity for striking an important blow was lost that could never after be regained. (*Harris*, p. 246.) This line of argument respecting James is rendered still stronger by Story's admission, that it "certainly was not impossible to force the English camp," though entrenched, (*Imp. Hist.* p. 40.) and by the additional consideration, that though Schomberg was superior in point of artillery, yet he was so inferior in cavalry to James, that the latter, even in case of a repulse, would have been completely covered or protected by his horse against any thing like a decisive defeat. "If we," says Story, "had gone out into the plain, and had our foot charged by their horse at the rate we were afterwards at the Boyne, I know not what might have followed." (*Imp. Hist.* p. 45.) Indeed, the principle of "nothing venture, nothing have," which is so peculiarly applicable in war, was, to all appearance, never more strongly verified than on this occasion, when Schomberg, in addition to his complaint to William, that the pikes of his men were "rotten," and their muskets unfit to "use at all," adds, with respect to the military qualities of the English, who were perishing in his camp like diseased sheep—

CHAPTER V.

Extension of the same inquiry, in greater detail, to the Jacobite and Williamite war, containing a true, in opposition to the false, or British and Anglo-Irish statements, respecting the comparative amount of the Irish and English numbers, artillery, &c. at the Boyne; and also a passing review and comments on the events of that campaign, including William's repulse at Limerick, Marlborough's capture of Cork and Kinsale, the subsequent defeat of Ginckle's attempted winter operations against Kerry and Connaught, and the great annoyance given to the invaders by the Irish guerillas, or Rapparees.

As to the defeat of the Boyne, with which Voltaire connects such defamatory consequences to the Irish military character, that river, which is often no more than three or four feet deep in some parts, is quite fordable in summer, and consequently no such wonderful natural obstacle to the passage of a well-disciplined enemy as Voltaire would represent it to be; especially when it is considered, that James, against the able advice of his general, Hamilton, the night before the battle, left the important pass of Slane, which was the key to his position, inadequately guarded, till it was too late to remedy such a glaring and fatal mistake.¹

"The English nation is so DELICATELY BREED, that, as soon as they are out of their own country, they die the first campaign, in ALL the foreign countries where I have SEEN them serve!" With such troops, and in such a condition, would James have chiefly had to deal in case of an attack on their lazaretto camp at Dundalk; and what would have been the result in such circumstances, it does not appear to be difficult to foretell, notwithstanding what Schomberg has likewise observed of the usual ridiculous self-conceit of the English "parliament and people, who," says he, "have a prejudice that an English new-raised soldier can beat above six of his enemies!" (*Letters to King William, in Dalrymple, vol. II. p. 178, 180 & 181.*) The gallant old Marshal, who, at the age of 82, had ample experience of the military qualifications of every nation in Europe, found this vulgar dream of insular ignorance and beef-and-ale presumption to be of very little value in the camp of Dundalk. The *soldiership* that depends upon a butcher's stall, a brewery, and a warm bed, will do much better for a boxing-match than a *bivouac*; it will begin a campaign far better than it will end it. It is only the "boys" who can MARCH and STARVE as well as *fight* that will last to the end of that trying sort of business.

¹ MacGeoghagan, vol. I. p. 27. Colonel Keatinge, chap. V. p. 18,

Again, the defending army, or that of James, amounted to no more than 20,000 men, of which only 6,000 French could be counted experienced soldiers, the Irish levies being "newly raised, half disciplined, and half armed."¹ The attacking force, or that of William, is *stated* at 36,000 veteran troops, wanting for nothing, and in the highest state of discipline.² The defending, or Irish army, had only six

19, 20. Harris, copying Story, says that James, having called a council, "Lieutenant General Hamilton advised him to send eight regiments towards Slane." To which James replied, "he would send fifty dragoons towards Slane, which," continues Harris, "justly amazed Hamilton, considering the importance of the place to be defended!" James, indeed, partially acted upon Hamilton's advice, by subsequently sending Sir Neale O'Neill's dragoons and 6 guns to guard the pass. But, though they acted very well, they were not able to maintain that post against the enemy, who, to the amount of above 10,000 men, attacked it early in the morning, and carried it by superior numbers. (*Harris*, p. 267 & 8. *King James's Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 395 & 6.)

¹ King James's Memoirs, vol. II. p. 391 and 393. James must have best known the amount of his own troops at the Boyne, and, when he wrote, was too much influenced by religion, and weaned from the considerations of mere worldly glory, to be the author of a deliberate falsehood or misrepresentation. His army, too, was deprived of a body of troops, said to have amounted to 3 regiments of foot and 5 troops of horse, which, according to Story (*Imp. Hist.* p. 90.), were stated to have come from Munster to join the king, but, not arriving till the day after the battle, marched back again. This circumstance, and that of *Lausun's* 6,000 French being merely an EXCHANGE for *Mountcashel's* 6,000 Irish, left James's army no more than in 1689, or but about 20,000 men—the only difference being this, that, in 1689, James had 20,000 Irish, and, in 1690, 14,000 Irish, and about 6,000 French. (*Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 378, 387 and 388.) I neither take the number of James's army from an historian of William's party, nor the number of William's army from an historian of James's party, since, *unless where an author may be contradicted on data supplied by himself*, each side has a better right to know the amount of its own force than its enemy has. This is the course observed by our modern Polybius, Napier, in his excellent History of the Peninsular War. The Duke of Berwick makes the Irish army 23,000 and William's 45,000 men. (*Mem.* vol. I. p. 45.)

² Story, *Imp. Hist.* p. 70. Leland takes this estimate from Story, but states James's forces, without consulting any Irish authority, at about 33,000 in number! King James, on the other hand, (*Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 391 and 393,) makes William's army to have been above 40,000, or between 40 and 50,000 men; yet not without strong apparent grounds for doing so, since Story, (*Cont. Hist.* chap. II. p. 19,) in stating William's army at the Boyne as 36,000, adds, "though the world called us at least a third part more." A third, or 12,000, added to 36,000, would make 48,000 men, and "the world" did not entertain this opinion without a considerable semblance of probability. According to Story him-

cannon in the action. The attacking, or English force, had above FIFTY pieces of artillery. In fine, those 36,000 ve-

self, (*Contin. Hist.* p. 316,) the British regular forces in Ireland, in 1690, consisted of 2 troops of guards, 23 regiments of horse, 5 regiments of dragoons, and 46 regiments of foot. Taking William's army at the Boyne as 36,000 men complete, and comparing it with what it was when reviewed at Finglas after the action, it was found to contain, EXCLUSIVE of sergeants, officers, sick, wounded, and absent, a force of 30,330 SOLDIERS. (*Story, Imp. Hist.* p. 97.) This would require the addition of *about* a fifth, or 5,670 men, to constitute the full complement of 36,000. Besides this army, William had 4 more regiments, or those of Colonels Deering, Herbert, Hambleton, and White, which were in garrison, and, as such, not included in any calculation deduced from the review at Finglas. (*Story, Imp. Hist.* p. 97.) These 4 we find to have been infantry, as the cavalry regiments are duly accounted for at the review. Counting Solmes's 3 Dutch *battalions* at the review as equivalent to 3 *regiments*, the average number of each foot regiment at Finglas was 594 men—so that, taking each of the 4 *garrison* or non-included regiments at that number, and adding about a fifth to make up for the deficiencies already specified at Finglas, the 4 will *each* contain 705, or in all amount to about 2,820 men. But, as 38 and 4 make only 42 out of the 46 infantry regiments which Story says were in British pay in Ireland in 1690, we must add 4 *more* regiments, or another 2,820 men, to make up the 46. The account of William's numbers will consequently stand thus:—

Reviewed at Finglas,	30,330
Addition of <i>about</i> a fifth, as above accounted for, . . .	5,670
<hr/>	
<i>Acknowledged</i> at the Boyne,	36,000
Four regiments, in garrison or complete, at 705 men each,	2,820
Four regiments, not accounted for, ditto,	2,820
<hr/>	
GRAND TOTAL IN IRELAND,	41,640
Deduct 4 garrison regiments,	2,820
<hr/>	
<i>Really</i> at the Boyne,	38,820

But these 38,820 men were only the *regulars* actually in British pay, though it may be presumed, during a period of such bitter political and religious animosity in Ireland, that William's army would be swelled from the north by many Protestant irregulars or volunteers, actuated by sentiments of enthusiasm, revenge, or plunder. Amongst these were Dr. Walker, of Derry, and those incidentally alluded to by Story under the name of "Scots Irish," whose courage is sufficiently obvious from his mentioning them as having been across the river with Schomberg when he was slain, and whose keen sense of acquisitiveness appears in the circumstance of their having, even during the action, taken off "most of the plunder!" (*Story, Imp. Hist.* p. 82.) And these were, no doubt, a portion of the "*at least* a third part more" which

terans were literally LED by William, one of the most indefatigable and experienced captains of his own, or, indeed, of any age.¹

"the world" gave William credit for, though Story, to heighten the victory of his royal patron, might gloss over the obvious and explicit mention of any but William's *regular* troops. In short, from what we know of an Orangeman's inveterate anti-nationality and brutal bigotry even at present, or when political and religious liberality is so much more diffused than in 1690, there can be no reasonable doubt that William's army was assisted, and very effectually assisted, by a large number of northern Protestants, who then, as now, were better armed than the Irish Catholics—while James did not enjoy a parallel advantage on his side, since he informs us, (*Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 328, 391,) that even the 20,000 men who composed his regular army were but "half-armed," and *they* were all that he could arm, even to that extent, out of 100,000 men, who originally declared for him in less than one month, but had to be dismissed for want of adequate supplies of arms and money from France. (*Mem. ap. Macpherson's Orig. Pap.* vol. I. p. 176, 183, &c.) William, too, according to the information made use of by James, "drew out his troops from Belturbet, Inniskilling, and all the other parts of the country, leaving FEW men in ANY of his GARRISONS." (*Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 392.) So that, though *some* regiments of the number mentioned by Story as being in British pay in Ireland in 1690 may have been included amongst those that were in Ireland only for a time, and were afterwards sent to England, as some *were* by William, (*Harris*, p. 282;) and though James may have erroneously thought that William had *less* than 4 regiments in garrison; and consequently so much the greater number of men on the field of battle; yet it has been seen, that "the world" and James were not without many circumstances to strengthen the idea, that William's army really *was* "between 40 and 50,000 men," or, in Story's words, "*at least* a third part more" than 36,000 men. In fact, as the troops ordered from Ireland to England by William were not sent away till about July 27th, or some weeks *after* the battle of the Boyne, James, in his situation, had no reason to doubt the substantial or average correctness of his numerical estimate of the English army. Thus, *James's account of the number of William's army is more worthy of credit than the accounts of William's writers with respect to the number of James's army!*

¹ MacGeoghegan, who tells us, (vol. III. p. 447,) that he compiled his account of the Irish war from "several memoirs of credit," says that the artillery of James, at the battle, "consisted of but 12 field-pieces that were brought from France. (Vol. III. p. 457.) James, however, who is related by Story (*Imp. Hist.* p. 77, 78, 81) to have sent away *most of his* CANNON, with part of his baggage, towards Dublin, the *night* before the engagement—a statement confirmed by the royal *Memoirs*, except in the unimportant circumstance of the actual removal not having commenced till the *morning* just as the battle began—James, I say, reduces the number of cannon which he had in the field to half the number stated by the Abbé, or to but six pieces! (*Memoirs*, vol. II.

On the other hand, if, in addition to the great inferiority of James's force in numbers, discipline, equipments, and artillery, it be true, according to Chabrias, the Athenian

p. 395, 396.) "The King," say the Memoirs, after mentioning the commencement of the action by the advance of the English right wing towards Slane, and his command to the Irish left to march and oppose the enemy,—"*the King ordered . . . the baggage towards DUBLIN with ALL the CANNON but SIX which were directed to follow the left wing.*" (*Memoirs, vol. II. p. 396.*) Thus, by this additional specimen of fantastical *generalship* on the part of their royal leader, the Irish, as if they did not already labour under sufficient disadvantages, were deprived of "most of their cannon!"—a disadvantage, the extent of which may be sufficiently conceived, even without reading Story's account (*Imp. Hist. p. 79*) of the use made by William's army of *their* guns against the Irish left and centre! Indeed, as William was obliged to enter the river so early as a quarter after 10 o'clock to attack the Irish centre at Old-Bridge, since, if he "deferred it an hour longer," says Story, "then the tide, which generally comes up above Old-Bridge, would *certainly have prevented our men from passing either THERE or BELOW*: so that the *right wing of our army* had been exposed to the *hazard of fighting ALL theirs*, and the rest not able to come to their relief, till possibly it had been too late!"—as this was the case, it is plain, that it was by leaving this important position entirely without defence, though exposed to a heavy fire of artillery, that the passage *was* effected. (*Story, Contin. Hist. p. 24, and Imp. Hist. p. 79, 80, 81.*) Hence it appears, that by not sending off "most of the cannon" to Dublin, but by keeping it where it was really wanted, and by properly guarding the pass of Slane, James *might* have arrested William at the Boyne on the 1st of July, and that afterwards, from the reinforcements which would have joined the Irish army, and the news from England and the Continent, subsequently specified, William would have been still less enabled to cross the Boyne; if he would not have been obliged, before he could effect any thing, to quit Ireland in person with part of his forces, which, even after his victory, it was requisite to send to England. In fact, in depriving the Irish of the greater part of their artillery at such a juncture, one would think that James was trying whether Irish courage could not gain a battle even under circumstances that no other soldiers could be expected to win one; one would imagine that he meant to imitate those dog-fighters who break or cut off the fore-paws of their dogs to prove, that even when thus treated, the unfortunate animals can *still* "show fight." As to the number of William's guns, respecting which all the writers of his party that I have seen are most unsatisfactorily or suspiciously silent, James, in such circumstances, must be our only authority on the subject. In mentioning the cannonading of his camp by the enemy, the day before the battle, the king says of the English cannon, that "they were very numerous, being at least 50 pieces, (as was said,) with severall small mortars, which they fired also," (*Memoirs, vol. II. p. 391 and 395;*) and this is elsewhere substantially confirmed by two different statements of the royal author. In

general, that "an army of stags, led by a lion, would be better than an army of lions, led by a stag," what a great disadvantage and discouragement the Irish suffered, in being under such an unfortunate *imbecile*, nay such an absolute runaway, as James! Yet, after a brave struggle, which, in one period of the action, might have been fatal to a force not commanded by such able and gallant officers as William's were, the Irish army rallied, restored their order, cannonaded their pursuers, retreated in such style as elicited their enemy's commendation, and, in a word, only abandoned the contest, feeling or exclaiming, in the spirit of Chabrias's maxim, "Exchange kings, and we'll fight the battle over again!"¹ The loss of William—including the famous Marshal Schomberg, the gallant Caillemotte, commander of the French Protestants, and Walker, the brave

the first of these we are told, that according to Dean, an officer of Marshal Schomberg's ordnance, who deserted to the king in 1689, the Marshal's artillery consisted of 20 pieces and 6 mortars; and, in the second, we are informed, that the train which William himself brought over to Ireland in his fleet, the following year, amounted to "30 pieces of *great* cannon." (*Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 374 and 391.) Thus, exclusive of the mortars, "which they fired also," we have at the Boyne, between Schomberg's and William's train, 50 pieces of artillery—30 of these being particularly noted for their large size. The complete silence as to the amount of William's guns by the writers of *his* party has rendered this attempt of mine necessary, in order to ascertain the comparative strength of *his* and James's army in point of artillery. MacGeoghegan (vol. III. p. 456) makes William's army to have "had with them 60 pieces of heavy cannon;" so that the statement in the text of "above 50 pieces of artillery," is so amply justified as to appear considerably *under* rather than *over* the truth.

As to the number of cannon that James *might* have had at the Boyne, if he had not sent away all but 6 pieces to Dublin, it appears from the agreement of MacGeoghegan, (vol. III. p. 457,) as cited at the commencement of this note, and the interesting "*Journal of what passed in Ireland*," to be found amongst Nairne's Papers, (*ap. Macpherson, Orig. Pap. vol. I. p. 180*,) that the Irish artillery, before the battle, consisted of 12 field pieces; and the "excellent field-train" which, according to Story, (*Imp. Hist. p. 136*,) was brought by Lausun's troops "in the spring out of France," and "which they *took along with them when they returned*," is mentioned, upon the information of Mr. Payne, a Protestant merchant of Dublin, who escaped from that city to Schomberg and was by him sent to William, to have amounted to "about 20 field pieces." (*Rawdon Papers, p. 316*.) Thus James, with his own 12 and Lausun's 20 pieces, *might* have had 32 instead of only 6 guns in action at the Boyne!

¹ Dalrymple, vol. I. p. 495-96-98. Leland, vol. III. p. 568.

defender of Derry—was 500 men ; and James's—with the exception of the capture of Lieutenant General Hamilton, including no personage at all approaching to the military celebrity of the two officers of William—amounted to no more than 1,000 men, two or three standards, and ONE cannon : a very trifling loss, indeed, on the side of the Irish, when the very great inferiority of their royal *leader*, their numbers, their discipline, and their artillery, is duly considered.¹

¹ With the exception of a want of steadiness in some newly-raised infantry in the centre at Old-Bridge, (*Imp. Hist.* p. 79, 80,) and the conduct of Lord Dungan's and two regiments of Clare dragoons in the same part of the action, (*James's Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 399, and *MacGeoghegan*, vol. III. p. 457,) the Irish army, but especially the cavalry, behaved very well in the engagement ; a fact sufficiently evinced by the continuance of the battle, under so many disadvantages to the *Irish*, from 6 in the morning until night—and THIS in July ! (*Imp. Hist.* p. 78, 85, & *MacGeoghegan*, vol. III. p. 458.) The small share which the *English* had in the conflict and other circumstances connected with it are well set forth by Story. "As to our *English* forces," says he, "there were few of them that had an opportunity at this place to show themselves, but those that had acquitted themselves very well ; the *French* and *Inniskilliners* did good service ; and, to give the *Dutch Guards* their due, they deserve immortal honour for what they did that day. I inquired of several who they were that managed *the retreat the IRISH made that day* SO MUCH TO THEIR ADVANTAGE, for (not to say worse of them than they deserve) *it was in GOOD ORDER AS FAR AS WE COULD SEE THEM*, (I mean with the horse and *French* foot,) whatsoever they did afterwards ; but I could hear of none in particular ; . . . but this is certain, that the *French* were towards the left of their army that day, and so *did* LITTLE or NO service, except it was in the retreat ; whereas if they had posted them, instead of the *Irish* foot, at the pass [*i. e.* of Old-Bridge] we had found warmer work of it. But Providence orders all things, and amongst those the counsels of the greatest." (*Imp. Hist.* p. 89.) The loss of William in killed is stated by his clerical historian to have been so incredibly low as only "*nigh* 400 !" Now, in the passage of a river in the face of a hostile force that behaved as the *Irish* did, or in other words, after an engagement which, under such circumstances, commenced so early, and continued till so late in a long summer's day, it is surely very improbable that William's slain were so few ! In truth, as we read of no considerable detachment made from William's army at the battle, but one of 1,300 men against Drogheda, (*Imp. Hist.* p. 89,) even if we make the most ample allowances on the score of wounded, absent, officers, &c., we can hardly suppose that an army of 36,000 men complete, on the 1st of July, could, by nothing more than a quiet summer march from the Boyne to Dublin, be reduced on the 5th, at Finglas, to but 30,330 effective *soldiers*, unless the loss of that army was more than "*nigh* 400 !" Harris, (p. 270,) in prefer-

After this action, part of the seven French battalions whom Lausun had recently brought to Ireland in the place of six Irish battalions, forming the brigade of Mountcashel, who had been transferred in exchange to France, proceeded to Kinsale, where they embarked for France; and the remainder of the French, under Lausun, marched to Galway for the same purpose—thus *injuring Ireland more than*

ring to state William's killed as "about 500," while he at the same time observes, that "*others say much fewer,*" is decidedly more credible in the authorities which he follows. The loss of James's army—estimated by Story at "between 1,000 and 1,500 men," and mentioned by Harris to have been "generally computed at 1,500 men, though some," he adds, "reckon it not to exceed half that number"—has been stated by the Duke of Berwick, a leader in the Irish army, at about 1,000 men. (*Mémoires*, vol. i. p. 49.) The principal personages killed on James's side were Lords Dungan and Carlingford, the Marquis d'Hooquincourt, and Sir Neale O'Neill. (*Harris*, p. 270.) One of the colours lost by the Irish was captured by the Dutch Blue Guards, in the centre, (*Harris*, p. 268,) and the remainder, vaguely stated as "one or two" standards, by Schomberg's French horse, in the left wing. (*Imp. Hist.* p. 83.) The single cannon left behind by the Irish, was 1 out of the 6, which James did not send away before the battle to Dublin, but despatched with Sir Neale O'Neill towards Slane, where it was only abandoned, notwithstanding the superior force of the enemy, and the obstacles which the ground presented to the carriage of heavy guns, on account of its being "bogged." But the other 5 pieces were honourably brought off. (*King James's Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 396–7, 401, & *Story*, *Imp. Hist.* p. 79.) The Duke of Berwick, who describes James's troops as charging and recharging the superior number of the enemy's army ten several times after it had passed the river, and as making such an impression by this gallant conduct, as to occasion a halt, while *they* reformed their lines, and retreated at slow step towards Duleek, speaks in these honourable terms of the Irish retreat, after mentioning the passage of the rivulet, or Nanny Water, by the Irish cavalry:—"Nous nous ralliâmes," says he, "de l'autre côté, et toute notre armée s'y rangea en bataille. Les ennemis en firent autant vis-à-vis de nous, mais n'osèrent nous attaquer. Après quelque peu de temps, nous nous remimes en marche, et fumes suivis par partie de l'armée ennemie; toutes les fois qu'à quelque défilé nous faisons halte, ils en faisoient de même, et je crois qu'ils étoient bien aises de nous faire un pont d'or!" (*Mem.* vol. I. p. 49.) Altogether, with the great deficiency in point of numbers, discipline, equipments, artillery, and generalship, against which the Irish had to contend at the Boyne, their conduct *there* was any thing but discreditable to the military character of their country: and, as for Voltaire's inferring any superiority of the *English* over the *Irish*, as soldiers, from the result of that battle, the inference is as unjustifiable as it is superficial, since, even according to Story himself, the honour of the victory is due to the foreign mercenaries and *northern Irish* troops in William's service, and not to the *English*.

*they served her, by retaining HER troops on the Continent and withdrawing THEIRS from Ireland*¹—while James, in his flight, equally contributed to deprive the nation who fought for him of any benefit from their French alliance.

Before the engagement at the Boyne, he had been advised, on a consideration of the general superiority of William's force, that it would be better to allow them the temporary advantage of entering Dublin;² that the Irish should, meantime, fall back upon the strong line of the Shannon;³

¹ MacGeoghagan, vol. III. p. 456–58–59. The Duke of Berwick's censure of Lausun, for not attacking the English on the Slane side at the battle of the Boyne, may, perhaps, be excused or palliated by the delay which a considerable curve in the river, and other matters, would occasion to the march of a body of troops from the Irish main army towards Slane. But no disgrace could be too great for that French officer's conduct in writing over to France a most discouraging and injurious account of the affairs of Ireland; in demanding ships for the desertion of the country he was sent to defend; in remaining idle, near Galway, with about 3,000 men, during William's attack on Limerick; and in then causing, by his departure, the capture of Cork and Kinsale by Marlborough, owing to the consequent want of a sufficient force, on the Duke of Berwick's part, to attempt the relief of those important sea-ports. On his return to France, Lausun, instead of merely losing his reputation at court, should have had his head taken off his shoulders. (*Berwick, Mem. vol. I. p. 55 & 56. Harris, p. 283 & 302.*)

² James informs us that *his* motive for preferring to fight at the Boyne was the great superiority, in public estimation, which the enemy would acquire by getting possession of the Irish capital. Considered merely in itself, this notion was, in reality, a just one. As regards a hostile invasion from England, scarcely any metropolis can be worse situated for safety against the attack of such a neighbouring state than Dublin is. Were Ireland an independent nation, *HER* capital should be about the centre of the island, or in that part of the country which could be easiest assisted from every side, and would be farthest away from the frontier in *all* directions. Proper batteries on all the commanding points of the numerous islands on the Shannon would sufficiently guard against any such catastrophe as the ascent to and capture of Washington by water; and, by land, the farther an invader would advance into the country towards an inland metropolis, the weaker *he* would be, and the stronger his opponents! In case of such a revolution in Ireland—a revolution which might, in fact, have occurred, were James a man of spirit and well supported by France—Dublin *should* become with respect to a new metropolis what Rome did to Constantinople and Moscow to Petersburg. But, in the present political situation of Ireland with regard to its neighbour, the position of *OUR* capital to England is quite natural. *The handle of the tankard should be as convenient as possible to the grasp of him who wishes to DRAIN it.*

³ "The great object in the map of Ireland," says Colonel Keatinge,

strengthen their garrisons; draw William away from his ships, on which he relied for ammunition and provisions; and wait for the result of the French military operations against the Allies in Flanders, and the approaching fulfilment of Louis's promise,—whose fleet had beaten the English, the year before, in Bantry Bay,—that he would send a large naval armament into the English Channel, and a squadron of frigates and privateers to the Irish coasts to burn all William's transports! From the superiority of the French at sea, this last undertaking appeared easy and certain. William would have been consequently shut up in a hostile island, till a new fleet of transports could be prepared in England—if his army would not be even ruined, in the interval, by the burning or capture of his stores of bread and ammunition, that, says Harris, “sailed along the coast as he advanced, WITHOUT A SAFE PORT TO COVER AND SECURE THEM;” and, during the absence of the English forces in Ireland, Britain, unprotected against a foreign invasion from an enemy, superior at sea, and supported by the exertions of the Stuart party, would, in all probability, be lost to William! On his arrival in Dublin from the Boyne, James, according to Macpherson, received letters containing an account of the defeat of the Allies, with a loss of above 7,000 men, at Fleurus, and, about the same time, news arrived in Ireland of the naval victory of the French over the combined fleets of England and Holland, that were beaten into the Thames, with a loss of 8 ships of the line, besides others rendered unfit for service.² Yet, though aware of the paramount importance of destroying William's transports, James, on meeting, on his passage from Ireland, with the Marquis de Seignelay's frigates coming to destroy William's unprotected shipping on the Irish coasts, actually made the French armament return, merely to escort *himself* back to France!—thus abandoning Ireland to her invader, by depriving HER of the most effec-

“is the Shannon. This great chain of lakes cuts off an entire province from the rest of Ireland, and may be classed with the Elbe, and almost with the Rhine, whose banks furnish so many important events in the military history of Europe.” (*chap. i. p. 4.*)

¹ Tindal's *Rapin*, vol. III. p. 90. Dalrymple, vol. I. p. 488–9.

² Tindal's *Rapin*, vol. III. p. 93, 103–4. Macpherson, vol. I. p. 592, 594, 595, 600, 602. Of this naval action, a Dutch writer keenly and truly said, that “the French gained the *victory*, the Dutch the *honour*, and the English—the *SHAME*!” (*Harris, p. 276.*)

tual succour, she could have received, and at the same time freeing HIM from the danger of which he was most justly apprehensive.¹ On this crowning act of injustice towards her, Ireland might well exclaim, “Lord protect me from my *friends*, and I’ll protect myself from my *enemies*!” And thus much for this unhappy being with whom no nation that was connected could prosper, though Voltaire so unfairly ventures to disparage the military character of the Irish nation, in particular, from the bad success of THEIR affairs in connexion with that miserable legitimate—as if it could be expected that better fortune could have attended the Irish under such unlucky auspices, than would have attended any other nation under the rule of the same wretched specimen of enmity to his friends, and friendship to his enemies!

With respect to the first siege of Athlone, upon which, and the line of the Shannon, the Irish army fell back after the defeat of the Boyne, that town was successfully defended, during a siege of seven days, by the gallant old governor, Colonel Grace, against General Douglas’s force of 10 regiments of infantry, and 5 of cavalry, amounting, when complete, to 8,794 men, with a train of 12 cannon and 2 mortars, and the baffled besiegers, after a loss of 330 men, compelled to content themselves with a renewal of such *glory* in their retreat, as they had already earned in their advance through the country, by a career of indiscriminate ravaging, plunder, perfidy, and murder.²

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 25. Dalrymple, vol. i. p. 489, 497. This curious and important circumstance—to say nothing of many others—is not noticed in any of our feeble and imperfect compilations, entitled “*Histories of Ireland*.” But such a work—to commence from the English invasion—would, if properly written, be a second “*Common Sense*,” with regard to certain *sisterly* usurpations, and their *East* and *West* British upholders. It should be the work, not merely of learning and patriotism, but of honesty, independence, and courage—of one equally determined to think out, to speak out, to write out, and, if necessary, to act out.

“Self-contradiction is the only wrong!
For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
Is every individual’s character
That acts in strict consistence with itself.”

SCHILLER’S *Wallenstein*.

² For the barbarous, faithless, and cruel conduct of Douglas’s army, in its march to and from Athlone, see Macpherson and Leland, in Curry,

The success of William himself, though he had occupied Dublin, Drogheda,¹ Wexford, Waterford, and Duncannon

book x. chap. 19. The amount of Douglas's force is estimated from the calculation given before, (*note 2, p. 184;*) and the number and description of that general's regiments, being 10 of foot, 3 of horse, and 2 of dragoons, are taken from Story, *Imp. Hist.* p. 99. The Irish garrison of Athlone, who, *BEFORE the raising of the siege*, were "but 800 men," according to a despatch from Douglas himself, recited in a letter of July 24th, 1690, from William's camp at Carrick-on-Suir, (*Rawdon Papers, p. 327 & 9,*) become, in Story's narrative, *AFTER the siege*, no less than 3 regiments of foot, 9 troops of dragoons, and 2 of horse, making, by the scale of numbers in James's regiments, (deduced from a comparison and correction of Story, *Imp. Hist.* p. 98, with *Cont. Hist.* p. 31,) a force of 2,986 men; and even "more," it is *added*, that "lay encamped not far off!" (*Imp. Hist.* p. 97, 98, & 103.) An Irish reader will judge whether this great difference between these *two* English estimates of the Irish garrison can be most reasonably accounted for by the supposition of Douglas's having at first received erroneous information; or by a reinforcement having actually arrived, and raised the garrison from its original complement of "but 800 men;" or, lastly, by the existence of a *prudent necessity* on the part of an English *official* writer and Parson, like Story, to varnish over the repulse of Douglas, *AFTER* its occurrence, by adding considerably to the numbers of that officer's Irish enemies. In fact, even without dwelling on the great instance of carelessness or suppression, upon Story's part, that has been before demonstrated, (*note 2, p. 184,*) may not almost *any* partiality be suspected of a writer, who, in stating the English loss in this Athlone affair at 330 men, affirms that but 30 of these were killed before the place, (i. e. after a *week's* firing!) and the remaining 300 by what he styles "sickness and other accidents?" (*Cont. Hist.* p. 32.) An army, forsooth, marches from Dublin to Athlone; the time, July, is the very finest in the year; the people are submissive; the troops *take care* that *they* shall not want subsistence; the march, beginning on the 9th and ending on the 17th, both inclusive, lasts 9 days, being no more than something between 5 and 6 miles a day, taking Athlone as 50 miles from Dublin, according to the writer's own statement, or if 59 miles, on Seward's better authority, (*Typ. Hib. art. Athlone,*) only between 6 and 7 miles daily; the hostile operations between this army and the garrison of Athlone, who successfully defend themselves, continue briskly from July 18th to the 24th, or for 7 days; and then the *historian* of this unsuccessful army, after making its loss no more than 300 men, coolly tells us, that but 30 of these, or little more than 3 per day, were destroyed by their enemies during a week's hostilities—the surplus 300 dying by such *likely* causes of destruction as the "sickness and other accidents" that *could* happen under such circumstances as those of the expedition, previous to the attack upon the town! (*Story, Imp. Hist.* p. 99–104, and *Cont. Hist.* p. 31 & 2.) This may pass for *English* but most certainly not for *Irish* history! The total loss of Douglas when he finally joined William near Limerick is stated at 400 men. (*Imp. Hist.* p. 104.)

¹ With the usual bullying and brutal insolence of the representatives

Fort,¹ and was joined by Douglas, was no better against Limerick, than that of Douglas against Athlone. Before a town, on viewing whose weak fortifications one of the French generals exclaimed, with an oath, that it "*might be taken with ROAST apples!*" the English, with a regular force, *stated* at 20,000,² but probably at least 25,000 men, were resisted by a garrison, of which only 10,000 out of 20,000 were properly armed. William's artillery of 6 twenty-four pounders and 2 eighteen pounders, with his tin

of English tyranny in Ireland, the governor of Drogheda, who was in arms for his legitimate sovereign, or the king acknowledged by the Irish parliament, was summoned by the invader to surrender that town before the English battering train arrived, or to expect that usual specimen of English *mercy* in Ireland, called "NO QUARTER!"—(*Story, Imp. Hist. p. 89.*) How the Irish garrison fared, when they *DID* surrender, is as follows. "When Drogheda"—says the honest Protestant clergyman Lesley, whose answer to Archbishop King's *Musgrave* libel of that day, "*The State of the Protestants of Ireland under King James's Government,*" was suppressed by authority, because it never was, nor could be, really answered,—“When Drogheda surrendered to King William, after the defeat of the Boyne, the sick and wounded soldiers *were*, by the capitulations, *to be taken care of*, and *to be sent with passes to their own army, as they recovered*, but they were *not only* NEGLECTED, and *might have STARVED but for the charity of some of their own poor countrymen*, who sold their beds and clothes to relieve them, but they were also *kept as prisoners after they recovered, contrary to the articles.*” See Curry, book x. chap. 1, 2, & 19.

¹ Dalrymple, vol. i. p. 501.

² Harris, p. 285. The following deductions from William's *regular* army—calculated by Story as 36,000 complete at the Boyne, but already proved to have been 38,820 men—may serve to show the closest *probable* estimate of the English besieging force at Limerick, stated by Harris, and, after him, by Leland, at but 20,000 men.

	Men.
Loss at the Boyne,	500
Party sent to besiege Drogheda,	1,300
Left at Dublin, under Trelawny, 5 regiments of foot, (705 each,) and 1 of horse, (286 ditto,)	3,811
Deduction from Douglas's force of Colonel Babington's, Tiffin's, and St. John's foot, with Colonel Woolsley's <i>large</i> horse regiment, stated at 423 strong (<i>Imp. Hist. p. 95</i>)—making, with the 400 men lost in the expedition to and from Athlone,	2,938
Waterford, garrison not particularized, but allowing the same as James's, or 2 regiments,	1,410
Wexford, Kilkenny, Duncannon Fort, Youghal, and Clonmel, altogether, say 4 regiments, or	2,820
Total,	<hr/> 12,779

or copper boats for laying a bridge over the Shannon, and a considerable supply of powder and provisions, were surprised, intercepted, and blown up at Ballynedy, but 7 miles from the English camp, by from 500 to 800 Irish cavalry from Limerick under Colonel Sarsfield, who, killing 60 of the convoy on the spot, completely dispersing the rest, making a considerable booty of horses, and eluding 3 different bodies of cavalry sent after him, got back, with the loss of but 16 stragglers, in safety to Limerick! And, when *this* loss was so far remedied by the fire, for several days, of 36 pieces of cannon and 4 mortars, that a breach was made 12 yards or 36 feet wide—when a general assault was ordered with an attacking force of from 10 to 12,000 men, with a due reserve of cavalry from the main army, all animated to the very highest pitch by fighting under the royal eye, and by the national emulation excited between the English, Dutch, Danes, Brandenburgers, and French and Irish protestants—when the town was actually entered—after a desperate contest of above 3 hours and a half—during which the unceasing thunder of the cannon and the roar of musketry is described by one who was present as so terrific, that one might suppose the skies were

William's <i>regular</i> army at the Boyne,	.	.	38,830
German and Swiss deserters from Lausun,	.	.	800
			<hr/>
			39,120
Deduct as not present at Limerick,	.	.	12,779
			<hr/>
ENGLISH "REGULAR" FORCE AT LIMERICK,	.	.	26,341

For the party sent against Drogheda, all of whom, to avoid too great minuteness of calculation, are allowed to have remained there, though Brigadier La Melloniere and Colonel Cutts and his men, who "took possession of the place," are afterwards mentioned as taking part in the siege of Limerick—for the detachments from Douglas's army, not at Limerick—for the force at Dublin, a draft from which sent to England at the end of July, after the capture of Waterford, Wexford, &c. subsequently mentioned, appears to have been filled up by the embodying and arming of the Dublin militia, &c.—for the amount of James's garrison at Waterford—for Wexford, in which James left only 1 and in Youghal only 3 companies of foot, and in which William would probably not have more than twice those amounts of men—for Clonmel and Kilkenny, which, as having been at once evacuated, seem to have been thought indefensible—and for Duncannon Fort, which, though strong, was small, and consequently did not require a large garrison, see Story, (*Imp. Hist.* p. 98–111,) and Harris, (p. 278–285.)

rending asunder, and “the smoke that came from the town reached in one continued cloud to the top of a mountain at least 6 miles off!”—the besiegers were gallantly repulsed to their trenches, with a loss not amounting to 400 men on the part of the victorious Irish, while on that of William there were about 2,000 soldiers and 158 officers, killed and wounded! The king, in fine, after asking the garrison for, and being “haughtily refused,” a truce to bury his dead, was forced to abandon the siege.¹

¹ King James, vol. II. p. 415–16. Berwick, vol. I. p. 50, 51 & 53. Story, Imp. Hist. p. 119, 20, 21, 28, 29, 30, 31, & 32, & Cont. Hist. plate, p. 38. Rawdon Papers, p. 331 & 32. MacGeoghegan, vol. III. p. 459 & 60. Leland, vol. III. p. 582. The loss of the Irish, on this occasion, is given from the Duke of Berwick, (vol. I. p. 51,) who, from his situation in Limerick during the siege, would be well informed on the subject; and the loss of William, on account of the avowedly incomplete information of Story on that *delicate* point, and the glaring error of Harris’s statement, (p. 288,) which makes the loss of the invader, even during the entire siege, to have been only “between 1000 and 1,200 men,” may be moderately computed from other English sources as follows:—

	Men.
By the “ <i>List of Slain and Wounded in the Attack made on Limerick, on the 20th (it should be the 27th) of August, 1690, transmitted by the Secretary at War to the Earl of Nottingham, and given in Harris, Appendix 51, there were killed or disabled, without saying any thing of the Brandenburgers, 158 officers and 1531 soldiers, making altogether,</i>	1,689
Brandenburgers, mentioned by Story (<i>Imp. Hist. p. 96 & 129</i>) and the Rawdon Papers, (p. 337,) of whom nearly two-thirds of a regiment, containing 631 soldiers after the battle of the Boyne, are spoken of as having been blown into the air, during the attack, by the explosion of the Irish powder-magazine at the <i>Black Battery,</i>	400

<i>Supposed total of William’s loss from English evidence,</i>	2,089
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This sufficiently justifies the habitually cautious veracity of King James’s assertions, who makes William’s loss, in killed and wounded, at this attack, to have been “*at least*” 2,000 men, (*Mem. vol. II. p. 418;*) though the Duke of Berwick estimates the slain *alone* at 2,000. (*Mem. vol. I. p. 51.*) Nor is the Duke’s statement without very strong appearances of probability. In advancing against the *Irish Town*, or that half of Limerick, which (except through the minor or more remote and indirect operation of William’s bombs and artillery) was the main object of the king’s attack, his troops were directly flanked by the *King’s Island* in the Shannon, upon which the other and more distant half of Limerick, called the *English Town*, lay. That portion of the *King’s Island*, not covered by the buildings of the *English Town*, was fenced with a pro-

In this celebrated repulse of William at Limerick, two circumstances occurred, that reflect a halo of the purest and

protecting line of works opposite, in a flanking direction, to the site of William's operations at the other side of the Shannon; and, besides these protecting works, the island was strengthened by a body of Irish troops and a newly-raised fort. (See Story's plate, *Cont. Hist.* p. 38.) During the attack upon the breach, the gallant Brigadier Talbot, making a dashing sally upon the besiegers with 500 men from a horn-work where he was stationed, ran round the wall at the outside, charging the enemy's rear, and getting back again into the breach! (*Berwick*, vol. i. p. 50.) In addition to this circumstance, "the Irish," says Story, "had 2 small field-pieces planted in the *King's Island*, which flankt their own counterscarp, and in our attack did us no small damage, as did also 2 guns more that they had planted within the town, opposite to the breach and charged with cartridge-shot." (*Imp. Hist.* p. 130.) Hence, with nearly 3 hours pelting of every sort of missile which the besiegers received from the counterscarp, (of which pelting more anon)—with Brigadier Talbot's smashing sally upon their rear from the horn-work—with 2 pieces of cannon helping them through the breach to plenty of cartridge-shot in their van—and with 2 more pieces from the island tearing away at their right flank—with all these obstacles, even the "*British heart and the British arm*" must have been cut up in such sweeping style, that, if the Irish gunners were not very ignorant of their business, the Duke of Berwick's estimate of William's slain *alone* at 2,000 does not appear unreasonable; especially when all these circumstances are associated with the already-demonstrated incompleteness of Story and the above-quoted official return upon the subject. The statement in the text will consequently not appear exaggerated. This success of the Irish, it should be observed, was the more creditable to *them*, since it was obtained in spite of the most shameless desertion and opposition on the part of their French allies, and, what is not improbable, though hitherto not commented upon by any historian, with something too like positive *treachery* on the part of those allies. "For," says King James, "*as soon as the enemy had appear'd before Limerick, the French Generall with ALL his troops marched streight to Galway, takeing with him a great quantity of amunition, &c.; so that, instead of assistance during the siege, the Irish were weaken'd by them in their stores, which might have been necessary for their defence!*" Then, after mentioning that Lausun indeed gave back what he had taken, though not until "*AFTER the siege was raised,*" James very properly remarks, "that this piece of conduct in abandoning a country they were sent to succour, and which it was so much the intrest of France to support at so critical a juncture, when the last stake was engaged, and the Irish resolved to make a vigorous defence, was SUCH A PARADOX AS COULD SCARCE BE FATHOMED!"—after which he adds, that "some discontented persons sayd that Monsieur Lausune and the French being excessive weary of the country, *had a mind Limerick should be taken, to excuse their leaveing it, that therefore they cared not how things went, nor what disorder they committed;*" and, finally, "that Boislau (i. e. Boisseleau, the French governor at Limerick,) *dureing the assault, order'd several battalions from the breach, which*

noblest glory upon the name of Ireland in general, and of Limerick in particular. After driving the English from the

had he been obeyd in, THE TOWN HAD BEEN LOST !" (*Mem. vol. II. p. 420 & 21.*) These assertions of what are called "discontented persons" are, moreover, curiously enough countenanced by a very significant passage in the postscript of a private letter written to Sir Arthur Rawdon from William's camp before Limerick, August 29, 1690, or but two days after the king's defeat. After having said, "we never have received such a foil!" the writer adds, "*we got THEIR countersign—got into the breach—but were beaten back.*" (*Rawdon Papers, p. 337 & 38.*) And this English letter is countenanced, if not positively confirmed, in its statement, by the following extract from the Duke of Berwick, which admits that the breach was surprised, under circumstances connected with its weak condition and immediate vicinity to the enemy, that can only be rationally accounted for by a supposition of the most unprecedented neglect or foolhardiness, or else of positive treachery, on the part of a military governor like Boisseleau:—" *La tranchée,*" says the Duke, "*n'étant qu'à deux toises (12 feet) des pallisades (around the city) et n'ayant pas de fossés, les ENNEMIS FURENT SUR LE HAUT DE LA BRECHE AVANT QUE L'ON EUT L'ALARME DE L'ATTACQUE !*" (*Mem. vol. I. p. 51.*) Before taking leave of Limerick, after the raising of the siege, in order to sail from Ireland to France with Lausun, Boisseleau, too, according to Story, (*Imp. Hist. p. 133,*) instead of giving any praise or encouragement to the brave garrison and inhabitants in consequence of their success, showed, on the contrary, by a speech, as unjust to them as it could well be, that he hated them so much as to be sorry for their victory; and thus gave sufficient countenance to the accusations of those, who said, that he absolutely *endeavoured to prevent it!* In fine, such was the dangerous state to which Limerick was reduced by Lausun's depriving it of ammunition, that but for a lucky deficiency of ammunition, likewise, on the side of William, the town must, in case of another assault, have been taken,—the Duke of Berwick mentioning, that after the king's repulse the Irish garrison had but 50 barrels of powder left. (*Mem. vol. I. p. 52, & Harris, p. 288.*) It is, then, to the brave garrison and the inhabitants of Limerick, to Sarsfield, and to the Duke of Berwick, James's gallant son, who watched over his father's interests there, that William's defeat was alone owing. For, if we connect Lausun's conduct with respect to Limerick as a positive deserter and ammunition-pillager, with Boisseleau's proved sympathy in his commander's aversion and injustice to Ireland, as evinced by the unhandsome speech made to depreciate and discourage the Irish, even after their success; if we associate these circumstances with the heavy accusation in James's Memoirs concerning Boisseleau's orders to the garrison during the assault; if we combine with this last and the foregoing particulars the concise though positive admission in the private letter from the Rawdon Papers, that treachery was working somewhere or somehow *against* the Irish and *for* the English, who, it may be added, have always had so much *money* to support the *honour* of the "*British heart and the British arm;*" if we weigh all these matters duly, it must appear, that the Irish at Limerick had not only to resist the open enemy, but the hidden traitor; and *whence*

breach, a portion of the Irish garrison entered the English camp in their turn, and "in the confusion," says Dalrymple, "the English hospital having by accident taken fire, part of the victorious Irish stopped the pursuit, and rushing into the flames to quench them, saved the lives of their enemies, at the hazard of their own!"¹

The other circumstance is that of the memorable self-devotion of the women of Limerick, who, after the English had beaten the men from their post, drove them back to the combat, boldly stood in the breach, even nearer to the English soldiers than the men of the garrison, and for nearly 3 hours, contributed to assail the enemy so vigorously with stones, bullets, and every attainable missile,² that to this splendid exertion of female heroism, unsurpassed in the brightest periods of classic antiquity, King William's own historian mainly attributes the triumphant expulsion of the besiegers from the city—

"Foil'd by a woman's hand before a batter'd wall!"³

such treason proceeded, may be inferred from the previous facts and observations. The Irish countersign *might*, indeed, have been made known to the English by some Irish deserter; but this admission does not, by any means, explain away the rest of the alleged conduct of Lausun and Boisseleau against a brave people, whom they were sent to strengthen and to encourage in opposing the invasion of a usurper, instead of first endeavouring to weaken and depress, and then totally deserting them!

¹ Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 42, Lond. edit. 1790. It may be requisite to state, except here and at note 1, p. 182, I have quoted from a Dublin edition of 1780, in 2 volumes; but shall henceforth cite from the London edition. Dalrymple's authority is O'Halloran, (*Hist.* vol. I. p. 406-7, and 418,) and O'Halloran, both as an Irish historian and a native of Limerick, was sufficiently well informed as a writer and as a native of that city to be an adequate voucher for the fact alluded to, since, in addition to his reading on the subject, he was born near enough to the period of the occurrence in question, to learn all about it from many old persons, yet living in his time. See Ferrar's *History of Limerick*, p. 96, and 369-70.

² Tindal's *Rapin*, vol. III. p. 99.

³ "The Irish then ventured upon the breach again," says Story, describing the rally of the garrison against the English troops, "and from the walls, and every place so pestered us upon the counterscarp, that after nigh three hours resisting, bullets, stones, (*broken bottles from the very women, who boldly stood in the breach, and were nearer to our men than their own*), and whatever ways could be thought on to destroy us, our ammunition being spent, it was judged safest to return to our trenches." (*Imp. Hist.* p. 129.) The narrow insensibility of the English scribe to this noble spectacle of Irish female heroism is sufficiently evinced by his enclosing it in a mere parenthesis.

These incidents, in which the two sexes displayed such a magnanimous rivalry, that the virtues which were supposed to be more peculiarly distinctive of *each* were united in the conduct of *both*—in which, when the men were repulsed by the enemy, it was only to have their places supplied by the bravery of the women, and, when the men, with the aid of *that* bravery, were routing the enemy, it was only to manifest towards the fallen foe all the tenderness and humanity of women, combined with the victorious intrepidity of men—*these* incidents, I say, require no comment—they speak for themselves—

“The MAN that is not moved with what he reads,
That takes not fire at *such* heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind and born to be a slave !”

So far, the campaign of 1690, in the purely FIGHTING part of it, was more in favour of the Irish than against them. William's success at the Boyne might be called rather a victory over James than his army, as *they* proved by their subsequent triumph over the conqueror in person at Limerick; while they equally removed any derogatory imputation that might have been cast upon the national bravery by the splenetic ingratitude of the very man, who unjustly laid to *their* charge the misfortune, which was principally if not entirely owing to his own notorious misconduct. According to the well-known rules of ancient warfare, that party which after any engagement first asked—as William did at Limerick—for a truce or permission to bury its dead, thereby confessed itself to have been vanquished; and, in fine, the 1,000 slain, and the ONE cannon and 2 or 3 standards, which were all the trophies of actual combat that William won at the Boyne, were much less than the united losses of the English army at Athlone and Limerick, and the number of cannon intercepted and destroyed by Sarsfield. This remarkable repulse of William, which showed what the Irish *could* do if properly commanded, was indeed severely, though, as regarded Ireland, not dishonourably counterbalanced by the subsequent capture of Cork and Kinsale by the celebrated Marlborough, with a force so superior in number to the Duke of Berwick's, that no active operations could be attempted against the besiegers. Colonel MacEligot, the Governor of Cork, though ordered, from the bad state of the town for defence, to burn it and retire into Kerry,

with his garrison, preferred holding out against the enemy.¹ This he did, with more courage than prudence, for 5 days against Marlborough, at the head of a *regular* besieging force of above 10,600 foot and 1,500 horse, provided with every requisite for success,² and aided by the fire of two

¹ King James's Memoirs, vol. II. p. 419. The Irish Colonel would appear, if one may judge of his intentions by his conduct, to have preferred attempting a defence of Cork, attended with the risk, or even the certainty of being made a prisoner of war, rather than save himself and his garrison in Kerry, according to the Duke of Berwick's orders, accompanied, as the complete execution of those orders must have been, with the harshness or inhumanity of setting fire to the town. If this was the motive on which Colonel MacElligot acted—and on no other can his disobedience of orders, that would have saved himself and his garrison, be *rationaly* accounted for—his decision, in such an alternative, does honour to his memory! From the mention of a General MacElligot, amongst a number of great military or civil officers of Irish birth or descent in the Austrian service who dined together in Vienna, at a grand banquet in honour of St. Patrick, on March 17th, 1766, (*Annual Register*, 1766, p. 80,) it is probable that the brave Colonel, like many of his countrymen, emigrated to and settled in the Imperial dominions, where the name of MacElligot has been perpetuated in the Austrian army to the close of the last century. Before the liberation of Lafayette and his family and companions, in 1797, from their confinement by the Austrian government, it appears that Captain MacElligot was entrusted with their detention as state prisoners; and, amongst the declarations which the prisoners were to sign previous to their emancipation in consequence of the treaty of Campo Formio, it is stated in that of Lafayette's fellow-prisoner, M. de Latour Maubourg, that Captain MacElligot's conduct, while they were in his custody, presented an honourable contrast to that of the greater part of the officers who preceded him, as displaying "no bad treatment" either "in word or deed" on his part, or on that of those acting under him. (*Bourrienne's Memoirs*, vol. I. p. 98, 99, 100. The ancient Milesian family of MacElligot, or MacElligod, was originally from the county of Kerry, where its patrimony consisted of Balli-Mac-Eligod and other lands in the barony of Truchanacmy. (*MacGeoghegan*, vol. I. p. 317.)

² Story, Cont. Hist. p. 44. The number of men under Marlborough's command may be thus estimated:—

Came from England with Marlborough, according to Harris, (p. 291.) "nine complete regiments," being, at 705 each, as already computed,	6,345
Two accompanying detachments from the regiments of the Duke of Bolton and the Earl of Monmouth,	300
Joined Marlborough in Ireland, under Major General Sgravenmore and the Duke of Wurtemberg, a force according to Story, (<i>Cont. Hist.</i> p. 44,) of 4,000 foot, and 1,500 horse,	5,500
Total of regular troops,	12,145

ships of war, that played their cannon through the walls and threw their bombs into the place, until the interior of the town, on account of its low and disadvantageous situation, being completely commanded from the suburbs which had fallen into the enemy's hands, and a considerable breach being made, and no more than "two *small* barrels" of powder left,¹ the garrison, on the approach of a last general

"Great assistance," according to Harris, from 5 or 600 seamen,
and *others* of the marine regiments, gunners and carpenters,
say only, 600

Total of men, 12,745

Two of the "9 complete regiments" mentioned by Harris, were marine regiments, (*Story, Cont. Hist. p. 44,*) and are computed as infantry, the pay, according to Grose, (*Military Antiquities, p. 314,*) being the same in both descriptions of force, though that writer, like too many *historians* where numbers are in question, says nothing of the exact amount of men in the marine regiments in William's time. However, as both Story and Harris class the marines with the *complete* infantry regiments, and at the same time make no numerical deduction on account of the former, the estimation of both at the same amount is sufficiently countenanced by probability. The total amount of Marlborough's cannon is not stated. I note this, because no writer should be allowed to insult the common sense, and disappoint the natural curiosity of rational beings, by neglecting to specify, as accurately as possible, the number of men and guns in each army, and the losses on each side, in any work purporting to be an historical narrative or disquisition upon military matters. Unless this be done—and not by merely copying or taking for granted the accounts given by the writers of only one nation, like *those of England respecting Ireland and France*, but by looking to, comparing, and sifting the numerical statements of the authors of every people engaged in such events, wherever those authors exist or can be consulted—unless all this be done by one who professes to narrate or discuss military transactions, that person is only a presumptuous compiler of "words without knowledge," and his reader "a fool for his pains," since *what* accurate idea can any reader possibly have of the relative degree of courage or of skill, of nature or of art, displayed in warlike operations, if he is not informed of the comparative amount of men and artillery in each army, or if, as is often the case, he is only made aware of the proportion of one, and left in the dark respecting that of the other? Any book, written in such a slovenly way, should be consigned to a grocer's or trunkmaker's, or flung into the fire.

¹ Harris, p. 291–2. This Anglo-Irish writer, in the true spirit of anti-nationality that generally distinguishes the authors of his party, mentions, in connexion with his own admitted fact of the deficiency of powder on the part of the Irish garrison of Cork, that their "*early* surrender"—i. e. after defending themselves for five days, in a bad military situation, against the greatest general then in the world!—"might

assault, which, without a due supply of ammunition, it would be impossible to resist, surrendered as "prisoners of war," to the number of between 4 and 5,000 men.¹ The terms of the capitulation, were, however, most disgracefully violated.²

probably have been occasioned by the want of ammunition!" As if it were only *probable*, and not absolutely CERTAIN, that soldiers ought to have a due supply of ammunition to make a proper resistance to their enemies! From these two words, "early" and "probably," we may duly estimate the fairness of this bulky biographer of William, who shows the *quantum* of HIS historical justice to his countrymen, by composing his account of the wars in Ireland, EXCLUSIVELY from *English* authorities. As a compiler from *such* documents, he has, however, in the absence of other testimony, been industrious and useful.

¹ Story, Imp. Hist. p. 140-43.

² The two chief articles of the surrender of Cork to Marlborough, by the first of which the garrison were to be regular "prisoners of war," expressly stipulated, that "there should be no prejudice done to the officers, soldiers, or inhabitants," and even that "the (English) general should use his endeavour to obtain his majesty's *clemency* towards them." The last of these provisos is, by the way, a very mawkish and improper addition of Cork or Munster weak-mindedness, since the first article said every thing necessary and becoming between enemies engaged, in equal and legitimate warfare in the cause of their respective sovereigns, and likewise whatever was needful for ensuring proper treatment for those surrendering, as the garrison and citizens of Cork supposed that they surrendered, to *honourable* opponents. But men only doing, and by the very nature of the capitulation, acknowledged to have been only doing their duty, should not have evinced such a gross want of perception of the civil and military position in which they stood, as to mention any thing about "*clemency*," which was virtually to speak as if they were *criminals*, after having treated for and being granted the privileges of those who had merely done just *what they ought to do*! Be this as it may, the "*clemency*" of the English on this occasion was of the customary description in Ireland, and as follows. The Irish garrison, says King James, "found little compassion at the enemies hands, who amongst other cruel usages, were so inhuman as to refuse to bury those, who through misery dyed in prison, till they amounted to 30 or 40 at a time through a seeming neglect, or to save trouble, but in reality that the infection of the dead and corrupting bodys might poison and destroy the rest!" (*Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 419.) The circumstances that gave such an ingenious opportunity, "through a seeming neglect," &c. for virtually exemplifying Mezentius's mode of making the dead "do the business" of the living, are contained in the subjoined extract from the honest, unanswered, Protestant, and contemporary work of Lesley. After noting the conditions upon which the Irish garrison surrendered, and that, notwithstanding, the Irish General, M'Carthy, (an officer of the highest character,) though he "narrowly escaped being murdered" after he capitulation, yet on complaining of that outrage, had no satisfaction

At Kinsale, after a warm defence, one of the forts, called the Old Fort, or Castle-ny-fort, was carried by the English,

given to him by the English general, Mr. Lesley states—"that the garrison, after laying down their arms, were stripped; and marched to a marshy wet ground, where they were kept with guards four or five days; and not being sustained, were forced by hunger to eat dead horses, that lay about them; and several of them died, for want even of that, when they were removed from thence. That they were afterwards so crowded in houses, jails, and churches, that they could not all lie down at once, and had nothing but the bare floor to lie upon; where the want of sustenance, and the lying in their own excrements, with the dead carcasses lying whole weeks in the same place with them, caused such infection that they died in great numbers daily!" Then having mentioned, that "the Roman Catholics of Cork, though promised safety and protection, had, on this surrender, their goods seized, and themselves stripped and turned out of the town soon after," Mr. Lesley adds, with respect to the unfortunate garrison:—"In December, 1690, one Capt. Lauder, of Colonel Hale's regiment, being ordered with a lieutenant, ensign, and 50 men, to guard about 200 of the Cork prisoners to Clonmell, as they fainted on the road with the above said bad usage, shot them to the number of 16, between Cork and Clonmell; and upon Major Dorrington having demanded justice against this officer from General Ginckle, Lauder got a pardon for the murder, and was continued in his post!"—(*Lesley, ap. Curry, book x. chap. 19.*) Major General Dorrington, who was at that time King James's Governor of Limerick, should have put a stop to such perfidious and atrocious inhumanity towards the Irish prisoners, by threatening Ginckle to have exactly similar treatment inflicted on the prisoners from William's troops and partisans in the hands of James's army—which threat, if not attended to, should, with respect to Lauder's barbarity, have been vigorously acted upon, by making all the English or Irish Williamite prisoners cast lots for their lives, and by then famishing, over-marching, and shooting 16 of them, as a set-off against the 16 Cork prisoners so treated, unless Ginckle disavowed his officer Lauder's act, by causing him to be executed as an infamous assassin.—Retaliation is the only way of making such monsters act like human beings, which they rather assume to be than really are: and it should never be spared, till those wretches may be taught to practise that humanity by fear, which they would not observe from principle. It was, for instance, by the mere threat of adopting this simple process of "tit for tat," that the *rebel* Washington put a speedy termination to the notion, in a certain quarter, of prisoner-killing being *no murder*! But, howsoever this may be, it would not be easy to find, in the annals of modern warfare, a more disgusting instance of combined perfidy and cruelty towards the garrison and inhabitants of a surrendered city than this, which was allowed by Marlborough and Ginckle to be inflicted upon the citizens and garrison of Cork. Yet scarcely any one is acquainted with the disgraceful conduct of Marlborough on this occasion, though it deserves to be classed with that of Nelson towards Caraccioli and the Italian patriots at Naples, and that of Wellington, with respect to poor Ney, at Paris.

favoured by a fortunate explosion, during the attack, of several barrels of powder, by which, to say nothing of the confusion necessarily arising from such a circumstance, 40 of the Irish garrison were killed. The remainder, nevertheless, effected their escape into an old castle in the middle of the fort, and, being deprived of their Governor and several officers, surrendered to the number of but 200 out of 450 men. The New Fort, or Charles-fort, after holding out 10 days longer against the enemy, capitulated on honourable terms; the garrison of 1,200 men being allowed to march away, with their arms and baggage, to reinforce their countrymen at Limerick.¹

The reduction of Cork and Kinsale—in which the enemy *venture* to assert their loss as *less* than 350 men!²—was in a great degree counterbalanced by the frustration of an extensive plan of a winter campaign by General Ginckle, undertaken to extend his quarters for provisions and forage, which were straitened by the irregular warfare of the armed peasantry or Rapparees, and to cut off the greater part of the supplies of the Irish army at Limerick by the conquest of Kerry, which was their principal source for subsistence.

¹ Story, Imp. Hist. p. 144–5, Cont. Hist. p. 45, and Harris, p. 292–3. The English landed in Cork harbour, Sept. 23d, 1690; began the siege the 24th; and took Cork on the 28th. The Old Fort of Kinsale was stormed on the 3d of October; the trenches were opened before the New Fort on the 5th; and the capitulation took place on the 15th.

² At Cork, according to Harris's English or Anglo-Irish *authorities*, Marlborough lost "not so many as 50 killed and wounded!" and at Kinsale, according to the same *authorities*, "little less than 300 men, many of whom," it is added, "perished by the bad weather." But, that any armed men, when firing during about a fortnight's operations from behind stone walls against other men assaulting them, should want the assistance of the "*weather*" to put *less* than 350 men *hors de combat*, is an assertion rather too tough to swallow, even on *English* or *Anglo-Irish* authority. The statement is evidently on a par with Story's already-exposed account of Douglas's loss at Athlone. King James, without entering into any particulars on the subject, merely mentions, in reference to the taking of Cork and Kinsale, that "the enemy's loss in those two sieges was not inconsiderable," (*Mem. vol. II. p. 419*;) an assertion that would certainly be any thing but true, if *less* than 350 of Marlborough's force perished there; and even *many* of those by that convenient substitute for Irish cannon and musket balls, the *weather*! It would seem as if the "*British* heart and the *British* arm" in Ireland could only be *weather*-beaten! We shall soon hear more of the *supernatural* effects of this same "lucky peg to hang an excuse upon," the *weather*!

With this object, a very ably-concerted plan of operations was to be simultaneously directed against the northern, eastern, and southern outposts of the territory in the occupation of James's forces. General Douglas, on the north, was to march down from Enniskillen to Sligo, which he was, if possible, to take, and, at all events, to penetrate far enough along the western bank of the Shannon to communicate with Colonel Brewer, the English governor of Mullingar, who, in co-operation with his northern assistant, was to make attempts on the east of the river against the important fortified passes of James-town and Lanesborough above, and of Banagher below, Athlone. Amidst these formidable diversions upon the north and east, to distract the attention of James's army as much as possible, Major General Tettau was to march from the county of Cork into Kerry at the head of 2,200 horse and foot, to be followed, in case of need, by a considerable reserve assembled at Clonmel, under Ginckle himself. The proposed subjugation of Kerry, the main design of so many military movements, terminated, however, in no greater success on the part of Tettau, than a ravaging excursion of about 8 days through that county, and the temporary capture of a couple of forts; after which the invaders retired from the Irish territory, in which they could not maintain themselves, to winter in their own.¹ A subsequent attempt

¹ Story, Imp. Hist. p. 156-158, Cont. Hist. p. 48, Harris, p. 297-299, Leland, Hist. vol. III. p. 587-589, O'Driscoll, Hist. vol. II. p. 208. The English expedition against the "kingdom of Kerry," planned upon the advice and intelligence of two absentee traitors or *émigrés*, Samuel Morris and William Gunn, appears, through the partiality necessarily enveloping the pages of Story and Harris, to have been defeated by a system of irregular defence, as judicious in itself, as it was creditable to the sagacity of the inhabitants. The country was "beaten up" or "raised" on every side against the advancing enemy by Irish troopers on small, light, unshod horses, which, though unfit to stand against the weighty shock of the enemy's Dutch and English dragoons, with whom a direct contest was therefore avoided, were peculiarly suited to the active, harassing task of quickly traversing a territory, where the rugged ground was naturally much more favourable to the flying hostilities of the natives and the swift and wiry little animals on which they rode, than to the stronger but comparatively unwieldy movements of the large foreign horses and their heavily-equipped riders. In co-operation with those light troopers, the Rapparee irregular infantry likewise fired upon the enemy, as he passed, from the rocky and elevated fastnesses of their mountainous county. The first alleged advantage of the invaders in the capture of a fort at Scronolard, with the evidently puffing addition of its having been "taken in 2 hours with *little* difficulty," though 500 men

of the English commander-in-chief, Ginckle, to improve upon the invasion of Tettau, was attended with a still greater disappointment, accompanied by an avowal, in the shape of an epistolary communication through the Secretary at War to the members of William's Anglo-Irish government, that the writer "*found the country plentiful enough in EVERY place, and that they MUST NOT flatter themselves, that the enemy laboured under ANY scarcity of provisions!*"—an ample official confession of the total failure of the undertaking.¹

are said to have been working at it for "2 MONTHS," and with the accompanying circumstance of this achievement being performed without any statement whatever being given of any losses on either side by writers so remarkable for details as Story and Harris, can only be considered as English specimens of gross exaggeration or falsehood, trumped up as a set-off against the final failure of the expedition, for the readers of the London Gazette, (No. 2627 & 2629,) one of Harris's *impartial and trust-worthy* authorities! Ross Castle, in the lake of Killarney, garrisoned by 600 men under Colonel MacCarthy—"usually called," says Harris, "*Macarty who wanted a thumb!*"—was left undisturbed by the enemy, on the plea of a "want of *proper* artillery;" though, as Story elsewhere owns, that, "to give the Irish their due, they can defend stone walls very handsomely," this "peace with stone walls" might have been not a little owing to the spirited defence against 100 Danes and Kinsale militia, of an adjoining fortified rock, defended by 77 Irish. Of these 77, only 14 endeavoured to escape, and but 5 were actually taken alive!—a most gallant resistance indeed, in which English mendacity, coolly copied by Harris, has nevertheless the brazen effrontery to say, that the 100 assailants lost but 6 *men killed and 17 wounded!* In short, after relating Tettau's advance as far as Tralee, without taking it, and mentioning some absurd reports, on the suspicious authority of 3 deserters, respecting what *they* represented as "a general consternation of the enemy occasioned by this march," Harris admits that it "nevertheless proved of little advantage," and attributes this circumstance to a "want of provisions,"—that merely shows how ably the English supplies were cut off by the Irish—and to what *he* entitles "hardships of the season," though these "hardships" are not very consistent with Story's express assertion, that "*ALL things seemed to favour the attempt, especially the weather, BETTER NEVER BEING SEEN FOR THE SEASON!*" (*Imp. Hist.* p. 157.) Finally, this *weather-beaten* detachment, in *fine weather*, returned, by "commands," says Harris, "from General Ginckle, towards their quarters, and on the 6th of January (1691) arrived at Macroom." And *this* was all the success of the design for the conquest of Kerry, in which, by the forming and transporting alone of considerable magazines for the undertaking up the Suir from Waterford to the general rendezvous at Clonmel, a considerable expense had been incurred, without any adequate result.

¹ The words above marked as a quotation, though not particularized as such by Harris, (p. 299,) are, however, given as taken from his original

Meantime, General Douglas, in the north, was no more able to take Sligo than he had previously been able to take Athlone, and the generally unfavourable consequences of his movements in connexion with Colonel Brewer on the east, after the Colonel obtained his expected reinforcement, are well conveyed in the language of King James's narrative.¹ "The English," says his Majesty, "made an attempt during the winter to pass the Shannon at Lanesborough, James Town, and Banaker bridg, at one and the same time, but the Duke of Berwick sent out parties which prevented them and endeavour'd what he could to *molest THEM in HIS turn, all the winter long* ; but *nothing did it so much as the Rapparees* who performed many bould actions, especially one O'Connor, who, *with 60 men on horseback and as many on foot*, SURPRIZED 2 COMPANYS OF GRANADIERS, whom *they* CUT TO PIECES, then went to Philip's Town, in King's country, where *they* KILLED 120 DRAGOONS, *burnt the Town*, and CARRYD AWAY A GREAT BOOTY OF HORSES !"²

official papers, entitled Correspondence, and are an evident transcription from General Ginckle's private letter, in which the General's own sensible opinion and that of William, that a full pardon and security, in person, property, and religion, should be guaranteed to the Irish who would submit, is obviously put forward, in opposition to the brutal and sanguinary avarice of William's self-styled *Protestant* partisans or *estate-hunters* in Ireland, who opposed the issuing of any such document as that advocated by Ginckle, and insisted upon the Irish being compelled to resist to the last, for the purpose of exterminating and enslaving them in the name of a God of peace and liberty, and of robbing them of their properties under the pretext of advancing the religion of a God of humility and poverty. See O'Driscoll's History of Ireland, vol. II. p. 212 & 13, and p. 228, 29, and 30.

¹ See also and compare Story (*Imp. Hist.* p. 155-56, & 58) with Harris. (p. 298.) The English writer, who was in Ireland at the time of the transactions alluded to, gives a truer and more advantageous account, as regards the Irish, of the transactions connected with what happened at Lanesborough, than the Irish ascendancy scribe, who, with the usual antinational feeling of his party against his own countrymen, prefers the lying statements of a London Gazette (No. 2627) to the more credible though sufficiently prejudiced authority of the English annalist.

² Memoirs, vol. II. p. 433. Story thus cursorily alludes to the taking of Philipstown by the Rapparees—at the same time taking care, with *English* candour, to suppress, as far as possible, the chief merit of the Irish, or that of their destroying the troops in that place, and also to slur over the transaction as nothing more than a mere affair of skulking surprise and incendiarism, unaccompanied with any loss of men to the English. "About this time, (November 13th, 1690,) the enemy," says

In short, while that portion of Ireland within the oblong or semi-oval line of the Irish posts was comparatively at peace as regarded the incursions of the enemy, and completely so with respect to the disposition of the inhabitants, the provinces occupied by the English were not merely subjected to the harassing inroads of Irish military parties from beyond the Shannon,¹ but were vigorously infested with those

he, "burnt Philip's Town, (the chief town in the King's County, . . .) though we had a garrison in it; for *they came from a great adjacent bog during the night, and, having set the town on fire, RETREATED THITHER AGAIN!*" (*Imp. Hist.* p. 148.) In the so-called "impartial" history of the English Parson, where every little instance of partisan fighting is daubed forth at full length, in which the English succeeded, or were reported or made out to have succeeded, it will be perceived, that the only important *military* circumstance connected with the attack on Philipstown, or O'Connor's destruction of the 120 dragoons, a force as numerous and better disciplined than his own, is most unfairly passed over; the mere statement of "though we had a garrison in it" being so placed in the sentence as to convey no idea of the whole truth of the matter to the mind of a reader. And, in this same "impartial" history, there is, moreover, not a single word said of the brave O'Connor's first "bould action" in surprising and "doing the business" of the *superior* number of the "British Grenadiers!" The *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* of Story with respect to those two little transactions, luckily rescued from concealment and misrepresentation by King James, will serve to show, better than whole pages of criticism, how little "justice to Ireland" there is to be found in the so-called "impartial" narrative of the Williamite Parson. In these two instances it may be well said, in every sense of the word, that "one *Story* is good till another *story* is told." But since the Parson was afterwards made a Dean, as Archbishop King subsequently became a Primate, chiefly on account of his archiepiscopal libel on Ireland already adverted to, (*note 1, p. 195,*) we may be sure that the Parson, like the Archbishop, was well aware of the *value* to be derived from adhering in his work to the purport of the Spanish saying, that "a lie, if it will last only half an hour, is *worth* telling!"

¹ "We retired further into the country," says Story, "and left them all the passes and forts upon the Shannon, by which means," he continues, "they are not to be kept in their own province [Connaught], as they might have been, but can both keep us out, and also come amongst us when they have a mind to it!" (*Imp. Hist.* p. 147.) It is needless to say that the Irish *had* "a mind to it," since, in aid of those "trips over the water," the territory nominally in possession of the English was overrun and ravaged as far as Kildare, Wicklow, and the counties adjacent to Dublin, by different light parties under various Rapparee leaders, such as Macabe, Grace, Higgins, Callaghan, Cavanagh, the "White Sergeant," and "galloping Hogan," who were called "robbers, thieves, and bogtrotters," by the English and *their* faction, for only levying contributions and waging a system of defensive and patriotic warfare, with the approbation of their legitimate sovereign, James II. ! similar to the

hardy Hibernian guerillas, the Rapparees—partially repulsed, indeed, but never entirely subdued—disappearing to-day, only to appear in greater force to-morrow—rapid in flight, but equally rapid in pursuit—and, in the sharp, active, and untiring spirit of their incessant hostilities against

hostilities which Alfred entitled the *Great*, because *successful*! carried on with *his* Rapparees from the woods and bogs of Somersetshire against the Danes and the advocates of a Danish “connexion” and “glorious revolution!” “He sought,” says the historian, speaking of Alfred, “the woods and deserts to conceal himself . . . where there was a peninsula *surrounded by swamps* . . . Fortified in his island against a surprise from the enemy, by entrenchments of earth and wood, *he led the HARD and SAVAGE life reserved in every conquered country for such of the vanquished as are TOO PROUD FOR SLAVERY*—that of a FREEBOOTER in the woods, morasses, and defiles! At the head of his friends, formed into bands, he *plundered the DANES laden with spoil*, and, if Danes were wanting, *the Saxon who obeyed the FOREIGNERS and saluted them as his masters!*” (*Thierry, vol. I. p. 110–12.*) The most distinguished, however, of those brave Irish partisans who infested the Irish territory occupied by the enemy—one who, in the language of Milton,

—above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower!”—

was a gentleman of Tipperary, Anthony Carroll, surnamed Fada, or *the Tall*, who possessed an estate there, and by his influence among the Rapparees, could, according to Story, “upon any alarm bring together to the number of at least 2000!” This gentleman (who, unlike our heroes of the present day, required no Special Commissions or Insurrection Acts to protect him from *his* tenantry!) seized on, garrisoned, and held the Castle of Nenagh, taken from the English after their defeat at Limerick, and gave them “plenty to do” through the autumn and winter of 1690, and part of the spring and summer of 1691, during which he maintained himself in that strong hold, whence he made frequent excursions through the country till the 2d of August, 1691, when, on the collection in his neighbourhood of ALL the English forces, after the battle of Aughrim, for the second siege of Limerick, the gallant castellan of Nenagh evacuated that fortress, burned the town, and brought away the whole of his garrison of 500 men in safety, towards Limerick, in spite of the pursuit of a strong party of Ginckle’s cavalry, under Brigadier Leveson and Major Wood. (*Story, Cont. Hist. p. 61, 62, 69, 181 & 182. Harris, p. 297 & 334.*) The present Major General Sir William Parker Carroll, of Tulla House, near Nenagh, so distinguished in the Spanish service during the Peninsular War, and now Military Governor of the Western District of Ireland, is, if I am not mistaken, one of the race of the brave Anthony Carroll Fada.

the invader, best typified by the "vengeful hornet" of the poet, that

"Repulsed in vain, and thirsty still of gore,
(Bold son of air and heat!) on angry wings,
Untamed, untired, *still* turns, attacks, and stings!"¹

With such persevering bravery, though deserted if not actually betrayed by their French *allies*, did the Irish resist the great military and financial resources of William's go-

¹ Story thus describes the judicious system of irregular warfare which the Irish carried on against the English quarters during the winter of 1690 and 1691. "As to any public action," says he, "little of moment hapned for some time after we returned to our winter quarters, tho' the *Rapparees*, being encouraged by our withdrawing, were very troublesome all the country over . . . doing much more mischief at this time o' th' year, than any thing that had the face of an Army could pretend to. When the Irish understood therefore how *our* men were posted all along the line, and what advantages might be hoped for at such and such places, they not only encouraged all the protected Irish to do us secretly all the mischief they could, either by concealed arms, or private intelligence . . . but they let loose a great part of their Army to manage the best for themselves, that time and opportunity would allow them: to all these they gave *passes*, signifying to what Regiment they belonged, that in case they were taken, they might not be dealt withal as *Rapparees* but *souldiers*. These men knew the country, nay, all the secret corners, woods and bogs; keeping a constant correspondence with one another, and also with the [Irish] Army, who furnished them with all necessaries, especially ammunition. When they had any project on foot, their method was not to appear in a body, for then they would have been discovered; and not only so, but carriages and several other things had been wanting. . . . Their way was therefore, to make a private appointment to meet at such a pass or wood, precisely at such a time o' th' night or day as it stood with their conveniency; and tho' you could not see a man over night, yet exactly at their hour you might find three or four hundred, more or less, as they had occasion, all well armed, and ready for what design they had formerly projected; but if they hapned to be discovered, or overpowered, they presently dispersed, having before-hand appointed another place or rendezvous, 10 or 12 miles (it may be) from the place they then were at; by which means our men could never fix any close engagement upon them during the winter." Then, after mentioning, amongst other things, the prejudice done by the *Rapparees* to the English army in cutting off its provisions, and after relating some trifling advantages gained in different directions over these Irish irregulars by parties of William's forces, the English annalist adds—"Yet, for all this, the enemy watched all opportunities of advantage, killing our men by surprize in a great many places; but especially, keeping correspondence with the protected Irish in all corners of the country, they stole away our horses sometimes in the night, and

verment, backed by a regular force *alone* of above 41,000 men, or an army larger in number than England ever displayed upon any one point of the continent of Europe, even during the period of her most vigorous exertions in the late war against Napoleon, till the memorable battle of Waterloo!"¹ And *this* resistance to England—supported under such disheartening circumstances to the Irish, and maintained, *not*, it should be remembered, by a hostile national confederacy of Irishmen in general, but only by about three provinces of Ireland, against England, assisted by the fourth province, and by no inconsiderable party in the other three—this resistance, I say, took place at a time, when the entire population of Ireland was *not*, as at present, between 8 and 9,000,000 of souls, but, at the very highest computation, no more than 1,500,000 inhabitants!² Yet *this* is the nation which has been accused of having "*always fought badly at home*" by the superficial criticism of Voltaire!

often in the noon day, when our men least expected it; by which means they recruited their own horse considerably and did us no small disservice; nor is it probable, unless they had made use of some such ways, they could have brought any body of horse into the field, worth taking notice of, the succeeding campaign, whereas we were sensible afterwards that their horse were once not contemptible!" (*Cont. Hist.* p. 50 & 55.) Such is the excellent character of the Rapparees as irregulars, given by the hostile testimony of Story.

¹ England, according to Mr. Alison, never collected together above 40,000 upon any one point of the Continent, till the battle of Waterloo. In that engagement, the *British* force, including the King's German Legion, was in all about 45,000 men. (*Hist. of Europe, &c.* vol. i. p. 518, & vol. vii. p. 540.) How much those representatives of the "*British* heart and the *British* arm" would have been reduced by withdrawing the proportion that came from the ST. PATRICK's side of St. George's Channel, has been already seen.

' Stripp'd of his borrow'd plumes, the crow, forlorn,
Would stand the object of the public scorn!

² See Introduction to the Parliamentary Census Report for Ireland in 1831, p. vi. & vii.

CHAPTER VI.

Great preparations of the English for the next campaign, or that of 1691, and strictures on the equally base and impolitic conduct of the French, who, by any thing like proper succours, would have enabled the Irish, at the very least, to maintain James on the throne of Ireland, as is shown by the events of the war in Ulster, previous to Kirk's and Schomberg's landing—or, in other words, by the complete defeats of the Orange insurgents by the Irish army, with very inferior numbers, at Dromore-Iveagh, the passes of the Ban, and at Clady-ford before Derry, and even by a fair view of the shamelessly-overrated Williamite defence of that place.

WHILE James's army, whose immediate territory was now confined to Limerick, Kerry, Clare, Connaught, and a few places to the east of the Shannon, were thus holding out against the enemy, though struggling with the greatest difficulties on account of the delay of pecuniary and military supplies from France, William's forces, in addition to what they derived from the "free quarters" upon which they lived as in an "enemy's country," and thereby drove numbers to turn Rapparees in self-defence,¹ were daily receiv-

¹ Harris, page 282, 283, 287, 290, 295, &c. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 49. The conduct of William's army towards the Rapparees and the Irish peasantry in general is sufficiently illustrated by the following extracts from Dr. Lesley and King James. The Doctor says, that "many of the Protestants did loudly attest, and many of the country gentlemen, as likewise several officers of King William's army, who had more bowels or justice than the rest, did abhor to see what small evidence, or even presumption, was thought sufficient to condemn men for Rapparees; and what sport they made to hang up poor Irish people by dozens, almost without pains to examine them;" in fine, observes the Doctor, "they hardly thought them human kind." King James adds, with respect to the Prince of Orange's army, that "they cared not what load they laid upon the inhabitants of the country, . . . and made no difficulty of treating them like slaves for the better relief of their troops; of which," continues the King, "there could not be a greater instance, than the contrivance they made use of to redeem 3,000 of those prisoners which the French had lately taken at Flerus (Fleurus) and other places, pretending they had so many in Ireland and would send them to be exchanged; whereas they had not in reality 1000, the rest were poor people of the country they gather'd together and sent away by force, which the Irish complained of, as a piece of cruelty they would have made a scruple of doing to Indians, or the most barbarous nation in the world." (*Mem.* vol. II. p. 435 & 6.) This infamous kidnapping

ing reinforcements of horse and foot from England, and immense quantities of clothes, arms, provisions, ammunition, money, and, in short, of every thing that could enable them to open the campaign of 1691 with the fairest prospects of success.¹ On the commencement of active operations in June, William's regular army in Ireland under Lieutenant General Ginckle amounted to 67 regiments of British and Continental troops, in the very highest state of equipment and discipline, forming altogether a force of 37,549 men, or of 29,610 foot and 7,939 horse.² Besides these, there

was *almost* if not *quite* as bad as the conduct of Colonel Stubbers, Cromwell's governor of Galway, and the detestable villains commanding under him in that county in 1652 & 3, who, at various times, took poor creatures out of their beds at night, to the number altogether of 1,000 persons, and sold them for slaves to the Indies. (*Curry, vol. 11. Appendix, p. 350 & 51.*) For similar performances of the "*British heart and the British arm*," at the close of the LAST century, see Mr. Charles Hamilton Teeling's *Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion*, *ch. 1. p. 6.*

¹ *Story, Cont. Hist. p. 71-82.*

² Of the 67 regiments, of which Ginckle's regular force consisted, 42 were foot, 20 horse, and 5 dragoons, (*Story, Cont. Hist. p. 316*;) the foot regiments averaging 705, the horse 286, and the dragoons 443-4 men each. The grounds of this computation are the following. We find that the force which William commanded at the Boyne, stated at 36,000 complete, contained 38 regiments of foot, 23 of horse, 5 of dragoons, and 2 troops of guards. This army, when reviewed near Dublin after the Boyne, formed, without officers, sergeants, sick, absent, &c. a force of 30,330 *soldiers*. These officers, sergeants, &c. consequently amounted to about a fifth or 5670; this being the difference between 30,330 and 36,000. The same proportion that 30,330 bears to 36,000 will each separate force of foot, horse, and dragoons in 30,330 bear to its complete number in the 36,000. This is shown from *Story's Table*, (*Imp. Hist. p. 95, 6 & 7,*) and the rule of three, as follows:—

Incomplete.		make	Complete.	
Foot, 38 regts. at	22,579	}	26,800	
Horse, 23 regts. at	5,544		6,580	
DRAGOONS, 5 regts. at	1,870		2,219	
	<hr/> 29,993		<hr/> 35,599	
GUARDS, 2 troops	337	GUARDS, 2 troops	337	
	<hr/> 30,330		<hr/> 35,936	
	<hr/>	Supposed loss of GUARDS,	64	
			<hr/> 36,000	

were, in good order, either to defend the English towns or other posts, or to assist the regular army, when necessary, a powerful body of Irish militia, avowedly under-estimated at 12,000 men.¹ The grand total of Ginckle's regular and militia force was, therefore, by the above statements, deduced solely from Williamite historians, no less than 49,549 men; arms were likewise sent from England and distributed amongst the Protestants of the kingdom; and, "to crown the whole," this immense array of military strength was supported by the finest and best-served train of artillery ever seen in Ireland, consisting of 39 pieces of

ARITHMETICAL PROOFS.

Foot.		Horse.		Dragoons.
38)	22,579...26,800	23)	5,544...6,580	5) 1,870...2,219
	<hr/> 594... 705		<hr/> 241... 286	<hr/> 374... 443-4

¹ Story, *Imp. Hist.* p. 161. That the Irish militia, from ALL the counties of Ireland under William's government, must have been very far above 12,000 men, will be evident to any one, from the few following particulars supplied by Story himself and Harris. The *City* of Dublin militia amounted to 2,500 foot, 2 troops of horse, and 2 of dragoons, which, estimating the horse at the then rate of 50 men to a troop and the dragoons at 60, would make the cavalry 220, and the infantry and cavalry together, 2,720 men. The Queen's County militia amounted to 530 men, of which 430 were to be depended upon. The County of Cork furnished Mr. Justice Cox, in 3 weeks only, with 8 militia regiments of dragoons and 3 of foot, which, estimating the dragoons and foot at the same amount as the regulars, would be 5,659 men. (*Story, Imp. Hist.* p. 148, & *Harris, p.* 314, & *Appendix, No.* 57.) Thus, the *City* of Dublin, the Queen's County, and the County of Cork *alone* supplied 8,829 men! The difference between 8,829 and 12,000, the number mentioned by Story, is 3,171. There are 32 counties in Ireland. King James's forces possessed only Connaught, that contains 5 counties, with Clare, Kerry, and Limerick, or, in all, but 8 counties, which, deducted from 32, will leave 24 in the occupation of the English and their partisans. And, when the *City* of Dublin, the Queen's County and the County of Cork *alone* furnished a militia of 8,829 men, can *we* believe that ALL the remaining counties supplied *only* 3,171 men to the "*British* heart and the *British* arm?" Mr. Moore, or some future historian having an access to *official* documents, should find out the amount of horse, foot and dragoons levied as militia in each separate county of Ireland at this juncture, particularly in Ulster, which, being almost entirely Protestant, must have supplied a larger proportion than the southern counties. We shall hear more, presently, of the assistance given to Ginckle by those *Irish* allies of the "*British* heart and the *British* arm!"

unprecedentedly heavy cannon, 12 field-pieces, and 6 mortars.¹

With this brief survey of the formidable footing on which the English government placed their regular army and the forces of their partisans in Ireland, we cannot contrast the conduct of the French cabinet towards James's gallant adherents, without indignation at the baseness and contempt for the stupidity of its policy, at a period when mere common sense, exclusive of any higher source of action, should have induced a French statesman of any capacity to strain every nerve to maintain the cause of James in Ireland, since, by merely separating that country from England, as a distinct kingdom for the house of Stuart—a point it would have been *then* so easy to effect—France would have done more for the depression of England, her great national rival, than by all the oceans of blood and all the millions of gold, that she has otherwise expended for that purpose.² Of the

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 80. Harris, p. 313. The chief superiority of Ginckle's train of artillery to William's appears to have consisted in its greater weight of metal—a most important point, in sieges like those which Ginckle had to undertake at Athlone and Limerick. Numerically speaking, the two trains were about the same, the king's, including mortars, being, as we have seen, 56, and Ginckle's 57 pieces.

² To separate Ireland from England, and to assist the Irish in maintaining themselves as an independent nation, would be the only rational or practicable policy of France with respect to Ireland, since it could only be by conquering England and retaining her permanently as a French province, which would be impossible, that France could ever hope to keep Ireland in a similar condition; and Ireland, if France attempted to keep *her* as a province, would both prefer to belong to England rather than to France, and would be able, by calling in the English, to expel the French. The alleged political *necessity* of Ireland's being either a French or an English province, which one is so often sickened at seeing in print, and disgusted in conversation, is consequently no more true than the greatest error that ever was scribbled, or the greatest lie that ever was told. This is sufficiently confirmed by Napoleon's statement at St. Helena, when, on being asked by Mr. O'Meara, how he would have acted had he invaded and conquered England as First Consul? he replied, that he had no intention of attempting to annex England to France. "I could not," said he, "unite two nations so dissimilar;" but, he added, "I would have separated Ireland from England, the former of which I would have made an independent republic!" (*Voice from St. Helena*, vol. I. p. 469.) So much for the Tory bugbear of the *necessity* of Ireland's continuing to submit to Tory oppression and English misrule, lest she should become a province of France? As if France could not act towards Ireland as she did

gross misconduct of the French as having been the chief cause of the expulsion of James from the throne of Ireland, it will therefore be requisite to take a comprehensive view, from the arrival of the first French succours that are mentioned to have been of any great consequence to the cause of James,¹ till the reception of those supplies which came over with St. Ruth to Limerick for this last eventful campaign, that transferred the Irish sceptre to William, and terminated any national connexion with France, till the attempt at a renewal of that connexion by the United Irish men, towards the close of the last century.

Without dwelling upon the wretched impolicy which neglected to send over to Ireland with James, as early as possible after his flight to France, such supplies of men, arms, ammunition and money, as would have empowered the king to crush to atoms any resistance of the Williamite REBELS of Ulster,² and have likewise enabled the Irish to oppose to

towards America—as if there could be but one Lafayette to assist another Washington in dealing with the army of another Cornwallis!

¹ James brought from France to Ireland, in March, 1689, what he calls “a tollerable quantity of armes,” which he elsewhere *specifies* at 7 or 8,000 muskets, “ammunition, some *little* money and a *few* officers;” and he accounts for the smallness of such a supply in his letter of the 12th of January, from St. Germain’s, to Tyrconnel, by the circumstance of Louis’s “*not* being willing to *venter more arms, or any men,*” till he knew the condition of Ireland. (*Mem. vol. II. p. 319–20–22.*) The next remittance of money, and supply of arms, ammunition and officers from France, came over with Chateaurenaud’s fleet, which beat Admiral Herbert’s, in Bantry Bay, on the 1st of May, 1689. (*Mem. vol. II. p. 369–70, & Macpherson’s Orig. Pap. vol. I. p. 194–197.*) At this period, the greater number of French officers, in James’s service, arrived; but the great deficiency of battering artillery and of proper arms and equipments in the Irish army at Derry, and the necessity of resorting to a general coinage of copper, show how comparatively trifling were those two supplies, received by the Irish from France. That Louis XIV. *could* have sent a French force to Ireland with James, sufficient, with the co-operation of James’s loyal subjects, to master the whole island in a few weeks, would appear from the powerful offers of military and naval assistance made by the French to the English monarch, so far back as June and September, 1688, against William’s anticipated invasion of England. (*Macpherson, vol. I. p. 470, & Dalrymple, vol. II. p. 152.*) But, from the authentic sources of James’s own Memoirs and the Stuart Papers in Macpherson’s collection, we find, in opposition to the rumours of the day contained in the generality of our *histories*, that James, till the arrival of Lausun in Ireland, received no more assistance from France than what has been just stated.

² Notwithstanding the miserably equipped state of James’s troops—

the invasions of Schomberg and William an effective army of 40 or 50,000 *well-armed* instead of only about 20,000

one half of them, for instance, being only armed with pikes, and the other half with muskets, the greater number of which were unfit for use — a sketch of the war between the King's army and their northern Orange opponents, taken from the writers of both sides, will prove, that long before the arrival of Kirk's and Schomberg's assistance from England, in July and August, 1689, the Orange insurgents of Ulster would, in spite of their superior numbers, have been as completely put down as their brethren in Munster, but for James's want of any thing like a proper supply of arms and battering artillery to besiege Enniskillen and Derry. Before the King's arrival in Dublin, Lieutenant General Justin MacCarthy (afterwards Lord Mountcashel) had totally reduced the Orangites of Bandon and Castlemartyr, in Munster. In the North, notwithstanding the long list of leaders and regiments for Armagh, Antrim, Down, Derry, Donegal, Monaghan, and Tyrone, which we read of as belonging to the rebel *Council of Union*, formed early in 1689, the insurgents did nothing at all proportioned to their numbers and property in a province, where they were so much the most numerous and wealthy part of the population, that the country might be called their own. The appearance amongst them, by the Lord Lieutenant's order, of Lieutenant General Richard Hamilton, who marched from Drogheda into Ulster on the 8th of March, was the general signal of alarm and defeat to the *Council of Union* and its partisans, though Hamilton's force consisted, by King James's account, of but 2,500 men, of which but 1,000, according to Story, were regular troops, and the rest irregulars, or Rapparees. The Orange rebels, who were masters of all Ulster except Charlemont and Carrickfergus, were driven precipitately from post to post, and shamefully routed, to the number of 8,000 men, with considerable loss, at Dromore-Iveagh, on the 14th of March. The beating they received was so complete, that it is known in their own local idiom by the appellation of "the BREAK (or total rout) of Dromore!" though Harris, with his usual distaste for any but Orange successes, avoids any circumstantial narrative of the affair, and Leland has even the impudence to talk of "superior numbers" on the side of Hamilton. That gallant officer immediately pushed on to Hillsborough, the head-quarters of the rebel *Council of Union*. The garrison, though aware that Sir Arthur Rawdon was advancing from Lisburn to their relief, with nearly 4,000 men, or a force almost double as many as Hamilton's, surrendered the town, in which were the provisions, ammunition, and papers of the rebels. The Irish General dismissed the garrison; on learning the fall of Hillsborough, the greater part of Rawdon's force dispersed, fled to England, or submitted; Dungannon, with great stores of provisions, was forsaken by Colonel Stewart; and 4,000 men, who still kept together, were vigorously chased by the indefatigable Hamilton, through Belfast and Antrim, till they reached and found a temporary refuge in Coleraine, on the river Ban. The Irish rested 3 days at Ballymony. Hamilton then advanced to reconnoitre Coleraine, a place of considerable strength, garrisoned by a force far more numerous than his own, and on Good Friday, drove back to the gates with his cavalry, a detachment that sallied

half-armed men—without dwelling upon this wretched impolicy, I will only remark, *that* when the first French suc-
 forth to collect provisions for a siege. He was, however, compelled to postpone more serious operations, till the arrival of reinforcements, ammunition, and some artillery, of which he had but 3 field-pieces and *2 little* mortars. Meanwhile, the Orange forces of Cavan, under Captain Francis Hamilton, and those at Armagh, Monaghan, and Glaslough, under Lord Blaney, were also unsuccessful. Some places “in the far North,” from their exposed situations and the isolated and numerically insignificant detachments that occupied them, necessarily fell into the hands of the insurgents: but an attempt of his Lordship, early in the season, to extend the Orange acquisitions farther South, by surprising the town and castle of Ardee, was defeated by its little garrison. The Irish of the North-west, hearing of their countrymen’s victorious advance to Coleraine on the North-east, drove before them to Enniskillen, with the comparatively trifling loss of 91 men in a skirmish at the Castle of Monaghan, an Orange force, under Gustavus Hamilton, estimated by Harris at 10,000 men.—Lord Blaney, who held Armagh with 7 troops of horse and 8 companies of foot, was, about the middle of March, compelled to fall back rapidly by the west of the Ban and Lough Neagh to Coleraine, narrowly escaping, at Ardtray Bridge, 2 Irish parties from Charlemont and Fort Mountjoy, amounting in all to 1,700 men, whose *alleged* loss, without *any* on his Lordship’s part, of above 155 slain or drowned, in endeavouring to cut off his retreat, was more than compensated by the *acknowledged* capture and disarming, near Antrim, of 7 captains and their respective companies, belonging to his Lordship’s force, in an effort to reach Coleraine by the east side of the Ban and Lough Neagh. Meantime, King James having arrived in Dublin on the 24th of March, the Duke of Berwick was sent to strengthen Lieutenant General Richard Hamilton on the east side of the Ban, in his design on Coleraine; and a select body of Irish cavalry and infantry, with 2 light field-pieces, under the Marquis de Pusignian, were to advance northwards by Charlemont and Dungannon along the west of Lough Neagh and the Ban, and, by sweeping away all intervening opposition, to open a communication through Portglenone Bridge with Hamilton and Berwick, who, favoured by this movement, were to favour it in turn, by attempting to cross the river at that point. By the success of this combined plan, the enemy *should* abandon Coleraine to Hamilton and Berwick, to avoid being cut off from Derry through Pusignian’s advance towards that town, after contributing to Hamilton’s and Berwick’s success at Portglenone. Early in April, Pusignian cleared with rapid slaughter Moneymore, Magherafelt, Dawson’s-Bridge, Balloghy, Newferry, and, in short, all the passes on the left of the Ban leading to Coleraine as far as Portglenone. There, though the bridge had been burned and the pass guarded by a redoubt, the river had in the mean time been crossed by the Irish officers and their troops in the face of the enemy. The Orangite forces at Coleraine,—whose garrison, exclusive of the detachments routed at the above-mentioned passes, was 3,000 strong,—all fell back towards Derry, after breaking the bridge of Coleraine. Hamilton and Berwick entered the town, and garrisoned it with the regiment

cours, of which the Irish formed the greatest hopes, came over with Lausun in March, 1690, instead of 20,000 stand

of Colonel O'Morra; and the three Irish commanders, then uniting their forces on the west side of the Ban, advanced towards the passes of the Finn and Foyle, to attack the enemy under Lieutenant Colonel Lundy amounting, by their own accounts, to 10 or 12,000 men. The conduct of the Orange army, though advantageously posted and now assembled to cover their last fortress, was more disgraceful than ever. At Cladyford, where the arches of the bridge had been broken down, the pass strengthened by a breast-work, and guarded (if cowards can be said to guard any thing) by between 5 and 6,000 men, the place was forced by a mere outpost of 350 foot and 600 horse from the Irish main army, which was still at Strabane, the enemy flying precipitately with the loss of 400 men. At Lifford, the other pass, which was also fortified, the gallantry of Marshal Rosen and his General Officers, Maumont and de Lery, was likewise triumphant. With only 2 troops of horse, 1 of dragoons, and 80 of King James's Foot Guards, those brave officers crossed the river in the front of an entrenched enemy 10 times their number, who fled at the very first discharge, and were pursued for 3 or 4 miles with sharp and well-deserved execution! Previous to these events, the Orange party of the county of Sligo, whose forces under Lord Kingston, estimated at 3,000 foot and 1,000 horse, occupied the frontier of Connaught and Ulster, had, by the order of William's commander, Lieutenant Colonel Lundy, about the 24th of March, evacuated Sligo, which they had fortified, and had reached Ballyshannon, as a position more convenient for assisting Derry, being pursued on their retreat by a strong party of the Irish of Monaghan, under Lieutenant Colonel O'Farrell. Lundy's alleged motives for this order were, that the whole Orange strength should be consolidated in defence of the great Northern Union, because if *that* fell, all the minor confederacies should share its fate, and, consequently, that *their* only prospect of safety lay in a complete junction with it.

The justice of this reasoning in a military point of view, from an officer in Lundy's situation, is evident. If Derry, the great bulwark of the Northern Union, fell—a circumstance that *must* have occurred, but for the want of proper siege artillery on James's part, upon which want, Lundy, from his ignorance on the matter, could not calculate—it will be clear, from a glance at the map of Ireland, that the mere county of Fermanagh, *then* completely surrounded and invaded by *ALL* the forces of the victorious Irish, *must* have speedily fallen—Enniskillen, its only place of any strength, having no walls like Derry—being by no means so well supplied with Derry's other means of resistance, such as arms, ammunition, and artillery—and being cut off, by the nature of the communication between Lough Erne and the sea, from receiving such relief as Derry did. After arriving at Ballyshannon, Lord Kingston was repeatedly pressed by Lundy to come and strengthen Derry, even with a small detachment of horse and foot, but disobeyed his superior officer's orders, till peremptorily commanded by a Council of War held at Derry on the 13th of April, to be with *ALL* his forces at Clady-ford and Lifford, in time for action, by 10 in the morning of the 15th. By a delay of

of arms, which were promised, and of which there was the most urgent necessity, the Irish were sent but 8,000, and these so bad, according to King James, as to be of little service; *that*, instead of a proper supply of clothing for the

the express—which, however, need not have been written but for the neglect of previous orders—his Lordship could only reach Stranorlar, 5 miles from Raphoe, with a small party. There, meeting the fugitives from the last disgraceful defeat before Derry, and learning that the victorious Irish were between him and Raphoe, he despatched his horse to Enniskillen, dispersed his foot in various directions, and embarked at Killibegs for England, the general *refugium peccatorum* for the pompously-designated Lord Mount-Alexander, Sir Arthur Rawdon, (who, however, had sickness to plead,) and the other leaders of the routed Williamites! The slaughter of the scattered Organites about Raphoe, by the Irish cavalry, was very severe; and, but for the friendly shelter of some adjoining bogs and marshes, would have been still more so; though the Irish mention the loss of no person of any consequence on their side, but Major Robert Nangle of the regiment of Tyrconnel. Thus, counting Culmore Fort, Castle Derg, and the places in Ulster which soon after surrendered in consequence of these rapid successes of the Irish army, *that* army, though for the most part so very badly supplied with arms, had expelled their Orange enemies, in 6 or 7 weeks, from all the North, except Ballyshannon, Derry, and Enniskillen, having dispersed and beaten those enemies, on several occasions, with an inferiority of numbers, too great for any Orange ingenuity to palliate! At Dromore-Iveagh, 8,000 Orangeites were dispersed by only about 1,000 Irish soldiers and 1,500 Rapparees!—at Hillsborough, the reported approach of *that* little Irish force caused about 4,000 more Orangeites, under Sir Arthur Rawdon, to fly or submit!—from the same small Irish force, another 4,000 fled through several counties as far as Coleraine for shelter!—and, in fine, at Clady-ford and Lifford, 350 Irish foot and 600 horse, and 80 of King James's Foot Guards, with only 1 troop of dragoons and 2 troops of horse, chased from the fortified banks of two rapid rivers an acknowledged Orange army of 10 or 12,000 men! Under these circumstances, James's army, magnified by report to above 3 or 4 times its real number, summoned Derry; their General, Hamilton, guaranteeing the inhabitants the undisturbed possession of life, liberty, property, and religion! The Governor, Lundy, having naturally no reliance upon the insubordinate fanatics and runaways by whom he was surrounded, prepared to treat of a capitulation. At Coleraine, a little before this, on his going towards the bridge to view the town, the soldiers had dared to draw up the bridge and to insult his person or threaten his life, by presenting their muskets and pikes at him, under the insolent and unfounded suspicion that he was going to desert to King James, which he neither then, nor ever afterwards did, being even attainted by that monarch's parliament; his just and sensible orders, in the case of Lord Kingston and his troops had, as we have seen, been also disobeyed, by which the Orange army, in the last action before Derry, had been *minus* 3,000 foot and 1,000 horse; and, in fine, an officer in *his* position (something like that of Sir John

Irish army, the clothes which were sent from France were so miserable, that, according to the same authority, the Irish preferred their old ones ; *that*, instead of 2,000,000 of livres in *gold* and *silver* coin, which the Irish were also promised,

Moore, in 1808, in reference to the ignorant, vain-glorious, and run-away Spaniards) could form no great hopes from the *past* of effecting any thing of importance with the *courage* of those, who, in every encounter, however advantageously posted, had been ignominiously beaten by greatly inferior numbers of inferiorly-armed opponents—and **THIS** when undepressed by defeat and under leaders of their own appointment, though they now unjustly threw (as their party scribblers still endeavour to throw) **ALL** the blame of their own cowardice and consequent ill-success upon *him* as a sort of scape-goat for the offences of the multitude ! With the advice, therefore, of a Council consisting of 16 persons, amongst whom only one English officer, Captain Richards, opposed a surrender, while all the rest, including Lord Blaney, Captain Francis Hamilton, and other eminent Williamite officers, consented to it, a capitulation was agreed upon. The frustration of this proposed measure, by the arrival in the town of Murray and his mutinous associates, who deposed the legitimate Governor and Council, fired on King James's army, and, in conjunction with Walker and other zealots, held out the place, is generally known. The plain military facts and reasonings to be deduced from the ensuing *siege* or rather *blockade* of Derry, which commenced on the 20th of April and was ended on the 30th of July, appear, upon a fair view of the transaction, to amount to this—1st, *that* James's army, shamefully magnified to 20,000 men by the Williamite writers, who could not know the real amount of that army so well as its own General, Hamilton, was, according to the indisputable authority of Hamilton's private letter to James, not written for any party purpose, no more at the very most, upon the investment of Derry in April, than 6,000 men, and, towards the end of the blockade in July, was, according to equally authentic official evidence, a good deal short of 5,000 men, of whom, from fatigues, sickness, &c., *not* 3,000 were fit for service :—2dly, *that* the Orangite garrison of Derry was, by the account of its own Governor, Walker, in round numbers, 7,500 regimented troops, when the town was invested, and, on the raising of the blockade, 4,300 men, of whom there were **ABOVE** 3,200 men still remaining fit for service :—3dly, *that* this garrison must likewise have obtained considerable aid from the male portion of a population, stated to have contained 20,000 males and females ; an aid so considerable, as, during a long period, to make the defensive military strength of the place probably equivalent to the 10,000 men, at which it has been rated by the Duke of Berwick :—4thly, *that* if the town severely suffered for some time, as it unquestionably did, from the effects of famine and disease, its defenders were nevertheless sheltered from the very severe and consequently unhealthy weather of that year, which retarded the Irish works by filling the trenches with water, and to the unwholesome effects of which James's troops were exposed, as well as to the necessity of guarding the country on the side of Culmore and Donegal, and also to be on the alert, in the opposite

and were in the greatest want of, they only got 1,500,000 crowns, stamped at Brest with James's image in *copper*, of which sort of *specie*, it need scarcely be remarked, that there was rather a useless plenty in Ireland already; *that*,

direction of Enniskillen, against the incursions towards their rear of various insurgent parties in or about that town, who swarmed over the country to the amount of some thousands:—5thly, *that* in a place officially declared by the depositions of James's experienced General Officers to be quite too strong to be taken by any force so small as the King's without a good battering train, the besieged had, according to the Duke of Berwick, 30, and by their own acknowledgment, 20, pieces of serviceable cannon, while the Irish, according to the authentic evidence of the Duke, who was one of *their* chief officers, had but 6 *pieces of SIEGE artillery in all*, and were even deprived of the undivided benefit of this very inadequate train, by being frequently obliged to remove those few heavy guns from before the walls to prevent Kirk's vessels from sailing up the river by Culmore to the relief of the town:—6thly, *that* from the foregoing statements it appears, that a concentrated Orangite force, at first containing 7,500 soldiers and officers, and at the very last, 4,300 men, of which *above* 3,200 were fit for service, were such *imbeciles* as to allow themselves to be cooped up and starved within stone walls for above 3 months by a considerably divided, very badly armed, and numerically inferior Irish force of no more than 6,000 men, at most, in the beginning, and of *not* 3,000 effective men, in the end:—and, 7thly and lastly, *that* it is manifest from these particulars, that any military glory connected with the blockade of Derry is really due to the inferior amount of Irish troops, who, in spite of almost every possible disadvantage, maintained that blockade, and *not* to the more numerous, better concentrated and better armed Orange garrison of Derry, who, instead of suffering themselves, with *their* superior numbers, to be shut up for above 3 months to cant and famish in Derry, ought to have met and beaten their enemy in the open field, or have died in the attempt like MEN, were they any thing like what their own legendary accounts represent them to have been.

The consideration of this last point alone is in fact quite sufficient to show, what little confidence is to be attached to any narratives merely derived from the grossly partial testimony of men, who were either so interested (like Walker) in magnifying their own achievements, or whose ignorant and prejudiced minds were so warped by the morbid workings of fanaticism and famine, that "*according to a CREDIBLE tradition still preserved in the city,*" the besieged, to use the words of their own historian, Parson Graham, "*were FULLY assured that at the hour of 12 o'clock every night, an Angel, mounted on a snow-white horse, and brandishing a sword of a bright colour, was SEEN to compass the city by land and water!*" Indeed, as there were, according to Walker, only 2 days' subsistence, or but 9 lean horses left, and a pint of meal to each man, when the city *was* relieved, it was merely through James's ill-timed humanity, in granting protections to all who applied for them, that the town was at all enabled to hold out, till Kirk's ships

though some cannon were expected for the defence of the Irish fortified towns, there were none at all sent, a circum-

from England ended the blockade by passing up the river with provisions, owing to the want of sufficient artillery on the part of the Irish to stop them. For, had not James allowed 10,000 out of the 30,000 persons in Derry when he came before it to leave the place, and had not great numbers, if not almost every body that wished out of the remaining 20,000, been permitted to do the same for a considerable time after, it would have been so utterly impossible for the imprisoned multitude to exist on the slender stock of provisions which they possessed, that, long before the arrival of the English relief, the garrison and inhabitants would, in Marshal Rosen's words, have been "*obliged to surrender themselves with the halter about their necks!*" And hence the perfectly justifiable conduct of the calumniated Governor Lundy and his Council, in having agreed, at first, to surrender the town on the honourable conditions it was offered, rather than incur what must have seemed the completely hopeless, unavailing, and consequently criminal expenditure of human life and suffering, attendant upon an attempt to defend a place so badly provisioned as Derry was, if blockaded with the strictness usual in war; upon which sort of blockade *alone* it was natural to calculate. The *asserted* loss of the Irish army at Derry, according to the Williamite scribes who swell its original numbers to 20,000, was "between 8 and 9,000 men!" The *REAL* loss of that army, never, as has been seen, above 6,000 men at the very most, was, according to the official statements of its own General Officers, no more, at the very highest computation, than something above 3,000 men; the greater part of whom were missing from sickness, fatigue, and other causes than the sword of the enemy, to whom they proved themselves superior as soldiers from first to last. The loss of the besieged, principally from famine and disease, was greater than that of the Irish army; being, according to Walker, about 3,200 men. In fine, the resistance of Derry was rather an affair of *position* and *artillery*, than of *MEN* and *COURAGE*. Had its safety depended upon any thing like a *Spartan* wall, it never would have gained the unmerited notoriety into which it has been preached and scribbled by interested bigotry and factious exaggeration. During the *blockade*, the Orange insurgents of Ulster were elsewhere beaten by the Irish army. Captain Henry Hunter, one of the 7 captains of Lord Blaney's troops, formerly disarmed near Antrim, having collected in the county of Down, an insurrectory force of 3 or 4,000 horse and foot, with a piece of artillery, in order to maintain himself in that district till the arrival of an army from England, Major General Buchan and Lieutenant Colonel Talbot set out against the enemy, with 2 regiments of infantry, 1 troop of horse, and 1 troop of dragoons. About the 28th of April, the Irish officers came down upon the rebels near Cumber, on Lough Strangford, separated their horse and foot, killing from 3 to 600 Orangites on the spot, wounding several, and totally dispersing the rest—their leader escaping with difficulty in an open boat to the Isle of Man. Those who submitted, though they had broken their protections, and behaved with the customary insolence and brutality of their faction while the country

stance to which the easy surrender to William of so many leading towns previous to his arrival at Limerick was, no

was in their power, were received to mercy with the usual clemency of King James's government. About the 21st of June, the Duke of Berwick, likewise, who had advanced with 400 cavalry towards Enniskillen, having learned that 300 Orange rebels were presuming to form magazines at Donegal, in the rear of the royal army then blockading Derry, marched back in the night, fell suddenly upon the insurgents at break of day, beat and drove them for safety into a castle, burned the magazines and the town, and brought away 1,500 oxen, cows, or sheep, besides 80 horses. Meanwhile, the multitude of rebels who had collected in Enniskillen from Fermanagh, Cavan, Monaghan, Donegal, Leitrim, and Sligo, on the successful advance of the Irish into the North, and who, from the seat of their headquarters, were generally styled Enniskilleners, gradually increased in strength and confidence. On the 22d of March, Lord Galmoy, with a detachment, probably, not above 1,000 men, according to Irish authority, though stated in the usual Orange mode, at "above 2,000 horse and foot," on the refusal of those insurgents to submit, commenced hostilities with an endeavour to intimidate them, by affecting to invest and attack the Castle of Crom, on Lough Erne. But the walls and garrison being quite too strong to be mastered by a force, destitute, as the Irish were, of any cannon—"the defect of artillery in the Castle being in some degree supplied by long fowling-pieces, with double rests, used in killing game about the Lough"—and the enemy having considerably reinforced the place by water, and having, according to *some* accounts, slain 30 or 40 of the Irish in a sally, his Lordship necessarily avoided any farther attempt at hostile measures, for which he was so very inadequately provided near a place like Enniskillen, the head-quarters of all the insurgent Protestant population of 6 counties! After this, from the harassing and enfeebling employment at Derry of the great body of the royal troops, the Enniskilleners were enabled to seize and destroy a few places, either so weakly garrisoned or so badly supplied as to be incapable of resisting superior numbers. They likewise overthrew some obscure bodies of provincial or irregular Irish, whose exact amount is uncertain, and whose defeat, no doubt enormously magnified, as being only recorded in Enniskillen accounts; and, finally, in several predatory excursions, they surprised and drove away a great number of cows, sheep, and horses to Enniskillen. The earliest authentic advantage of any importance on the part of the insurgents, (or an advantage mentioned by King James, as well as by *their* sectarian and exaggerating writers,) occurred at Belturbet on the 18th of June. Brigadier Sutherland, being despatched with 2 regiments of foot, 1 of dragoons, and 2 troops of horse, to straiten Enniskillen on the side of Belturbet, while Colonel Sarsfield, with whom he was to correspond, was stationed within 12 miles of Enniskillen, with 3 troops of horse, 1 of dragoons, and 3 battalions of foot, to cover all the country to the South, arrived, about the 10th of June, at Belturbet, where he received an order from Marshal Rosen, then at Derry, to proceed to Omagh, to protect the Irish blockading army in that direc-

doubt, mainly attributable; and lastly, and more than all, *that*, instead of 10,000 native French troops, which the

tion. The insurgents, whom Sutherland's spy reported as greatly superior, or 15,000 in number, endeavoured to cut off that officer by seizing a narrow pass. Sutherland, however, marching all night, and taking advantage of wet weather, skilfully eluded their design of intercepting him; leaving behind him, to secure his retreat, a small detachment of from 250 to 280 horse and foot under Lieutenant Colonel Edward Scott, in the church and grave-yard of Belturbet, which were slightly fortified. This weak detachment was to be reinforced by the infantry regiment of Bophin, 2 troops of horse, and 2 of dragoons. But the Enniskilleners, after the failure of their main object against Brigadier Sutherland, having fallen upon Lieutenant's Colonel Scott's small party with greatly superior numbers before any reinforcement arrived, and having been likewise enabled to command the church and church-yard completely by their fire from the surrounding houses, the place was surrendered after a contest of somewhat less than two hours, and with it the Irish detachment, a quantity of provisions, 80 dragoon-horses, 700 muskets, and some gunpowder, &c.—this, according to the usual tenor of *Enniskillen* testimony, being accomplished after *such* a contest, without the loss of even *one* man on *their* side! Belturbet, however, was re-occupied by the Irish, and the capture of Lieutenant Colonel Scott's little detachment was partly balanced in July, by the Duke of Berwick, who, advancing from Trellick, with a superior force, towards Enniskillen, cut to pieces, made prisoners, or dispersed about 200 of the Enniskillen foot; taking a Lieutenant, a Captain, 2 standards, and the arms of the runaways; and also driving within the entrenchments of the town 100 of the enemy's cavalry, in spite of the fire of the artillery from an adjacent fort. During these occurrences, James's government so far remedied the great deficiency of military supplies in which they were left by France, as to equip a force, supposed to be sufficient to attack Enniskillen, without breaking off the blockade of Derry. The command of this new levy was intrusted to Lieutenant General Justin MacCarthy, the pacificator of Munster, created by James, in April, Master General of Artillery, and, on the 23d of May, Lord Viscount Mountcashel and Baron of Castle-Inchy. His force consisted of 3 infantry and 2 dragoon regiments, with some horse; the whole, according to King James, making 3,600 men. Their artillery consisted of 7 pieces of cannon. With this force, which was to assemble at Belturbet, Lord Mountcashel was to direct the main attack against Enniskillen, by marching along the right or north-eastern bank of Lough Erne towards that town, which is situated on an island of the Lough, while Sarsfield, with 2 or 3 regiments of foot, 3 troops of horse, and 1 of dragoons, was posted on the left or south-western side of the lake, to protect the Irish territory towards Connaught, against the 2 Orange garrisons of Ballyshannon and Enniskillen. The Duke of Berwick, however, who, after his last success against the enemy, had encamped at Trellick with 4 battalions of infantry, 1 regiment of horse, and 1 of dragoons, was unfortunately recalled to Derry not long before the march of Lord Mountcashel towards Enniskillen—a circumstance

Irish were told would be brought to their assistance by Lausun, they received only a motley crew of about 6,000

that could not have occurred at a more unfortunate period, since the Duke, by again moving down upon Enniskillen from Trellick, to second Lord Mountcashel coming up along the same side of the lake to meet him, would have placed any force issuing from Enniskillen between two Irish armies, and have thus, in all probability, sealed the fate of that town. Lord Mountcashel was therefore unluckily left to contend alone with the whole strength of Enniskillen.

The military power of the Enniskilleners, at this period, was very considerable. *They* specify their old (regular) force, before they received any assistance from England, at 30 companies of foot, 17 troops of horse, and 3 troops of dragoons; making, with officers, 3,000 men. They, some time before Lord Mountcashel's approach, had gotten from England, by Major General Kirk's fleet, 8 field-pieces (in addition to 2 they previously had,) 50 barrels of powder, with ball and match in proportion, 600 dragoon firelocks, and 1,000 muskets for a new levy of foot. They, at the same time, got some experienced English officers with commissions for several new regiments of infantry and cavalry—the infantry of which would amount to 3,240, the cavalry to 1,550, and the whole, with officers, to above 5,000 men. Of these, in the situation Enniskillen then was, a great portion of the infantry might be quickly marshalled from the male population of a town containing, so far back as March, 10,000 men according to Harris, and from a surrounding country, infested, in June, according to Marshal Rosen's letter to James, by 20,000 armed rebels. In fine, the actual Enniskillen force, before the last new regiments were raised, and without saying any thing of irregulars, is stated by Major General Kirk, in his letter to Walker at Derry, written in or about the middle of July, to have been "3,000 foot and 1,500 horse, and a regiment of dragoons that had promised to come to their relief,"—or, in other words, to have been about 5,000 horse and foot; and that *English* officer must be admitted to be an unexceptionable authority, since the Orange writers affirm that he had derived his knowledge of the true amount of the Enniskilleners from their own deputies. Under all these circumstances, the rational reader will reject Hamilton's and Harris's estimates of the army opposed to Lord Mountcashel at only "something more than 2,000 men," including what are called "*some*," without saying *how many*, "irregulars;" and will prefer King James's fair and moderate enumeration of the enemy at 4,000 men. Lord Mountcashel, having assembled his force of 3,600 men at Belturbet on the 27th of July, by the 28th invested Crom Castle, from which, 4 months before, Lord Galmoy had been obliged to retire. By the 30th, the Irish carried the first entrenchments; and though, on this success, they had, with the rash impetuosity of inexperienced troops, rushed forward, against their General's orders, to the very castle-walls; and, by thus improperly exposing themselves to the whole fire of the place, had suffered considerably; they battered the fortress so vigorously, that the Governor, Colonel Creighton, sent pressing entreaties to Enniskillen for speedy relief. Upon this intelligence, Lieutenant Colonel

men, but half of whom were French, and the rest refugees of various nations who had been taken prisoners by the

Berry, one of the English officers lately supplied by Kirk, was, on the 30th, despatched from Enniskillen by Lisnaskea, to reconnoitre the Irish, at the head of 7 or 8 troops of horse, 2 troops of dragoons, and 3 companies of foot (making about 700 men, including officers,) and with the promise, says Harris, "that the *WHOLE BODY of the Enniskilleners* should soon follow to relieve him, and to attempt to raise the siege of Crom!" On the same day, Lord Mountcashel, having heard that the enemy were now marching out against him from Enniskillen, posted himself so at Newtownbutler, about 2 miles from Crom, that he might either engage their army of 4,000 men, or might resume his operations against the castle. The following morning, July 31st, O'Brien's regiment of dragoons, and some horse and foot, having advanced towards Lisnaskea, within 8 or 10 miles of Enniskillen, were discovered by Berry, who, thinking them to be superior to him in number, sent off for the assistance he had been promised, and, by the more intricate and nearer to Lough Erne of two roads leading from the village of Lisnaskea towards Enniskillen, retreated before the Irish to a strong position, at the end of a causeway, through a bog. The causeway was so very narrow that but two horsemen could ride abreast, and was terminated by a thicket of underwood well adapted for musketeers, by whose fire from the thicket the passage was completely commanded. At the end of this causeway and amidst the protecting underwood, Berry placed his infantry and dismounted dragoons, to be supported, when requisite, by his horse, ranged a little to the rear. The Irish detachment, undeterred by the great strength of this position, which was even still stronger than was supposed, being guarded by nearly twice the number that was thought, or by about 700 instead of but 400 men, boldly pressed forwards. Colonel Anthony Hamilton, Major General to Lord Mountcashel, getting off his horse, and ordering the dragoons to do the same, led them up, sword in hand, to the causeway, with great bravery, amidst the volleys of the enemy's ambushed foot and dismounted dragoons. Their fire was returned by the advancing Irish. But the gallant Hamilton having, in the very outset, received a shot in the leg, that compelled him to retire a little back to seek the support of his horse; and the succeeding officer being killed; and no one of rank to conduct the men; numbers of whom necessarily dropped on every side, from being exposed at such a great disadvantage to the aim of troops so protected as the Enniskilleners were; a gradual disorder and rout ensued, the Irish losing, by Enniskillen accounts, 230 men in killed and prisoners, till Lord Mountcashel, coming up with his horse, arrested the pursuit, compelling Berry to lead back his soldiers to the protection of their former fastness. This unfortunate encounter, which should not have been risked at all by the Irish detachment without the support of more troops to flank or turn the enemy, occurred about 9 o'clock, and so dispirited the army, that Lord Mountcashel, hearing that the whole force of Enniskillen had issued from the town to fall upon him, resolved, under such unfavourable circumstances, to be upon his guard, and to return for that

French on the Continent the preceding summer, and formed into a sort of *Legion Noire*, or a kind of "black regiments"

purpose to Belturbet. Meantime, Berry, being joined, about noon, at the moat beyond Lisnaskea, by his commanding officer, Colonel William Wolseley, with the entire Orange reserve of regulars and irregulars from Enniskillen, the united troops commenced a hot pursuit of the Irish army. Lord Mountcashel, having broken up the siege of Crom, fell back towards Belturbet in good order—making a stand within half a mile of Newtownbutler, as if to engage—exchanging shots by a flying detachment with the advanced parties of the pursuers—on quitting his temporary post, setting fire, amidst protecting volleys of musketeers, to the town of Newtownbutler and the adjacent country houses, to distract the attention or delay the advance of the assailing forces—and doing, in short, all that a good officer could do in his situation to effect a retreat, in order to avoid an unseasonable engagement. At length, finding it impossible to defer a battle any longer, he drew up his men about a mile beyond Newtownbutler, in a well-selected position. On the declivity of a hill, situated at the end of a bog, through which there was no regular access to the rising ground beyond by any road but one narrow causeway, he stationed his foot to the *right* and *left* of the causeway, opposite the infantry and dismounted dragoons of the Enniskilleners, whose two wings were thus obliged to traverse the bog to meet those of the Irish. On the same declivity, where it joined the causeway, which was alone fitted for the movements of cavalry, he posted his horse and dragoons in the *centre*, over against the horse of the enemy; and, before his own centre he placed 6 pieces of cannon to sweep the passage of the causeway. Colonel Wolseley, who advanced in order of battle, commanded his whole front to move to the attack at once—himself remaining behind with the main body to direct the operations, and forward reinforcements, where necessary. The Enniskillen horse endeavoured to proceed along the causeway to charge the Irish centre. They were received so warmly by the Irish artillery that they could not advance a single step. The enemy's foot and dismounted dragoons then came on through the bog—a task, less difficult in that dry season of the year than at a more rainy period. They advanced by degrees, principally along the sides of the causeway. Their object was, to close round upon the Irish cannon, turn it upon its owners, and thus open the way for the onset of the horse, which had been completely stopped by the artillery. The Irish stood their ground. The enemy sharply charged their right wing. Lord Mountcashel ordered that some troops should "face to the right" to aid their companions. A fatal blunder in the delivery of this command occasioned the loss of the battle. The officer, who received the order, instead of saying "face to the *right*," bade his men "face to the right *about*." The movement took place accordingly. The Irish, in the rear of this part of the army, seeing troops from the front coming on with their faces towards the rear, thought those troops were abandoning the fight. A panic ensued. Others, beholding the rear making off, followed, or were forced to follow, its example. The enemy, favoured by this ruinous accident, pushed forward, seized the artillery of the Irish.

for the service of Ireland; consisting, besides French, of Germans, Swiss, Swedes, Danes, and even of English.

and turned it upon them. His horse, no longer checked by the cannon, advanced at full speed along the causeway against the Irish horse and dragoons of the centre. They perceiving their cannon turned against them, shared in the general alarm; and, without once attempting to rally, fled from the field towards Watling Bridge. Some officers, bravely doing their duty, were killed, among whom was Sir Stephen Martin; others wounded, among whom was Lord Abercorn. The rest either joined, or were hurried away, in the throng. The Irish left wing of infantry had, meanwhile, maintained their position. By the rout of their right, and that of their horse in the centre, they were now completely abandoned. In this hopeless condition, they broke and fled.

Cut off by the first unlucky defeat of their right from the open country in that quarter—from the intervening causeway by the success of the enemy's horse against their centre—pressed upon by the troops immediately opposed to them—and shut out from the only avenue of escape in the rear, by the enemy's preoccupation of Watling Bridge with a body of cavalry—the ill-fated fugitives, casting away their arms to facilitate their escape, ran, in the direction of Lough Erne, through boggy places, intricate with turf-pits and deep standing pools, towards a wood near the lake. And now *ALL* the merit, or that of humanity, which *could* be derived from a victory owing to *chance*, was abandoned for the exercise of the most detestable cruelty. "No popery," the enemy's war-cry on that day, became, as usual, synonymous with no mercy. The bigot rivalled the demon. The human being contended with the bloodhound in his greedy chase and savage thirst for human life. A remnant of the Irish that survived the long slaughter of the pursuit, and had reached the wood, were followed into it by the enemy, where, finding that quarter was given to few or none except officers, even after *all* the carnage which had occurred, the fugitives, to use the words of Harris, "desperately cast themselves into the Lough in several places, to the number (as was computed) of about 500, and *were ALL drowned save ONE man who got through amidst volleys of shot fired after him! All that night,*" continues the Williamite annalist, "the (Enniskillen) foot were BEATING THE BUSHES FOR THE ENEMY, and *their officers COULD NOT BRING THEM OFF FROM THE HUNT till NEXT DAY about 10 o'clock!*"—or, in other words, till after a massacre of not less than 20 hours' continuation! Lord Mountcashel, after doing "all that could be expected from a brave and experienced officer," determined, with a feeling of generous indignation worthy of his royal descent, noble rank, and honourable profession, not to survive his defeat.

The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
Forever dimm'd, forever crost—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel
When all but life and honour's lost!—*Moore.*

Refusing to escape, as he might have done, with his cavalry, and accompanied by 6 or 7 high-spirited officers who resolved to share the fate of

Irish, and Scotch—while, for such a *reinforcement*, the Irish, as has been before observed, were deprived of the

their General, he withdrew, at first, from amongst the routed mass, into a wood, near the place where he had posted his cannon, which a body of the enemy under Captain Cooper were now guarding. From this wood, he rushed out on horseback with his gallant followers against the hostile party, firing his pistol amongst them to provoke them to kill him; upon which 7 or 8 soldiers, singling him out, levelled their muskets at him, shot his horse on the spot, and brought himself to the ground, wounded in several places.—One of the Enniskilleners, then running up, clubbed his musket to dash out the brains of the defenceless nobleman, when the fatal blow was arrested, by one of the Irish officers entreating the soldier to spare Lord Mountcashel. On hearing this, Captain Cooper ordered quarter to be given to the entire party, by which the Irish General's life was spared, much to *his* regret, as he afterwards expressed himself, on recovering his senses! In this unfortunate affair, and the previous morning engagement, which may be called only different parts of the same action, the whole 3,600 men of the Irish force, (except those killed at Crom, and the few horse who escaped,) were either taken or destroyed—all the Irish artillery, ammunition, and colours being likewise captured. The enemy state *their* loss at but 12 regulars and 8 irregulars, or but 20 men in all killed, and only 30 or 40 men wounded. Upon this battle, which, having taken place the day the blockade of Derry was abandoned, was the last action of consequence between the Irish army and their northern Orange opponents before Kirk's and Schomberg's landings from England, as well as the only regular engagement in which *that* army was not successful against those opponents, the following remarks may be made in reference to the transaction itself, and the omissions or misrepresentations which the enemies and calumniators of Ireland have been guilty of in their narratives of the occurrence, for the purpose of lowering the Irish military character. First, setting aside the question of superior numbers on the part of the enemy, it appears *that* Lord Mountcashel's troops were raw and inexperienced levies, who, till this attack on the Enniskilleners, had never seen fire, and were fighting in an enemy's country and surrounded by a hostile population, whereas the Enniskilleners had for some months been accustomed to a constant system of partisan warfare, the most improving to soldiers, and were, besides being in their own country, supplied with excellent and experienced English officers, amongst whom such a mistake as that which lost the battle to the Irish would be very far from occurring:—2dly, *that*, in the first encounter which took place between Colonel Anthony Hamilton's detachment and that of Lieutenant Colonel Berry in the morning, no disgrace could be attached to the defeat of even a larger force than the Irish, by a body of men holding such an unapproachable position as the Enniskilleners did, protected and covered by a bog and thickets as *they* were, and, moreover, twice as numerous as they were supposed by the Irish to have been, when they at all **DARED** to attack them in such a post:—3dly, *that*, with a reckless contempt of truth, the Enniskillen historians *bestow* at Newtownbutler

6,000 of their very best troops, which, under the gallant Lord Mountcashel, were the commencement of the justly celebrated IRISH BRIGADE in the service of France.¹ Such

upon the Irish (who, from their losses at Crom and in the morning against Berry, could not be many more than 3,000 men) as many as 6,000 and even 7,000 "regular troops," while, with an inconsistency which proves how little such *historians* can be relied on, they themselves show that after the slaughter at Newtownbutler, from which, *a retreat being cut off, so few escaped*, there were no more than about 2,900 Irish forthcoming, or 2,000 killed, 500 drowned, and about 400 (chiefly officers) made prisoners:—4thly, *that* those writers evidently underrate the Enniskillen numbers by about one half, omitting any thing like a numerical statement of the crowd of fanatical *irregulars* that must have accompanied the *regulars*;—5thly, *that* "above all and before all," those writers designedly conceal from their ignorant, and, of course, prejudiced and bigoted readers, the main fact which caused the Irish defeat—an event, which, as *they* related it, appeared so incredible to Story, an Englishman and Parson of *that* day, that he made an inquiry into the matter amongst the Enniskilleners in William's army, and revealed the truth, remarking, at the same time, that while a deal of the defeat was due to valour, there was "*more to the Providence of God!*"—6thly, *that* all the circumstances of the battle of Newtownbutler being fairly considered, numbers, accident, panic, &c., the Enniskilleners are by no means entitled to the merit of the very superior bravery which they lay claim to, or to any *merit* but that of the merciless cruelty which has so generally characterized the biblical fanatic; and that, in as much as real bravery and humanity are usually united, it seems more than probable, that, had their courage been properly tried in a long and well-contested engagement, they would have been as deficient in bravery as the rest of their faction, who, in every previous engagement of this war, except in *this* solitary "chance victory," were ignominiously put to the rout by the Irish troops, though the Irish were very inferior in numbers, and still more so in arms and equipments;—and 7thly and lastly, when one calmly reflects upon the unmerited importance, the positive and negative misrepresentations, and the brazen boasting connected by the Williamite faction with this *single* instance of their *casual* success against the Irish, it is calculated to bring to mind the saying of the philosopher Antisthenes, on hearing a previously stupid and obscure people of Greece bragging for a victory they gained over the Spartans—"that such a people were only just like so many *school-boys*, rejoicing that they had beaten their *master!*"

¹ Rawdon Papers, p. 316 & 17. King James, vol. II. p. 387 & 88. Harris, p. 277. MacGeoghegan, vol. III. p. 458 & 465. The brave Mountcashel, after being taken prisoner at Newtownbutler, under circumstances so glorious to himself though unfortunate to his army, remained at Enniskillen about 5 months, or till near the end of December, 1689. He was at first strictly guarded; but from his former humane and honourable conduct towards Colonel Creighton, the Governor of Crom, whose life he had saved, and, no doubt, from the favourable im-

with 2,000 barrels of powder, and 20 pieces of field artillery—not used at the Boyne, and shortly after brought back to

pression likewise made by his gallant behaviour, in his last battle, he was allowed the liberty of the town on his *parole*. At length, not finding that he was ransomed or exchanged, and wishing to regain his liberty, though not by any violation of his word as a nobleman and a soldier, he caused a rumour to be spread that it was his intention to escape. On hearing this, Colonel Gustavus Hamilton, the Governor of Enniskillen, placed his Lordship under a guard, as *he* foresaw would be the case, and thus released him from his *parole*. He then bribed a sergeant, named Acheson, who was placed over him, to convey him and his movables away in two *cols*, or little boats, into which they got out of the house in which they were, as the water of Lough Erne came up almost to the door. The sergeant went off with him; but imprudently returning in the night to deliver a letter, and being also found with his Lordship's pass in his hat, he was shot. For this escape, the English accused Lord Mountcashel of not having acted as a "man of honour!"—that *immaculate* judge of *honour*, the notorious Major General Kirk, the colleague of Jefferies, presuming to say, on hearing of the Irish General's flight, that "*he* took him to be a man of honour, but would not expect THAT in an *Irishman* any more!" (*Story, Imp. Hist.* p. 51.) But Harris, whose account of the occurrence is derived from Enniskillen MS. sources, sets such an imputation upon his Lordship completely at rest, by mentioning that, on his arrival in France, (a country where honour has always been so well understood,) *he* caused himself to be regularly "tried there by a Court of Honour, for breach of his *parole*," when, "making the circumstances of his escape evident, he was acquitted!" (*Harris*, p. 225.) The Irish nobleman, who, with his gallant companions, met with the most flattering and generous treatment from Louis XIV., eventually died at Barege, of the effects of a wound in the chest, which he received fighting against the Allies in Savoy, the year of his arrival in France; though how many years he survived that injury are not specified. (*MacGeoghegan*, vol. III. p. 465 & 6.)

I am not aware to what branch of the MacCarthys Lord Mountcashel belonged; although he would seem, from his rank and influence, and from the name of Justin, to have been uncle to the last Earl of Clancarty, who is mentioned to have had an influential uncle of that name. The illustrious family of the MacCarthys trace their immediate pedigree in our old national annals up to the commencement of the 3d century, from which period down to the *intrusion* of Henry II., or, in other words, for above 900 years, they were the hereditary princes of Desmond, or South Munster—possessing, in connection with the O'Briens, the princes of Thomond, or North Munster, who were descended from the same original stock, the right of alternately appointing the supreme King of Munster. The Counties of Cork and Kerry were the principal parts of the immediate patrimony of the MacCarthys, and of the great families connected with them, amongst whom the chief in rank were the *O'Callaghans*, descended from the celebrated conqueror of the Danes, Callaghan Cashel, King of Munster, who died A. D. 952, the O'Donovans, the

ce—was ALL the assistance received by Ireland from France, to undertake the important campaign of 1690,

inells, the O'Donoghues More and O'Donoghues of the Glin, the Conyns, the O'Keeffes, the O'Sullivans More and O'Sullivans Beare, and several other septs of equally respectable antiquity, but who have distinguished themselves in Irish or Continental history. (*MacGeoghegan's Halloran, O'Connor's Irish Genealogies.*) After all the vicissitudes and turries of domestic and foreign warfare, Donough MacCarthy, the chief of his race, still held, at the Revolution, immense possessions in the County of Cork, with the title of Earl of Clancarty. He was the son of Callaghan MacCarthy, and grandson of Donough, the great Lord Muskerry, the 1st Earl of Clancarty,—General of the Irish forces of Munster for James II. and Charles II. against the Cromwellian robbers and murderers—afterwards celebrated, as may be seen by the Memoirs of James II., for his bravery in the wars of the Continent—and who finally died in London, August 5th, 1665, a few years after the Restoration. Donough, the 2nd Earl of Clancarty, the namesake and grandson of this brave nobleman, passed through his second son, Callaghan, by a daughter of the Earl of Devon, was educated in England as a Protestant by no less a person as the Archbishop of Canterbury, but returned to the religion of his country and ancestors on the accession of James II., his father's successor to the British and Irish thrones. The Earl took a prominent part in raising forces and aiding Lieutenant General Justin MacCarthy (afterwards Lord Mountcashel) to suppress the Williamite rebels of Ireland, on their insurrection against King James, after his forced flight from England; entertained that monarch on his arrival at Cork from France, in March, 1689; was created a Lord of the Bedchamber, and his regiment made a Royal Regiment of Guards; and continued, as grandfather, to support the cause of his country and legitimate rights till he became a prisoner on the taking of Cork by Marlborough, when he was conveyed to the Tower of London, where he remained till the end of the war in Ireland. Though the great estates of the Earl presented such a fine field for English or Protestant robbery, the Earl's noble connections in England made considerable interest in William's government, to have the Earl restored to his property. The observance of "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods" was so unprofitable, and the example of Ahab's seizure of Naboth's vineyard was too suitable for the taste of the "Bible Christians" of William's Irish government, to allow of such a request being granted without the consent of those, who, while they talked of the New, only wished to look towards the Irish such parts of the Old Testament, as represent the termination and plunder of the Canaanites by the Jews. Every effort made in favour of the Earl was rendered unavailing by the interference of the grandson of an English and Protestant adventurer, named John Cox, in early life, a country attorney; at the time of this transaction, Judge of the Irish Court of Common Pleas, under the title of Sir John Cox, and, like the rest of such nobility and gentry, one who had obtained a due portion of usurped pickings from the lands of the old Irish, the natural and legitimate possessors of the soil. This judicial representative of the Irish estate-hunting faction stood

for which William's government made the immense preparations already stated; and an analysis of all the services

up the Grand Jury of the County of Cork to make such a representation of what was called the Irish Earl's "hatred to the *English* interest, and of the little probability there was of ever seeing an *English* plantation in those parts if he were restored to his estate, that," says the *Orange Harris*, "all the schemes in favour of Clancarty were defeated, and Mr *Justice Cox*," he adds, "received the thanks of every Protestant of figure and fortune in the County"—that is, "received the thanks" of those "men of yesterday," whose "*figure and fortune*" were either based on or were expected to be augmented *by* such wholesale robbery as the confiscation of the noble Earl's extensive estates. The descendant of Irish princes and nobles for 1400 years was therefore fleeced of his immense property by William's Anglo-Dutch faction—receiving only a miserable life-pension of £300 a year, on condition of his residing out of the country of his ancestors, and of not taking up arms against the new order of things established by the Revolution. "This nobleman," says Doctor Smith, "retired to Hamburgh, on the Elbe, and purchased a little island in the mouth of that river, from the citizens of Altena (or Altona,) which went by his own name. There he erected a convenient dwelling-house, with a range of store-houses, and formed a convenient plan of an useful garden. In this place, he made a considerable profit by shipwrecks; but *continued to give the distressed all the assistance in his power, and saved the lives of many!* His profit arose from the goods thrown on his island, which he placed in his store-houses, and if demanded by the right owners within the year, he returned them, requiring only 2 per cent. for the store room; if not, he made use of them as his own!" He died there, October 22d, 1734, aged 64, leaving two sons. (*Smith's Cork*, vol. I. p. 166–168, & vol. II. p. 196 & 7. *Harris's Ware*, vol. II. p. 207, 208, & 211.) Through the interest of Cardinal Fleury, prime minister of France, with Sir Robert Walpole's administration, the British cabinet were induced by the heir of the deceased Earl, in 1735, to countenance a measure for the reversal of the iniquitous outlawry of his father and the restoration of his confiscated estates, at that time producing, according to Primate Boulter, the noble income of £60,000 a year! But the same Anglo-Protestant faction, which, against all law, had plundered the wives and children of the Irish officers who went to France on the surrender of Limerick, of the estates vested in them by settlements and minorities, and who had, by arbitrary appeals to the executive, refused the representatives of those brave men any justice in the Irish courts, when they instituted suits for the recovery of their lawful properties, became alarmed at the idea of the restoration of Lord Clancarty's estate, from the influence which such a precedent might have upon the "*figure and fortune*" of a proprietary, "two-thirds" of whose lands, according to the remonstrance of their advocate, Primate Boulter, to the British cabinet, "were *Popish* forfeitures originally!" (*Boulter's Letters*, vol. II. p. 118, 19, & 20.) On such a representation, the English ministry became alarmed, and "left Lord Clancarty," says Mr. O'Connor, "to his *legal* redress. *The law was clear in his favour.* A minor at the Revolution, he was incapable of

actually performed by those so-called *French* succours will show of what little benefit they were—if they were not even productive of “more harm than good.”

treason, and he claimed under a marriage settlement which placed his title beyond the reach of attain. With this *incontestable title* he brought an ejectment, but met with an insuperable obstacle in the unconstitutional, unexampled interference of Parliament. By a resolution of the Commons, *all barristers, solicitors, attorneys or proctors that should be concerned for him were voted public enemies!* His Lordship's cause was in consequence abandoned, and this *unparalleled act of oppression* forced him to desert his country, and *SPEND THE REMAINDER OF HIS DAYS IN POVERTY, AND IN A FOREIGN LAND!* (*History of the Irish Catholics*, p. 217, 18 & 19.) Of an exiled member of another branch of the MacCarthys, who, like the great head of that princely house, also adhered to the cause of King James, the following affecting incident is related:—“A considerable part of the MacCarthy estates, in the County of Cork, was held by Mr. S—— about the middle of the last century. Walking one evening in his demesne, he observed a figure, apparently asleep, at the foot of an aged tree, and, approaching the spot, found an old man extended on the ground, whose audible sobs proclaimed the severest affliction. Mr. S—— inquired the cause, and was answered—‘Forgive me, Sir, my grief is idle, but to mourn is a relief to the desolate heart and humbled spirit. *I am a MACCARTHY, once the possessor of that castle, now in ruins, and of this ground;—this tree was planted by my own hands, and I have returned to water its roots with my tears!* To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have long been an exile, and an outlaw since the Revolution. *I am an old man, and to-night, probably for the last time, bid farewell to the PLACE OF MY BIRTH and the HOUSE OF MY FOREFATHERS!*” (*Crofton Croker's Researches*, p. 305.) The representative of the line of MacCarthy Reagh, as well as the Earl of Clancarty, also became an exile in a foreign land, at the Revolution. “The late Comte de MacCarthy Reagh,” says a clever periodical writer, “resided at Toulouse, and left behind him at his decease a magnificent library, second only to that of the King of France. No other library in Europe possessed so large a number of printed and MS. books on vellum; of which scarce and valuable material *alone* it contained not less than 826 volumes. His sons, nevertheless, at his death, found themselves under the necessity of parting with it; and thus, the splendid literary cabinet, the pride of this unfortunate family, became scattered over England and France. It would seem as if Fortune had not yet ceased her persecution of an ancient and distinguished race!” (*Holster's Quarterly Magazine*, No. VIII. p. 327 & 28.) Such are a few of the many interesting and pathetic incidents connected with the fall of this noble Irish family. Their extensive possessions *might* have been partitioned without a murmur against the low foreign adventurer and bigot, but their old titles of Muskerry, Clancarty, and Mountcashel, ought surely *not* to have been usurped by the modern swarm of English or antinational upstarts or plunderers, called Deane, Trench, and Moore. The *frog* by no puffing could ever expand himself into an ox! The skin of the dead *LION* should have been left untouched by the ignoble *ass!*

In the first place, the French, or that portion of Louis's force properly so called, are mentioned to have alienated the Irish, to whom they professedly came as friends and allies, by a constant assumption and an irritating display of contemptuous self-superiority, and a foppish and unsoldierly repining and disaffection on account of the inconveniences of the country in which they were appointed to serve; but, more particularly, by the practice of living at "free quarters," as if in an enemy's territory.¹ At the Boyne, being placed in the rear during the action, they did nothing of consequence till the commencement of the retreat. This they assisted to cover. But that service, on their part, was more than compensated by the important aid of the Irish cavalry, who, in addition to their generally excellent conduct in the battle, in which, as far as the ground permitted, they engaged the enemy's horse and beat them every charge, also assisted in covering the retreat—cavalry, and not infantry, being, as every military man knows, the best force for *that* sort of operation. After the battle, 300 of the refu-

¹ The general misconduct of the French in Ireland is attested by the writers on both sides. Unaccustomed to dispense with the aristocratic frivolities of the service of Louis XIV., and the luxury of the continent, the French officers could see nothing good in Ireland, as members of that artificial class, the old *noblesse*, of whom Rousseau somewhere says, that they would charge very well with Hannibal at the battle of Cannæ, but could not endure the hardship of passing the Alps or crossing the marshes of Etruria with him. To such mere judges by externals, Ireland and her inhabitants appeared poor, and as such, (without considering who *made* them so,) of little importance, political or military. In an age when creatures of art, or kings and nobles, were every thing, and the children of nature, or the people, scarcely any thing, such mere summer insects of royalty and aristocracy as Lausun and his officers were incapable of attempting to estimate the Irish people by that true and natural test, to which the honest and noble-minded Paoli submitted the character of his oppressed countrymen, the poor and calumniated, but brave and honest Corsicans. "Go," said the Corsican patriot and *liberator*, in a conversation with Mr. Boswell, "go among them; the more you talk with them, you will do me the greater pleasure. Forget the meanness of their apparel. Hear their sentiments. You will find honour, and sense, and abilities, among these poor men!" (*Boswell's Corsica*, p. 228.) The strict applicability of this description to the natural character of the Irish is sufficiently attested by their noble conduct at Limerick, in spite of the basest opposition, and afterwards by their completely unaided struggle against William's superior forces, under circumstances so apparently hopeless, that Louis XIV. withdrew all his troops from the country in despair. (*King James*, vol. II. p. 413 & 14.)

gee Swiss and Germans belonging to those *French* allies deserted to William's army ; thus contributing to fill up the greater part of his loss of 500 men at the Boyne. About one half of the remaining *French* proceeded immediately after the action to Kinsale, and embarked for the Continent. Lausun, indeed, with the rest, accompanied the retreat of Tyrconnel and the Irish army to Limerick ; but only to advise a base submission ; to march away, against the expostulations of the Irish, towards Galway, and abandon the defence of the place, in order to make a surrender appear the more necessary ; and even proceeding so far with *that* object in view, as to plunder the Irish powder magazines in such a manner, that, but for Sarsfield's destruction of about 100 barrels of William's ammunition at Ballynedy, Limerick must have yielded to another attack of the enemy, after that of the 27th of August, since there were but 50 barrels of powder in the town, on the termination of the last assault. The very suspicious, if not positively treacherous circumstances connected with the conduct of Boisseleau, the French governor of Limerick, in leaving a weak breach, without fosses, and but a few yards from the enemy's outposts, so exposed, that the hostile troops had gained the top of *that* breach before an alarm of the attack was given to the garrison ; his asserted order of several battalions of the Irish, during the engagement, from the breach, so that had those battalions not disobeyed him, the town had been lost ; these things, along with the betrayal (some how or other) of the Irish countersign, and the first great advantage obtained by the enemy through that treachery ; and lastly, the unbecoming speech related to have been made by this same governor to the Irish, to depreciate their success and to lower their courage after their *victory*, and to cry up the invincibility of the enemy after his *defeat*, are, when coupled with the known wish of the French to get back to France at any cost to the Irish, and when associated with a very *natural* surmise as to the secret influence of British gold, a mass of facts and accusations against that officer upon which any remark is unnecessary. The same brief condemnation may be passed upon Lausun's subsequent conduct in writing home to France such disheartening accounts respecting the Irish war as to procure his recall, and in then sailing away from the country, at a time when the junction of his force of 3,000 men and 20 pieces of artillery to the 7 or 8,000

men of the Duke of Berwick, would have enabled that excellent officer to adopt active measures for breaking off the siege of Cork and Kinsale by Marlborough!¹ These acts, on the part of the French, with the vital injury which they did to James by crying down the representative copper money which the greater part of the Irish were contented to take on the national security,² and for which the French government, at a time when gold and silver were most expected and needed, would, nevertheless, afford no other remedy than a further remittance of *copper*, are, with a **FEW** comparatively unimportant remittances of *good* money, and some supplies of *bad* arms and *bad* clothes, the whole of the mighty *benefits* derived by Ireland from her French *friends* in the years 1689 and 1690! This disgraceful parsimony was attributable to the malignity of Louvois, the famous French minister, which James had innocently though unfortunately provoked.

CHAPTER VII.

Privations endured by the Irish army previous to the arrival of St Ruth; great diminution of the national force through the treachery of O'Donnell and other causes; and a detailed account of the campaign down to, and inclusive of, the battle of Aughrim, by way of showing what sort of "*bad* fighting" the Irish displayed "*at home*."

JAMES, who had become acquainted with Lausun in England, had promised to that officer the command of whatever French force might be appointed to restore him to his dominions; and he accordingly named Lausun, at

¹ Berwick's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 56. Harris, p. 283 & 302. Rawdon Papers, p. 316, 331 & 32. The Duke of Berwick mentions, that he advanced with his 7 or 8,000 men as far as Kilmallock against the enemy, but found the Irish force too inferior in number to attempt any vigorous operations against the invaders.

² King James's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 421. Macpherson's Orig. Pap. vol. i. p. 197. O'Halloran, vol. i. p. 529 & 30. For an excellent refutation of the low outcry of sectarian and party cant raised against King James for resorting to the expedient of a **BRASS** coinage, which was, in fact, nothing more *criminal* in itself than the issuing of a **PAPER** currency, see Mr. O'Driscoll's History, vol. ii. p. 39 & 40.

his request, to the command of the French troops intended for Ireland. This doubly vexed Louvois, both because Lausun was his chief enemy at court, and because he wished, as we are told, to have his own son Souvray, who was destined for the military profession, named to command the French contingent for this country; in which case the minister would, no doubt, have furnished such military and financial supplies as must have at least preserved the crown of Ireland for James, if they would not have also enabled him to recover England and Scotland.¹ The son and successor of Louvois, who died about the latter end of 1690, inherited the aversion of his harsh and imperious father to the interest of James in Ireland, though Louis XIV., being made sensible about that period of the importance of assisting the Irish, had issued orders for sending them, in a great measure, the clothes, linen, corn, arms and officers, which they required for the approaching campaign. These orders were owing to the zealous loyalty and patriotism of the Duke of Tyrconnel, who, notwithstanding his high rank and increasing age and infirmities, left the chief command in Ireland to the Duke of Berwick, after William's defeat at Limerick, and undertook a voyage to France. He sailed in the fleet that brought away Lausun and his troops; and, on his arrival at court, having procured the disgrace of Lausun, for his misconduct towards Ireland, he made such a favourable impression on Louis in a personal interview, that the king promised he should be soon followed to Ireland by the supplies above alluded to. The good intentions and commands of Louis were, however, so far thwarted by Louvois, that the Duke's return was *not* followed by any of the necessaries he had expected, and, even when the long-delayed succours from France arrived 4 months after, they were, through the villany of Louvois, by no means what Louis intended to have been sent.—Tyrconnel arrived in Limerick on the 14th of January, 1691, having obtained a sum of no more than about £24,000. Of this small sum the Duke was obliged to leave £10,000 at Brest to buy meal, &c., and to give £13,000 to the distressed officers and soldiers of the Irish army for clothes—those gallant fellows, in addition to their constant and generally offensive

¹ King James, vol. II. p. 387, 388, & 422. Mem. de la Fayette, ap. Tindal's Rapin, vol. III. p. 53. Harris, p. 190.

war during the winter against a superior enemy, and the various other hardships with which they had to contend, being hitherto not only without pay, but almost naked in that hard season of the year! Thus, for all other warlike necessities, caissons, carriages for artillery, &c. for which money was indispensable, there remained but the wretchedly inadequate sum of £1,000! Besides these great difficulties in which James's army was placed, it was deprived of a considerable portion even of the limited resources of the small territory in its occupation by the following circumstance. A descendant of the great family of O'Donnell of Tyrconnel, whose last Irish representative was obliged by English persecution to fly to Spain in 1607, was destined, according to a strange prophecy long current amongst the Irish peasantry, to emancipate Ireland from the English yoke. This supposed deliverer was to be distinguished by a *red mark*. There happened to be then resident in Spain, in which he was born and educated, a descendant of the exiled house of Tyrconnell, entitled *Balldearg O'Donnell*, or O'Donnell of the *red mark*! The existence of such a person at such a time pointed him out to the superstitious as the liberator of their country, and also, perhaps, marked him out to cooler-headed politicians in the arduous contest of Ireland against the power of William, as an important means for effecting much national good, by increasing the courage of the lower orders of the Irish. Balldearg O'Donnell was accordingly sent for to Spain, and arrived at Limerick in August, 1690, during the first siege, where, from an intimation of the prophecy that his presence *there* would lead to the defeat of the English, he *may* have actually contributed in a great degree to the overthrow of the enemy, by the animating consequences of such a circumstance upon the enthusiastic imaginations of the great body of the Irish soldiery and inhabitants of the town. He was made a Colonel, and "it's incredible," says Story, "how fast the vulgar Irish flocked to him at his first coming; so

¹ King James, vol. II. p. 421 & 422 & 432 to 440. I take the account of the privations of the Irish army, and of the negotiations for and the amount of supplies furnished by France to the Irish, from King James, who, particularly in reference to the quantity of money, &c., sent from France, *must* be considered the most unexceptionable authority. The date of Tyrconnell's return to Limerick is given by Harris (p. 312) from the London Gazette, No. 2639.

that he had got in a small time 7 or 8,000 *Rapparees*, and such like people together, and began to make a figure!"

¹ Imp. Hist. p. 124. Hardiman's Hist. of Galway, p. 156. Though Story ridicules some minute local particulars with respect to the prediction connecting the defeat of the English at Limerick with the presence of Baldearg O'Donnell there, he afterwards, curiously enough, admits the fulfilment of the popular idea that the invaders would certainly be defeated. "I have heard," says he, "some of the Irish tell us *before* we got thither, that we should not succeed at the *first* siege of Limerick: and they had no other reason for it but because one of their PROPHECIES said so!" (Cont. Hist. p. 146.) This, indeed, is only one out of several such odd and yet well-authenticated instances of the existence and accomplishment of ancient Irish prophecies. Thus, Sir George Carew, who fought at the battle of Kinsale in 1601, which may be said to have decided the first real submission of Ireland to England, says, (after first hoping nobody would suppose him to be a believer in what he calls "idle prophecies, the most whereof are coyned after things are done,") that he was often told by the Earl of Thomond about an ancient book of Irish prophecies, which the Earl himself had seen, in which it was mentioned, that, "towards the latter days," there should be a battle fought between the Irish and the English near Kinsale, in a place, the name of which was exactly stated; that this circumstance was often mentioned by the Earl, during the siege of Kinsale, previous to the battle; and that, the day after the engagement, the Earl and he, having ridden out together to view the dead, and, having asked some people who happened to be there, what was *that* place called, they, without knowing why the question was asked, stated the very name "which the Earl so often before had reported!" (*Pacata Hibernia*, p. 235 & 6.) The existence and exact accomplishment of this prediction is also certified by the Secretary of the commander of the English army, Lord Deputy Mountjoy.—"The same day," says that writer, meaning *that* on which the action was fought, "an old written book was showed to the Lord Deputy, wherein was a PROPHECY naming the ford and hill where the battle was given, and foretelling a great overthrow to befall the Irish in that place!" (*Moryson, Hist. vol. II. p. 52.*) And in Cox's account of the battle of Knocknaclashy, the last engagement fought between the Irish loyalist forces under Lord Muskerry and the Cromwellian commander, Lord Broghill, on the 20th of July, 1652, it is related, that the English General, having passed the Blackwater early on the morning of the action, "met with some Irish gentlemen under his protection, who told him they came thither out of curiosity, because of a PROPHECY amongst them, that the LAST battle in Ireland should be fought at KNOCKNACLASHY!.....Whereupon the Lord Broghill asked them, *who* was to have the victory by their prophecy; they shook their heads and said, the ENGLISH!" (*Cox, Hist. vol. II. p. 67 and 68.*)

At various other periods of Irish history, allusions are likewise made to old national prophecies, of which numbers yet exist in writing; as, for instance, in the Harleian Library, amongst the catalogue of whose MSS. mention is made of a copy of Irish history and prophecies, written

The utterly worthless or unprincipled character of the man was, however, so soon perceived or suspected, that he was speedily deserted by the multitudes that first flocked around him, and he was compelled to retire from amongst the comparatively enlightened population about Limerick and the other great garrison towns, to recruit his lost numbers among the ruder and more credulous inhabitants of the extreme western or less civilized districts of Connaught.¹

in the 10th century, or about 200 years before the English invasion, "in the old *Irish* language;" and again, in the Bodleian Library, where, on an old vellum MS. of 140 large pages, there are the alleged *prophecies* of the famous Columbkil and several other Irish saints. (*Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. II. p. 31. *Nicholson's Irish Historical Library*, chap. III. p. 34.) "The fall of Ireland," says honest Taaffe, "was *propheied* by its great Apostle Saint Patrick, and afterwards by many of its Saints, who ALL agreed in *promising it* A GLORIOUS RESURRECTION!" (*Hist.* vol. I. p. 371.) The former part of this assertion respecting the predicted "fall" of Ireland is remarkably countenanced by the following lines, translated and printed along with the original Irish by Mr. Hardiman, (*Irish Minst.*, vol. II. p. 136,) from St. Brécan, or Braccan, who flourished A. D. 640, and who is mentioned by Cambrensis, above 500 years after, and nearly 4 centuries before the Reformation, as one of the 4 celebrated Irish Saints and prophets, namely, Patrick, Columbkil, Moling, and Braccan, whose works, in Irish, were extant in his time. (*Ware's Irish Writers by Harris*, p. 29 & 32.) The prophetic verses run thus—

*Erin's white-crested billow shall sleep on the shore,
And its voice shall be mute, while the spoilers glide o'er;
And the stranger shall give a new priest to each shrine,
And the sceptre shall wrest from her own regal line!*

A prediction strictly verified in the fine season of the year in which the earlier Anglo-Norman adventurers came over to Ireland, and in the prosperous passage of the remainder at a later or less propitious season, as well as in the other generally-known and more fatal consequences, in "*church and state*," of that invasion, to the Milesian Irish. From motives of patriotic enthusiasm, if not from considerations of mere literary and philosophical curiosity, such old Irish works are therefore not unworthy of examination.

¹ Mr. O'Driscoll's character of this impostor and traitor is too well drawn to be omitted. "He was," says that gentleman, "a man of a class of which many specimens have been seen in Ireland: he was a great boaster, suspected to be a coward, known to be a knave, noisy, insolent, presumptuous and corrupt. He used his popularity to collect round him some thousands of the peasantry; and he employed the importance he derived from this multitude of followers to betray their cause, and to sell himself at a better price to the British commander." (*Hist.* vol. II. p. 288 & 9.) More of this, by and by.

There, by professing to advocate *extreme* political measures, the usual scheme of traitors to gain the vulgar, or, in other words, by announcing his intention of making Ireland a completely separate kingdom from England; and of placing the government in the hands of the ancient Irish *alone*, he became a sort of independent commander, and raised no less than 8 regiments—most probably infantry, which, according to the general amount of King James's foot regiments, would, exclusive of officers, make 6,240 men.¹ With these and a crowd of disorderly vagabonds, he lived at discretion upon the country, to the ruin of the inhabitants. And thus were the Irish regular forces doubly weakened, first by being deprived of the services of so many men when their aid was most requisite, and next by the diminution even of the scanty subsistence which it was absolutely necessary to draw from the people, in the absence of any greater allowance of pay to each soldier than the miserably inadequate sum of a penny a day!²

At last, on the 8th of May, when the distress of the Irish had reached its highest pitch, the French fleet, with Lieutenant General St. Ruth and other officers of his nation, arrived at Limerick. This fleet, whose appearance in the Shannon the Irish welcomed with their characteristic enthusiasm, hailing its arrival, says King James, with a "*Te Deum*, like the gaining of a victory," brought over some arms, ammunition, provisions and clothes—the provisions and clothes being, however, so deficient both in quantity and quality as to give general dissatisfaction; while, of money, which was most wanted, none at all came! Yet, notwithstanding the wretchedness of such a supply, at a time when necessaries for an army of 25,000 men were expected, the Irish had to furnish Louvois with 1,200 recruits for the BRIGADE in France.³ These recruits, without taking into account the great "wear and tear" of the military population of Ireland by the war, completed the number of above

¹ King James, vol. II. p. 434 & 461. Story, Cont. Hist. p. 31.

² King James, vol. II. p. 451. From the general picture given by the royal author of the excessive privations and miseries to which the Irish were reduced through the barbarous neglect of the French minister Louvois, I question whether any other troops in the world, except, perhaps, the Poles, would have continued to serve and fight as the Irish did for James.

³ King James, vol. II. p. 437, &c. Story, Cont. Hist. p. 77, 78, & 92. Harris, p. 312.

21,000 men, whose assistance the country was unfortunately deprived of, from the commencement of the struggle against England to the period now in question. Near 4,000 of the flower of the Irish *regular* army had been sent over to England to King James at the time of the Revolution, and detained there by William;¹ 6,000, as we have seen, went to France under Lord Mountcashel; more than 8 regiments, or upwards of 6,200 men, were now subtracted from the national strength by the traitor O'Donnell: and the 1,200 recruits exacted by Louvois, in addition to between 3 and 4,000 men who went to France at various periods not particularized, make up the total of this heavy loss!² Under these circumstances, the difficulty of levying from about 8 harassed counties, and with such miserably inadequate supplies, a force, capable of at all meeting Ginckle's in the field, may be easily conceived!

At length by the generous alacrity and high national spirit of the people themselves, who, however divided, betrayed, or unfortunate they may have been, have never yet been "found wanting" to the cause of their country; by the indefatigable assiduity of the honest and zealous Duke of Tyrconnel, who had strained every nerve during the winter and spring to equip the soldiery for the approaching campaign; by a proclamation of his, on the 12th of May, summoning all the Rapparees into Connaught to supply recruits for the army; by the incessant activity of those vigilant and daring irregulars, in "making away with" the horses of the English army, both at night and in the open day;

¹ Harris, p. 141 & 186.

² This last mentioned body of between 3 and 4,000 Irish are thus accounted for. King James states that the Irish who came over to France, *after* the surrender of Limerick, made, with those who came *before*, "near 30,000 men." (*Mem. vol. II. p. 465.*) The army which arrived in France from Limerick, consisted of 19,059 men. (*Mac-Geoghegan, vol. III. p. 465.*) Lord Mountcashel's BRIGADE of 6,000 men and the 1,200 recruits given to Louvois would form, along with 19,059, but 26,259 men—thus leaving a complement of between 3 and 4,000 men necessary in order to make up the above-stated number of "near 30,000." I am inclined to think, that this body of between 3 and 4,000 Irish were shipped away from time to time to France, for the purpose of keeping up the numbers of the BRIGADE, in its hard service on the Continent. If Ireland, by the way, had the benefit, at the Boyne or Aughrim, of the 21,000, or even of half of the 21,000 *absentees*, specified in the text, *where* would the "*British* heart and the *British* arm" be then?

by the seizure of the horses of the gentry, to complete the number still requisite for mounting the cavalry ; “ by paying tradesmen and workmen,” says King James, “ part money, part little necessaries of apparel, part *fair words* and part *promises*, of which,” he adds, “ *they were liberal enough*,” 170 caissons, 400 “ small cartes,” with “ carriages for 10 field-pieces,” were “ got to gather ;” and, in fine, an army assembled under St. Ruth, to oppose the enemy’s intended passage of the Shannon at Athlone, amounting to something above 20,000 men.¹ The collection of such a force by the Irish, under the numerous obstacles and discouragements with which *they* had at that period to contend, was a most honourable, and, indeed, a most wonderful display of national patriotism, loyalty, and courage !

On the 30th of May, while the Irish army, which might have been enabled by France to anticipate the enemy in taking the field, were still in the very midst of their military preparations,² General Ginckle left Dublin for Mullingar to open the campaign. To do this, with a vigour and expedition that would compensate for the late period of the season to which he was obliged to postpone the commencement of active operations, he not only resigned the protection of the country against the Irish army and Rapparees almost entirely to the Irish militia, but even caused as great a number of the militia as could be spared from that service to be marched to the aid of the large body of regular troops, which he had drawn together to serve under his own immediate command.³ On the 31st, he reached Mullingar, the fortifications of which he so contracted as to leave as few men as possible in the place. He found there 8 regiments of infantry, 6 of horse, and 1 of dragoons, in the finest condition. On the 6th of June, he was joined at Rathconrath, about 6 miles from Mullingar, by 9 regiments of foot, 2 of dragoons, and 12 troops of horse, under Lieutenant General Douglas. This force of 17 regiments of foot, 6 regiments and 12 troops of horse, and 3 regiments

¹ The above enumeration of the infantry and cavalry of the Irish army, (rated by Story, Harris, *et hoc genus omne*, so high as 25,000 men, or at 20,000 foot and 5,000 horse and dragoons,) will be accounted for farther on.

² King James, vol. II. p. 440, 50 & 52.

³ Harris, p. 313, 14, 17, &c. Story, Cont. Hist. p. 110, &c.

of dragoons, would make between 15 and 16,000 men.¹ These troops were, according to King James, still further strengthened by the arrival of the forces from Scotland, that under Major General Mackay had reduced the Highlanders to submission after the death of the gallant Dundee at Killcrankie—though of either the exact or probable *number* of Mackay's contingent, (which *must* have been very considerable,) nothing at all is said by those English or Anglo-Irish writers, Tindal and Harris, who confirm the King's assertion respecting the junction of the Scotch veteran and his soldiers to Ginckle's army.² With such an army, and aided by the military talents and experience of Majors General Ruvigny and Talmash, Lieutenant General Scravenmore, and Sir Martin Beckman, Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Artillery—all sent over expressly from England by William to take part in the campaign—Ginckle directed his march against the fort of Ballymore, the frontier post of the Irish on this side of the Shannon, and came before the place about 12 o'clock, on the 7th of June. The fort lay to the right of the town after which it was called, and at nearly an equal distance from Mullingar and Athlone, or almost 10 miles from each. It consisted of a little peninsula of about 10 acres of land, at the south-western ex-

¹ Harris, p. 313. Story, Cont. Hist. p. 81 & 86. The names and description of the regiments above mentioned may be seen and ascertained by a reference to the last cited pages of Story, as compared with his table of William's army. (*Imp. Hist.* p. 95-97.) The number to which those regiments amounted is computed according to the scale, already set forth and proved at length in this work, note 2, p. 215. The 12 troops of horse, reckoned at the then usual rate of 50 *privates* to a troop, (*Harris*, p. 220, and *Appendix*, No. 57, p. lxxii.,) would make Ginckle's force as many as 15,630, and, with an allowance for the *officers* to those 12 troops, still nearer 16,000 men.

² King James, vol. II. p. 452. Tindal's *Rapin*, vol. III. p. 117. Harris, p. 313. King James states the army of William's commander, Major General Mackay, at Killcrankie, at 4,500 foot, and 2 troops of horse, or, including the officers of the latter, at somewhat above 4,600 men in all—(*Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 350.) The loss of this army in the battle was, of course, subsequently made up; and Mackay's army could *not* have included the *whole* regular force in Scotland. According to a passage in Tindal which I have read, but cannot at present recover, the army of Scotland, estimating it by the money granted for its pay by government, was 6,000 men—a force which, after allowing the retention of an ample number for the preservation of the peace of the country on the extinction of the Highland insurrection, would admit of the transmission of 2,000 men, at the very least, to Ireland.

tremity of a Lough. The entrance to this peninsula was from the south, by a single road along the isthmus, the traversable part of which was greatly narrowed by an extensive bog sloping off from the south-west in a north-western direction. The isthmus, where there was an access to the peninsula from the continent, was crossed or guarded by a wall and ditches. The lake towards the north and north-east widened so much as to render cannon useless from thence against the peninsula. From these points it was consequently unassailable except by soldiers in boats; and the waters of the Lough on the south and south-east, where the opposite shores of the peninsula and main-land came very near to one another in a curving direction from south-east to south-west, winded in such a manner between the two shores, as to form a sort of natural but narrow fosse around the peninsula.

The Irish, perceiving the facilities which a body of their men would have, in such a post, to harass the neighbouring English garrisons and territory, had, during the preceding winter, seized on and fortified it; and, on the approach of spring, they strengthened it from Athlone with a detachment of regular troops, under Lieutenant Colonel Ulick Burke. The garrison, including regulars and irregulars—the great majority consisting of the former description of force—amounted to about 1,130 men, of whom, however, some of the irregulars were unarmed. The place was, in fact, much better suited for such an outpost of annoyance in irregular war as that for which it was originally occupied, than calculated to stand any thing like a regular siege from such a powerful army as Ginckle's. The fortifications were by no means capable of supporting, for any length of time, the heavy fire of the formidable battering train which the English possessed; every part of the fort was completely overlooked, or, in military language, commanded, from an adjoining eminence; the cannon of the Irish garrison consisted of but “*2 small pieces, mounted upon old cart wheels;*” and, what was still worse, the stock of powder in the place was totally insufficient for a protracted defence. The Irish governor, however, gave the enemy's advanced parties as warm a reception as he could with his small shot and two little cannon; and refused to comply with the Dutch commander's summons to surrender. Upon this, Ginckle directed 4 field-pieces to be brought down and

played upon the peninsula. The fire of those guns, in different directions, for 3 or 4 hours, producing no signs of submission, Ginckle found it would be necessary to incur the trouble and delay of a formal siege, which he was most solicitous to avoid. Previous to this undertaking, it was necessary to clear the adjoining country of any obstacle that might interrupt his future progress. With this view, he ordered a detachment to occupy an old castle, situated about a quarter of a mile to the south-east of the fort or peninsula, upon a height from which it was commanded. This castle was held by a small Irish outpost, consisting of a sergeant and 15 men. The Irish sergeant, presuming to think, like his superior officer at Ballymore, that a good soldier intrusted with the defence of a place ought not to surrender it exactly *when* his enemies may *wish* him to do so, replied to the summons of Ginckle's detachment by a volley which killed some of the English—for which, on the eventual surrender of his little post, the poor fellow, on the pretext of his “obstinate defence of an untenable place,” was ordered by the Dutchman to be *hanged* for this brave discharge of his duty! After this, the enemy occupied himself till about 10 o'clock at night in raising several formidable batteries, mounting 14 guns and 4 mortars. The following morning, June 8th, at sunrise, or about half after 3 o'clock, all those batteries, consisting of four in number, opened upon the fort. Towards 8 o'clock, or after about four hours firing, Ginckle, who from his knowledge of the state of the place from two prisoners taken on his march the day before, supposed that he had *now* done enough to overcome the stubbornness of Burke's resistance, threatened that officer with the fate of his sergeant if he would not give up the fort and surrender the garrison as “prisoners of war” within two hours; adding by letter, that he would grant **THAT** time to the *women* and *children* of the garrison to leave the place,¹ on the expiration of which no further

¹ Women and children were a usual “part and parcel” of every Irish garrison in those days. Thus, in Carrickfergus, which made such a spirited defence and gained such honourable conditions from Schomberg in August, 1689, the Irish garrison, under Colonel Charles MacCarthy Moore, was accompanied by several women; most of whom, by the way, were (in addition to other infamous breaches of the capitulation) *stripped without any regard to sex or quality, and compelled to run the gauntlet STARK NAKED by the northern Williamites!*—a specimen

opportunity of safety would be afforded to the besieged. Burke, unmoved by this personal menace, but at the same time obliged, on account of the bad state of his magazines, and in justice to so many lives under him, to listen to *some* treaty, demanded the most honourable terms, or those of "marching out with bag and baggage, drums beating, colours flying, &c." These being refused, the gallant governor would accept of no others; and the women and children remained in the place. Ginckle then ordered all his great guns and mortars to open upon the fort, whose little works rapidly went down before the storm of cannon balls and bomb-shells. The Irish, amidst their falling fortifications, did whatever they could with their small shot and two rudely mounted field-pieces to reply to this heavy

of "no-popery" *tenderness* and *respect* for the female sex, which, if it would not TRENCH too much on the limits of this note, might be illustrated by a modern *law-church* sample of similar performances to women in our own time. (*Story, Imp. Hist. p. 10. Macpherson's Orig. Pap. vol. i. p. 221.*) On the surrender of Charlemont, too, in May, 1690, Schomberg is stated to have expressed his wonder that such a large number of *women* and *children* (or more than 200 to a garrison of 800 men) should be allowed in the fort, to the great diminution of its stock of provisions! The old Duke was answered, that without these companions, the Irish soldiers would not stay at all in the place! To which the Duke rejoined, that "there was more *love* than *policy* in it!" (*Story, Imp. Hist. p. 62.*) But this superabundance of "love" and dearth of "policy" in the Irish was better than any connexion with the "horrible traditions" preserved to the present day amongst our peasantry, particularly in the county of Limerick, with respect to the "loathsome vices" of which both the "officers and soldiers" of William's *reformed* army were guilty—traditions substantiated by the letter of Dr. Gorge, secretary to Schomberg, in which, contrasting the infamous maxims and practises of that so-called *reformed* army with the excellent conduct of the Irish, the Doctor observes,—“Can we expect Sodom to destroy Babylon, or debauchery to destroy Popery?” (*Curry, vol. II. p. 380. O'Driscoll, Hist. vol. II. p. 81, 82, 139, 140, & 173.*) Whatever may be the *alleged* "state of crime" among the real or aboriginal Irish, of whom the great mass of our people is still composed, *that* people, thank God! have never been accused, even by a *RODENT*, of those "deeds without a name," which have marked the self-assumed *superiority* of *their* neighbours in civilization and religion. To those neighbours, or *their* descendants, have we been indebted for the *benefit* of such *improvements* as have occurred amongst us. The English *reformed* army and the English *reformed* church have shared all the *honour* of those *accomplishments* between them down to *our own days*! "Nulla vestigia retrorsum" has hitherto been the motto of *genuine* Irishmen. The world has never heard of a MacAtherton or an O'Jocelyn!

discharge of 18 pieces of artillery, till, after enduring such a fire for about four hours, or till 12 o'clock, their slender means of defence being rendered completely unequal to a continuation of the contest by the fall of their engineer, Lieutenant-Colonel Burton,¹ and by the deficiency or total consumption of their ammunition, they hung out a signal of surrender. Ginckle, who, as a generous enemy, should have honoured the bravery of their resistance, had, on the contrary, the unmanly barbarity to disregard this signal, directing his batteries to continue their fire under *such* circumstances—or, in other words, directing his gunners to go on with a wanton destruction of brave men, offering to surrender when destitute of the means of defence, and even to prolong *such* artillery practice, at the *risk* if not to the *certainty* of killing and wounding a number of inoffensive *women* and *children*, whom he KNEW to be in the place! At last, at 7 in the evening, two breaches being effected, and a body of men embarked in four large boats to attack the peninsula in a quarter completely open, the Irish garrison hung out their flag again; the firing (on the only side that could fire!) was ordered to cease; the governor and some officers coming out gave up the place at about 8 o'clock; and Ginckle, who after *such* conduct on his part to the Irish sergeant and garrison, is coolly styled by Story, “a *very* merciful man,” was graciously pleased *not* to hang Lieutenant-Colonel Burke for doing his duty, and was likewise so very compassionate as *not* to order the indiscriminate slaughter in cold blood of ALL the inmates of the fort, who, after the loss of 40 of their number in the attack, and the departure of those who accompanied the governor, amounted to 51 officers, 780 soldiers, 260 Rapparees, and nearly 400 *women* and *children*! The English reckon their loss at but 8 men; an assertion, if true, sufficiently proving how very badly the Irish garrison were supplied with the military means for a serious resistance. There were in the fort, besides the two cannon already mentioned, 430 sheep, 40 cows, 50 horses, and a quantity of oatmeal, *but no powder*! This last apparently trifling but important fact, au-

¹ Story says, or has been made by his printer to say, that the Irish engineer's “*hand*” was shot off; while Harris, writing from the London Gazette, No. 2671, says that the engineer's “*head*” was the sufferer! Either of those shots would deprive the Irish of his services. *Utrum horum magis, accipe!*

thenticated by Dalrymple from the MS. Memoirs of Major General Mackay, who was present at the siege,¹ is unfairly passed over by Story as placing the resistance of the Irish garrison in a true or creditable light, by demonstrating to what an unavoidable cause their surrender was owing, and as being calculated to make a reader estimate what sort of “a *very* merciful man”² Ginckle could be, who, in addition to his *hanging* exploit already described, could prolong the discharge of 18 pieces of artillery, from 12 to 7 o’clock,

¹ Mackay ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 153.

² Story, Cont. Hist. p. 86—91. Harris, p. 318. The officers of the garrison were removed to Dublin and kept prisoners there; but the treatment of their men was shocking. They were all shipped over to the desert Isle of Lambay, “in the sea near Dublin, where,” says the conscientious and pious Lesley, “*their allowance for FOUR DAYS might, without excess, be eaten at a MEAL*, and being thus out of the reach of their friends, (all persons being prohibited to pass into it with boat or other vessel, under the penalty of forfeiting the same,) *they DIED there MISERABLY and IN HEAPS!*” (*Lesley ap. Curry, book x. chap. 19, vol. II. p. 201.*) This reminds one of Diodorus Siculus’s account of the exposure and destruction by famine of some miserable mercenaries, in a desert island, by order of the Carthaginian senate, (*Diodorus, lib. v. cap. XI. tom. 1. p. 338 & 9—edit. Wesseling;*) of the equally barbarous treatment of their French prisoners, in the last Peninsular war, by the Spaniards, (*Jones’s Cont. of Hume and Smollet, vol. IV. p. 255, 58, & 59;*) and of similarly abominable conduct by the English to the American prisoners in New York, in 1776 & 7, to make them fight against their country!—the unfortunate men, like the Irish garrison of Cork already mentioned, being exposed in churches, &c. without any fire—being often whole days without food, which, when offered, “was but a miserable pittance, damaged and loathsome”—so that “many died of hunger and more of diseases”—and, even when an exchange was afterwards agreed upon, and the treatment of these *rebels* (as they were called) had been somewhat bettered, in consequence of Washington’s “victories,” and “threats of retaliation” (the only effectual means of eliciting English humanity!) “many,” says the Honourable Salma Hale, “when attempting to walk from their places of confinement to the vessels provided to carry them away, *FELL and EXPIRED!*” (*Hist. United States, chap. XIX. p. 276 & 7.*) English mercy is indeed well worthy of being associated with Carthaginian and Spanish humanity! For a description of the dishonourable trickery, if not virtual perjury, through which the survivors of this cruel imprisonment in Lambay were finally cheated by William’s Lords Justices out of the privilege of being conveyed free of cost to France, at the end of the war, by virtue of the Articles of Limerick, see Harris, p. 351. Some English writer, I think Dr. Johnson, says, that “*English vengeance wars not with the dead!*”—but pray *WHEN* has it ever spared the *living*?

against a place under the indefensible circumstances above mentioned !

This resistance of Ballymore, though so much shorter, from the want of proper supplies, than it would otherwise have been, and though purchased with the loss of a regiment of good troops, besides irregulars, was, nevertheless, of the greatest service to the Irish. Had that outpost surrendered to the enemy immediately on his appearance before it, and had he, in consequence, been able, after merely throwing a garrison into it, to advance straight to Athlone, he *MUST* have taken that important place and crossed the Shannon at once ; the Irish army being still, from the bad conduct of France, so little prepared for the campaign, that, even for a considerable time after Ginckle would have arrived on the banks of the Shannon, no Irish force was ready at Athlone, at all capable of preserving it.¹ The delay occasioned to Ginckle by the necessity under which he was placed of repairing and strengthening the fortifications of Ballymore, which Burke's defence had compelled him to batter down, occupied the Dutch commander from the 10th to the 17th of June. By that time, having put Ballymore into such a condition as would serve for the protection of the small detachment he intended to station there, he gave the command of the place to Lieutenant-Colonel Toby Purcell, with but four companies of foot or no more than 240 men, exclusive of officers—it being so much his object to bring as great a force as possible against the Irish, that, according to the observation of Major General Mackay, he even neglected to establish sufficient magazines and places of communication in his rear.²

On the 18th of June, the main army, from which some reconnoitering parties of horse and foot had been sent out as early as the 16th and 17th in the direction of Lanesborough and Athlone, marched towards the latter place, and, 5 miles from it, were joined at Ballyburn pass, by 7,000 foreign mercenaries under the Duke of Wirtemberg and Count Nassau. This important reinforcement added to Ginckle's previous force of between 15 and 16,000 men, *exclusive* of Mackay's troops, would make the English army between 22 and 23,000 men, though nearer the latter num-

¹ King James, vol. II. p. 452 & 3.

² Mackay ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 153.

wer than the former; and, reckoning Mackay's contingent, on the moderate grounds already advanced, at but 2,000 troops, the Dutch General would have at his command, for the attack on Athlone, a force amounting, with gunners, &c., to at least 25,000 strong.¹

The ancient town of Athlone is situated about the centre of Ireland, partly in Roscommon and partly in Westmeath, in a territory formerly called O'Kelly's country.² Like

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 91—94. Harris, p. 318 and 19. Story's English *brass* or *lead* in making Ginckle's army only "about 18,000, is really amusing: and Harris's still greater display of those *metals*, in copying the same statement, though he mentions the junction of Mackay's force which Story slides over, is even much worse.

² Story, Imp. Hist. p. 101, &c. He states it to have been Queen Elizabeth's intention to make Athlone the seat of her Lords Justices of Ireland, from its being in the centre of the island; with which idea compare the remarks in note 2, p. 191, respecting the bad *military* situation of Dublin for a *national* metropolis. The present or modern Irish appellation of Athlone is *Blahluin*, a corrupt contraction of three old Irish words, meaning in English, "*the town of the ford of the moon*," to whom the place is thought to have been sacred in Pagan times; several valuable crescents of gold, the emblems of lunar worship, having been discovered in a neighbouring bog, not many years ago, and sold for £858 to a Dublin jeweller, by whom they were melted down for want of a purchaser of sufficient wealth and antiquarian taste! The ancient sept of the O'Kellys, in whose barony Athlone was situated, deduce their origin from Heremon, the son of Milesius. The heads of this old race were O'Kellys of Hy-Maine, or Hy-Maney, "a country comprehending," says the venerable Charles O'Connor, of Balenagar, "the northern parts of the County of Galway, and the southern parts of the County of Roscommon." The direct founder of this house, entitled Maine More, or the Great, settled, towards the end of the 5th century, in the district named after him. The chiefs or *kings* of Hy-Maine, as they were called, were hereditary Treasurers of Connaught, and one of them is mentioned among the leading Conacian princes, who were stationed on the left wing of the Irish army in the memorable battle of Clontarf, (A. D. 1014,) and who contributed with their lives to achieve that glorious victory over the *political* and *religious* enemies of their country! This powerful clan extended its conquests from Hy-Maine beyond the river Suck, in Roscommon, and was subdivided into several distinguished branches. The chief of these were the O'Kellys of Aughrim, (who lost their property where their country lost her last battle,) and those of Gallagher and Mullagh in the county of Galway, "*ubi*," says the pious, profound, and patriotic De Burgo, "*sicut in Roscomaniensi, atque alibi in Conacia, haud modica latifundia possident*." He likewise remarks of the anti-malthusian propensities of this genuine Irish race, that, in Ireland, "*ne vix quidem pagum, aut villulam reperire est, ubi Kellius aliquis non adest!*" Many brave officers bearing the appellation of O'Kelly

Limerick and other towns in Ireland at this period, Athlone consisted of two divisions entitled the *Irish* and *English* towns. The former lay on the western or Connaught, and the latter on the eastern or Leinster side of the Shannon; and, about the middle of the fortress, (speaking of it as including *both* towns,) the passage of the stream from one to the other was crossed by a bridge, where the river was narrowest. On the approach of Lieutenant General Douglas, the preceding year, the Irish Governor, Colonel Richard Grace, believing the English town to be untenable, had burned the houses and evacuated it; contenting himself with the defence of the Irish town, from which he repulsed the enemy. It had now, on the contrary, been resolved to contest *both* sides of the river with Ginckle, and the walls of the English town, which Douglas, in his precipitate retreat last year, had omitted to level, were repaired as well as circumstances would permit. Those walls, however, were of no great strength against such an immense park of artillery as the enemy's; and, when it was known, on the morning of the 19th of June, that the whole of Ginckle's large and well-appointed force was actually approaching the place, the situation of the Irish Governor, Colonel Fitzgerald, was extremely critical and embarrassing. From the unfinished state of the Irish preparations, already adverted to, only a small party or advanced post of cavalry belonging to St. Ruth's army had yet come up; for the description of service required at Athlone, or garrison duty, and from the nature of the grounds in the vicinity of the place, infantry and not cavalry could be of use, even if the cavalry that *had* reached the town were of any considerable amount, which they were *not*; the large army of the enemy, unless retarded in its approaches, would consequently be able to make itself master of the place, before any accession of

distinguished themselves in the French and Austrian services during the last century; in the battle of Waterloo, also, an O'Kelly represented the "*British* heart and the *British* arm" in a style that several of Napoleon's cuirassiers are *not* alive to describe; and, "though last," assuredly "not least," no Milesian name has contributed more ornaments to the Irish Catholic Church—that great and influential depository of high national, as well as true religious, feeling—that firm granite column of Irish patriotism, as well as Irish piety! (*Mason's Statistical and Parochial Survey of Ireland*, vol. III. p. 45 and 46. *MacGeoghegan*, vol. I. p. 320. *O'Halloran*, book XI. chap. 8. *O'Connor's Dissertation*, p. 237. *Hibernia Dominicana*, p. 235, and 779.

strength to the Irish garrison could arrive; and yet, while it *was* so absolutely necessary to delay the enemy's advance, the number of Irish troops in the English town was so very small, or not above 3 or 400 altogether, that an attempt of such a mere handful of men to issue from their fortifications, for the purpose of arresting the progress to the walls of a veteran army, 25,000 strong, appeared to be a rash or hopeless enterprise. Nevertheless, as several bogs, woods, and other intricacies of the ground leading to the town, appeared to present some convenient opportunities for making an attempt to disturb the enemy's march, Colonel Fitzgerald sent out a party of Irish grenadiers to dispute the passes and defiles with the hostile forces. The grenadiers performed this delicate and important task with equal courage and prudence—keeping the masses of the enemy in check as long as possible, and, while retiring before his superior numbers, making him purchase his advance at the cost of a considerable number of men! The English camp was but 5 miles from Athlone, and the troops are mentioned by their own historian to have moved from their quarters “*very early*” on the morning of the 19th of June,—a time of the year when it is daylight at 3 o'clock—yet so ably was their progress disputed by the gallantry and skill of this little outpost of Irish grenadiers, that the garrison were not driven from their last position beyond the walls, and confined within the fortifications of the town on the Leinster side, till 9 o'clock!

Ginckle, though nearly the whole of his immense battering train had yet to come up, resolved to lose no time in attacking the English town. He first planted 3 guns against a breast-work which the Irish had constructed on the western bank of the Shannon, to guard a ford over the river, above the town, upon the northern or Lanesborough side. These 3 guns fired upon the Irish breast-work, the whole day. About 6 in the evening, a second battery was raised between Isker and Athlone, and, by hard working that night, at 8 in the morning of the 20th of June, a third battery of 9 eighteen-pounders was ready. The heavy guns being then ordered to play with vigour upon a bastion by the river side near the Dublin Gate, a breach was made in the “slender wall” by 12 o'clock; and the fire being so strong and incessant as to prevent the small garrison *within* from raising any works to repair or counteract the damage done by the Eng-

lish artillery *without*, an assault was ordered at 5 o'clock. The enemy's storming party consisted of a strong detachment of infantry, sustained by a considerable body of horse. It was formed of 4000 Dutch, Danish, English, and other troops, all fresh and vigorous men, selected for the purpose—the operations of the siege from its commencement having been carried on by successive detachments from the enemy's main army that relieved one another at proper intervals, so that, where there were so many troops, none were overworked. The Irish, on the contrary, beside the weakness of the breach they had to defend, were, as has been seen, but 3 or 400 in number, and, as no fresh troops had come up to *their* relief, they were exhausted with 48 hours' continual action! Nevertheless, they withstood the enormous numerical superiority of the enemy with great spirit for some time, not giving ground till at least 200 of their little party were killed and wounded; and when eventually forced by such a severe diminution of their small number to retire, they made their way to the bridge, which led over the Shannon into the Irish half of the fortress. There, or in front of the bridge, they bravely kept the whole power of Ginckle's force at bay, till they cut off the enemy's access to the western or Connaught side of the river by breaking down 2 arches of the bridge; and then, with some further loss in gaining the draw-bridge, the remnant of this gallant little band succeeded in retiring from the English town, which they so obstinately defended, into the Irish town, which they **THUS** so nobly preserved! The only trophies of any consequence claimed from this unequal contest were **ONE** prisoner, a French Lieutenant Colonel, who was *found* disabled, amidst the slain under the bridge, about 2 days subsequent to the attack, and **ONE** pair of colours, likewise *found* in the same place, under the dead, 4 days after. For this last acquisition, Ginckle is mentioned to have presented the *finder* with 5 guineas. It appears, on this occasion, to have been easier to *find* a prisoner and a pair of colours, than to **TAKE** them!¹

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 94—100. Harris, p. 319. King James, vol. II. p. 453. To the royal author alone are *we* indebted for a correct knowledge of the situation of the Irish in Athlone, or an acquaintance with the glorious fact for Colonel Fitzgerald and his few brave companions there, that St. Ruth's army did not reach the place till *after* the capture of the English town. This very important circumstance Story and Har-

The conduct of these few hundred Irish troops, during those two days, exceeds any powers of eulogy to do it justice. What never-ending tirades we would be stunned with, about the “matchless bravery of the British lion,” “the stubborn courage of the English bull-dog,” &c. if only 3 or 400 real or *native* English representatives of the “*British* heart and the *British* arm” had, under the circumstances of this little Irish garrison, ever contested ONE and preserved ANOTHER place so gloriously as they did, against 25,000 veterans, and such an artillery as Ginckle’s!’

ris appear either to have deliberately passed over, or to have been completely ignorant of. And yet it has hitherto been from such one-sided *authorities* as these, that our Irish *histories* of those and other times have generally been written!

’ When Ireland is “as she ought to be,” or when Catholics, Protestants, and Presbyterians shall consider that they are only *three* leaves belonging to ONE shamrock—an event much nearer than *some* people think, and one which, at all events, MUST ultimately take place!—Colonel Fitzgerald and his brave companions ought to have a splendid “national testimonial” (of the *right* sort!) erected to them in the English town of Athlone, and in front of the bridge which they so nobly defended—upon the 4 sides of which monument some inscription like the following should be engraved, in the English, Irish, French and Latin languages:—

Be it remembered,
that
On the 19th and 20th of June, 1691,
A little band of
Between 3 and 400 Irishmen,
under
Colonel Fitzgerald,
Contested against an English army of 25,000 men,
under
Lieutenant General Ginckle,
The passes leading *to* and the English town
of
ATHLONE!
And, though the place had but a “slender wall,”
In which
The enemy’s well-appointed and superior artillery
Soon made a large breach,
And, though its few defenders were worn down
By 48 hours’ continual exertion,
They held out
Till the evening of the second day!
When,
The breach being assaulted,
by

This stout defence of the English town completely realized the object for which it was so gallantly made, by enabling the Irish main army, under St. Ruth, to arrive in time to guard the Irish town and the passage of the Shannon—though, could that army have come up but 2 days before, it would have deprived the enemy of the important advantage he had enjoyed, in having only had to deal with Colonel Fitzgerald's feeble outpost, instead of the entire military strength of the Irish, whose opposition **MUST** have cost Ginckle a much greater, if not an absolutely ruinous loss, in contesting the passes to and in attacking the Eng-

A fresh body of 4,000 Dutch, Danish and English troops,
 Selected from 25,000 men, who fought in
 Successive detachments
 Against but 3 or 400, with no fresh troops to relieve them,
 These "gallant few"
 Did not abandon the breach before
 Above 200 of their number were killed or disabled!
 Then,
 In spite of the enemy, the brave survivors
 Made their way to the bridge
 Over the Shannon,
 Maintained themselves in front of it
 Till they demolished 2 arches behind them,
 and
 Finally retired across the river by a draw-bridge into
 The Irish town,
 Which was thus preserved by *their* heroism
 Till the coming up, soon after,
 of
 The Irish main army,
 under
 Lieutenant General St. Ruth!

Reader,
 If thou art a stranger,
 Admire and venerate the memory of this little band
 and
 Their gallant leader!
 If thou art
 An Irishman,
 Not only admire and venerate those who
 Shed their blood for Ireland,
 But
 Be prepared,
 If necessary,
 To
 "Go and do likewise!"

lish town, than he *had* suffered, in consequence of the very weak condition in which he had found them. On the evening of the 20th of June, just as the English town was taken, St. Ruth appeared with his forces on the Connaught side of the Shannon, and, encamping a little behind the Irish town, made arrangements to put a stop to the enemy's further progress. On the other hand, Ginckle, without allowing any intermission of exertion to his army after their late success, commenced his operations, the same evening, for attacking the Irish town. The 3 guns, with which he had cannonaded the Irish breast-work towards Lanesborough, were brought into the English town, along with the 9 eighteen pounders, which had battered down the bastion near the Dublin Gate. The next day, June 21st, a detachment of cavalry, under Colonel Wolseley, was despatched towards Ballymore to hasten up a number of pontoons for the passage of the river, and to guard 11 cannon and 3 mortars which were on the road; and, against evening, a battery was completed to the right or north-east of the bridge, for 5 twenty-four pounders, and a floor finished for 6 mortars. These 11 guns and 3 mortars, together with the 12 guns, just mentioned as having been brought from beyond the walls into the English town, make a total of 26 pieces of battering artillery, all except 3, (whose sizes are not specified, but which were probably mortars, and, as such, large,) being of very great weight of metal.

These dispositions for attacking the Irish town being completed early on the morning of the 22d, at 6 o'clock the English batteries opened upon the citadel or Castle of Athlone, which, as it was so situated in the Irish town that its fire commanded the passage of the bridge over the Shannon, it was first necessary to destroy, before any attempt could be made to enter the Irish town by the bridge. The Castle was a fortress of considerable strength, the walls of which Colonel Grace had last year lined with "18 feet thick of earth," so that Douglas's artillery made little or no impression upon the place. But, it had now to withstand the incessant and ponderous discharges of Ginckle's far more numerous and efficient train, directed by the veteran skill and experience of foreign officers, who had acquired knowledge of their profession at the great sieges of the Continent, in an age when the science of military engineering was carried to such a brilliant height by the

ties of a Vauban and a Coehorn. The fire of the besiegers was directed against the north-eastern or weakest part of the Castle; by 7 in the evening a large breach was made in the wall, and the English great guns and mortars continuing to blaze away without any interruption, even during the night, by 5 in the morning of the 23d of June an entire side of the Castle gave way before the hostile cannon-balls and bomb-shells. A fortified mill upon the bridge, in which 64 Irish soldiers were stationed, was also wrapped in flames by the enemy's grenades, and the garrison, with the exception of 2 men who saved their lives by leaping into the river, being neither able to get out of the building nor to quench the conflagration, were unhappily involved in the destruction of the place. Next day, or on the 24th, more heavy ordnance continuing to arrive, 3 additional batteries were constructed against the Irish town, "one below the bridge, another above it, and a third without the town walls by the river side," over against a bastion erected by the Irish on the Connaught bank of the river. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the immense superiority and powerful effect of the English artillery in demolishing the fortifications of the Irish town, Ginckle, finding from the spirit and resolution of the Irish defence, and from the nature of the place, that it would be more prudent to endeavour to pass the river by some sort of a diversion or flanking movement, than by merely limiting himself to a direct attempt to cross the bridge by force, had formed a plan to gain the opposite bank by means of pontoons, below the ford, or towards the side of Athlone in the direction of Banagher, and had likewise resolved upon making another attempt, in the opposite direction of Lanesborough. New "tin boats, floats and other materials" for the former of those enterprises had arrived in the camp from England on the 23d, escorted by a reinforcement of Lord Oxford's and Colonel Byerley's regiments of horse; but, as less of those articles than were expected were sent, other boats that were in Ireland had to be put in order, to complete the requisite number. During these repairs, Ginckle proceeded with his design of crossing towards Lanesborough, where he was informed, that "there might be an easy and undiscovered passage for most of his army, whilst his cannon amused the Irish at the town!" For this purpose, the day he ordered the 3 additional batteries already mentioned to be mounted, he sent out a Lieu-

tenant with a party of horse to examine the ford, which was found to be practicable. But Brigadier Wauchop, Governor of the Castle of Athlone, having gained early intelligence of this design, gave immediate warning of it to Colonel Edmund Bui O'Reilly, Governor of Lanesborough, directing him, in case of any danger, to send for the Earl of Antrim's regiment, which was ready to advance at the first signal on Lanesborough, and drive the English into the river. Colonel O'Reilly accordingly threw up strong works upon the only accessible part of the bank on the Connaught side, and Ginckle's idea of passing over *there* had, in consequence, to be abandoned!¹

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 98—101. Rawdon Papers, p. 327. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 153 & 4. Harris, p. 319, &c. Brigadier or Major General John Wauchop, whose notice to Colonel O'Reilly prevented Ginckle's passage of the Shannon at Lanesborough, was not an Irish but a Scotch officer; a circumstance which I am the more careful to particularise, from my hatred of any nation's either directly or indirectly pluming itself upon the merits of another, after the English *Union* mode, or "*British-heart-and-British-arm*" style! Wauchop, (likewise spelled Wacop and Wahup,) whose name appears to the Depositions of King James's General Officers from Derry, and also to the Articles of Limerick, distinguished himself in Ireland, like Major General Thomas Buchan, Colonel — Ramsay, Brigadier Thomas Maxwell, and others of his countrymen. There were 2 Wauchops in James's army, John, the Brigadier and Major General above mentioned, and Francis, a Lieutenant Colonel in the Queen's Regiment of Infantry. The Brigadier and Colonel Edmund Bui O'Reilly had previously served together at Cavan in the winter of 1689-90, particularly in the battle of Tullogh-Mangain hill, just above the town, fought on the 13th of February, 1690, between the Duke of Berwick and Colonel Wolsley. Colonel Edmund Bui, more properly written *Buidhe* O'Reilly,—or Edmund O'Reilly *the yellow*,—was the head of the old and powerful house of O'Reilly, descended, like their neighbours the O'Rourkes, from Heremon, son of Milesius, through Con of the Hundred Battles, monarch of Ireland in the 2d century, and princes of East Brefsny, or the modern County of Cavan, as the O'Rourkes were of West Brefsny, or the modern County of Leitrim. The O'Reillys, like others of the Milesian, or genuine and ancient, as opposed to the modern, or merely nominal and titular nobility of Ulster, were stripped of the greater part of the large possessions of their clan from time immemorial, in the year 1607, by means of those pretended rebellions to which the "*figure and fortune*" of many who now hold a high head can be, and are, traced. Mangain hill, on which the Duke of Berwick had a battle with him in the action against Colonel Wolsley, and at which the *Gallows Hill*, from its having been made there by the malefactors, out of spite and hatred to the O'Reillys, usurpers who ejected and robbed them, is the place

The dangerous attempt to cross by force at the bridge had therefore to be resumed, though the Irish, after this success in baffling the enemy, displayed as much activity in resisting the English at Athlone, as they had shown vigi-

O'Reilly, or the head of his race, was once proclaimed chief of that tribe and its territory, as I have been informed by a learned friend, a native of that district, and a worthy member of the old and honourable sept whose name he bears. The ceremony of inauguration, according to tradition and the general custom in Ireland, took place in the open air, on an ancient stone seat; and it was precisely over the spot upon which *that* venerable relic of antiquity stood, that the mean malignity and bigoted vandalism of those upstart intruders, above alluded to, erected the gallows, after breaking the chair of the old chieftains to pieces! This circumstance is pathetically alluded to by the hereditary chief poet of the O'Reillys, Maurice O'Daly, who flourished about 1630, in a poem in praise of Tullagh Mangain hill, giving a list of all the princes of East Brefsny to his own time, and commencing, "*Alas, that thou art thus, oh hill!*" According to the accurate and extensive traditional information of the late Mr. William Stuart of Cavan, who died in 1837, aged 90, and who was the grandson of a person who came to Cavan in Colonel Wolseley's dragoons, Colonel Edmund Bui O'Reilly was the son of Colonel Philip O'Reilly, of Ballynacargy Castle, who commanded the troops of the Irish Catholics, or Confederates of Kilkenny, in Cavan, in the reign of Charles I. Besides Colonel Edmund Bui, who was leader of a regiment of infantry, Governor of Cavan at the time of Wolseley's attack, and afterwards Governor of Lanesborough when Ginckle was checked there, several other O'Reillys, or Reillys, were in King James's army; namely, Colonel John O'Reilly, commander of a regiment of Irish dragoons, Major Reilly and Captain Reilly, both killed in the battle of Cavan, and Lieutenant Colonel Luke Reilly. At that period, also, Father Edmund Reilly was one of the Royal Chaplains, who came over with James II. from France; Hugh Reilly, Esq. of Lara, author of "*Ireland's Case briefly stated*," was a Master in Chancery; on the 27th of August, 1689, was made Clerk of the Privy Council; and, if the King were restored, would have been his actual, as he was his titular, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He was also member in the Irish Parliament of 1689, along with Philip Oge O'Reilly, Esq. for the *Borough* of Cavan—while the *County* of Cavan was represented in the same assembly by Philip Reilly of Aghnicrery and John Reilly of Garryrobuck, Esquires. Colonel Edmund Bui, who had raised 2 regiments, or 1 of foot and 1 of dragoons, for King James, retired to France with the Irish army after the surrender of Limerick. The regiment of dragoons having been broken up in Ireland, that officer brought to France his regiment of infantry; but it having been embodied with others, he "remained," says MacGeoghegan, "without any regiment," and "his grandson, a captain in the regiment of Dillon," in the BRIGADE, "was considered chief of the O'Reillys." I am only acquainted with the ultimate fate of this ancient and noble line through the following anecdote related by Walker, the historian of the Irish bards, in 1787. "An old lady, now living in the County of Westmeath," says that agreeable writer

lance in foiling them at Lanesborough. That night, they raised 2 batteries of 6 guns above the Castle—one of 3 six-pounders close by the river, and another of the same number farther off upon an eminence. Next day, or on the 25th, these 2 Irish batteries played upon the enemy's quarters; the latter upon a portion of the walls of the English town by which part of Ginckle's force was sheltered, and the former upon some English regiments posted near the river. The first 3 guns had not much effect upon the walls; but the other 3, pouring their shot into the midst of the English regiments, obliged them to shift their quarters to a less dangerous position. Ginckle, on the other hand, from a battery of 6 twenty-pounders planted below the bridge, did great injury to a breast-work of the Irish, destroyed the greater part of the houses yet standing in the Irish town, and so exposed the rest of the hostile works to view, as to force the Irish to quit most of their trenches, except such as were behind the Castle. On the 26th, 30 wagon-loads of powder arrived in the English camp; no less than 7 batteries now continued to fire the whole day upon the Irish works, and "all night," says the English analyst and eye-witness, "our guns and mortars play most

"remembers to have once fallen, during her infancy, into the company of Madam O'Reilly, commonly called the Countess of Cavan, the last of that unfortunate house. The only part of the dress of this venerable dame that made an impression on the infant mind of my informant, was her train, of which the length was so considerable as to spread incommodiously across the drawing-room"—according to the fashion of the old Irish families of rank, among whom that courtly appendage was upheld by a page. "One of the company happening to step incautiously on the end of it, the old lady turned and said, with a heavy sigh, *Alas! I ONCE had a PAGE to bear up MY train!*" Many flourishing off-shoots of the race of O'Reilly have, however, survived in the Counties of Cavan and Meath, as the learned De Burgo observed in 1752, all of whom were, as he says, "*Catholicâ religione clari*;" and, I need hardly add, that from the name of O'Reilly, as well as O'Kelly, the Irish Catholic hierarchy, in particular, can boast of several of its best supporters and most distinguished ornaments. (*Berwick's Memoirs*, vol. 1. p. 52, 55, 56, 66, 67 & 68—*Paris edit.* 1778. *Harris*, p. 248, & *Appendix*, p. lxxiv. *Macpherson's Stuart Papers*, vol. 1. p. 216. *Hibernia Dominicana*, p. 285, 286, & 790. *Trans. Ib. Celt. Soc.* p. xcii., cii., ciii., cxiii-xiv., clxiv., clxxxiii-v-vi. *King's State of the Protestants of Ireland*, *Appendix*, p. 67, 89, & 92. *Story, Imp. Hist.* p. 53, 54, 55 & *Cont. Hist.* p. 13, 14, & 30. *Harris's Ware*, vol. 11. p. 252 & 2. *MacGeoghegan*, vol. 1. p. 313, & vol. 111. p. 468 & 9. *Walker's Essay on Irish Dress*, p. 50, 1st edit. &c. &c.)

furiously !” On the 27th, a new or 8th battery of 5 pieces was planted in a meadow below the English town, to rake the passage, and thus interrupt the communication between the Irish camp and the Irish town ; 100 cart-loads of cannon-balls also came from Dublin ; and, on that day, as well as the former, the English “ guns and mortars fired without intermission !” Amidst the incessant blaze and roar and destruction from so many pieces of heavy artillery, whose vivid light, in the fine, short, and warm nights of June, rendered every discharge of ball from the cannon, and of bombs and stones from the mortars, as precise and fatal as by day, the spirit and gallantry of the Irish defence could not be surpassed.

A correspondent from Ginckle’s army, describing the formidable state of the English works, says, “ *we can now stand almost at the water’s edge and look over,*” yet, he adds, “ *the enemy work like horses in carrying fascines to fill the trenches !*” And, to cite the more expressive account of another spectator, Colonel Felix O’Neill, writing from the Irish Camp—though the enemy “ *raised their batteries so high that A CAT COULD SCARCE APPEAR WITHOUT BEING KNOCKED IN THE HEAD BY GREAT OR SMALL SHOT the French Generals acknowledged they NEVER SAW MORE RESOLUTION AND FIRMNESS IN ANY MEN OF ANY NATION ; nay, BLAMED THE MEN FOR THEIR FORWARDNESS, and cried them up for BRAVE FELLOWS, as INTREPID AS LIONS !*”¹ The great vigour with which Ginckle pushed on

¹ Rawdon Papers, Letters CLI. & CLII. The *first* of these interesting private communications is dated from Ginckle’s camp before Athlone, June 28th, 1691, and was written by a Mr. Daniel MacNeal to Sir Arthur Rawdon. The *second* is from Colonel Felix O’Neill, to the Countess of Antrim, to whom it was written July 10th, 1691, in the Irish camp at Aughrim, only two days before the battle, but never forwarded, having been found in the gallant Colonel’s pocket, when he was stripped after the action, in which he was slain. Besides Sir Neal O’Neill and Colonel Felix, (who had also been Advocate General to King James,) there were various other officers of that illustrious and martial race in the Irish army ; namely, Colonels Gordon and Cormac O’Neill, Major Henry O’Neill, lieutenant Colonel Con O’Neill, and Brian, I think, also a Lieutenant Colonel. In the Irish Parliament of May, 1689, there likewise were several O’Neills. Constantine O’Neill, Esq. sat for the Borough of Armagh ; Cormac O’Neill, Esq. for the County of Antrim ; Daniel O’Neill, Esq. for the Borough of Lisburn, Toole O’Neill of Dromankelly, Esq. for the Borough of Killileagh, in the County of Down ; Colonel Gordon O’Neill, for the County of Ty

his approaches since the 26th, and the fury with which he thundered from his artillery by night as well as by day, proceeded from a final determination to force his way over the bridge at any cost, since he had now nothing to hope for in the direction of Lanesborough, and even if his pontoons for passing at the southern or Banagher side of the town were ready, the Connaught bank was fortified *there* also; the Irish, on *their* part, opposed this determination of Ginckle with undiminished and desperate obstinacy. "We labour hard," says Ginckle's historian, "to gain the bridge; but *what we got here was INCH by INCH as it were, the ENEMY STICKING VERY CLOSE TO IT, though GREAT NUMBERS of them were SLAIN by our GUNS; and THIS service,*" he adds, "*cost us GREAT STORE of AMMUNITION!*"¹ The attack on that point was commenced by the English upon the 26th, the day on which they had completed their 7 batteries; and the struggle was gallantly maintained by the Irish till the evening of the 27th. By that time, Ginckle at length contrived to gain possession of and to cover the 2 broken arches demolished by the brave little garrison of Colonel Fitzgerald;² and, the same night, the English were enabled to work hard at the last arch of the bridge which the Irish had broken and had continued to contest from the opposite side of the river, till they were obliged to retire by a circumstance that rendered a longer attempt at resistance impossible. Their breast-works, from which an opposition was made to the further advance of the English, were mostly formed of fascines, the wood of which, from the great warmth of the weather, being soon dried and easily inflammable, was set on fire by some of the enemy's grenades; and, the flames spreading, the troops that guarded those entrenchments were consequently obliged to retire, to avoid being enveloped in the conflagration!³

rone; and Arthur O'Neill, Esq. of Ballygawley, for the Borough of Dungannon! (*King's State of the Protestants*, p. 68, and *Appendix*, p. 68, 69, 70, 91, 92, & 94. *MacGeoghegan*, vol. III. p. 448.) And *this* even after ALL the O'Neills had lost by the vultures of British confiscation!

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 102.

² Story, Cont. Hist. p. 101. I consider those first 2 broken arches mentioned by Story as the same which were destroyed by Colonel Fitzgerald's detachment, according to the passage of King James's narrative, already referred to.

³ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 102. *Harris*, p. 319.

It was now Sunday morning, the 28th of June. From the 19th, or during 9 successive days and nights, the English had been engaged in getting thus far towards the accomplishment of their attempt, to force the passage of the Shannon, and become masters of this stubbornly-defended town. But *that* undertaking seemed now on the verge of success; the invaders appeared to be upon the point of obtaining in a few hours the end of their long labours; they enjoyed the prospect of spending *that* Sunday evening in the Irish town. The beams were laid over the last broken arch, the only material obstacle presenting itself to the eyes of the English between a rapid advance to the triumphant attainment of their wishes. Those beams were even partly planked; and, a few more boards once placed over the small space yet uncovered, and the path to the long inaccessible bank and town would be open!

But the enemy were destined to go "no farther." A brave dragoon Sergeant of Brigadier Maxwell's regiment, named Custume, proposed, with a party of his countrymen, to put a stop to the enemy's design of passing the river. The offer of the intrepid Sergeant was agreed to, and he dashed forward in the face of all the English works at the head of 10 daring companions in armour, and "with courage and strength," says King James, "even beyond what men were thought capable of," began to pull away the English beams and planks, and fling them into the water! A tremendous fire of great and small arms from the whole English line was directed upon these gallant fellows, who were all slain, before they could complete their desperate task. Undeterred by *their* fate, 11 more then sprang forth to continue what remained to be done. Another general discharge of cannon and musketry flashed along the English bank of the river! The smoke cleared away; 9 of the bold assailants had fallen; only 2 were seen to survive; but the bridge was impassable; they HAD finished their heroic enterprise!¹

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 102, & 3. King James, vol. II. p. 454. Story affirms that those 22 fine fellows were *all* Scotch, on the grounds that they all belonged to Maxwell's regiment. But, independent of several other arguments that might be adduced against his statement, the simple fact of Maxwell's having been a Scotchman is no proof that his regiment was entirely Scotch, since Ireland, so far from being able to get any Scotch troops to assist her, was obliged to send over a num-

Ginckle, thus a *second* time defeated in striving to cross the Shannon, resolved to renew his approaches over the bridge by the more cautious method of a covered walk or close gallery,¹ and to support this new mode of attack by several others, in different directions. The whole of that day he cannonaded the Irish town with great violence—“*as I believe never town was,*” writes a spectator. “THIRTEEN SQUADRON OF WAGON-HORSES,” continues the same authority, “*are set out for Dublin for MORE AMMUNITION,*” and “you may imagine,” he adds, “how fast we play them with our artillery, when *our WHOLE ARTILLERY is employed!*”² This terrific fire demolished a great part of the walls that had hitherto stood erect on the western bank of the river opposite to the English town, but was principally pointed against the northern and strongest part of the citadel, called Connaught Tower, which, after taking much trouble to destroy, was finally overthrown. All the remaining thatched houses in the Irish quarters were likewise burned by the enemy’s shells; and even the whole of the very inferior batteries possessed by the besieged, were *now* dismounted.³ Yet the Irish, amidst so many great disadvantages, continued to repair their old trenches, and even to form some new ones, in a meadow opposite the last English battery of 5 guns, erected to rake the passage between St. Ruth’s camp and the town. In this dangerous

ber of Irish to Scotland to assist Dundee, under Colonel Alexander Cannon, an Irishman, and Major General Thomas Buchan; and, in short, the mere mention of such names as Lieutenant Colonel Daniel *Macgenis* and Major *Callaghan* amongst the officers of Maxwell’s regiment, (which was one of dragoons) sufficiently shows that *that* regiment was *not* Scotch. While thus questioning the *accuracy* or *veracity* of Story’s assertion (eagerly received or designedly invented, in *my* opinion, to deprive the Irish of the merit of one of the bravest actions in history,) I mention, however, what that English annalist states, unlike every other Irish writer, except Harris.

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 103. King James, vol. II. p. 454.

² Rawdon Papers, p. 344 & 5.

³ Rawdon Papers, p. 345. This fact, of the dismounting of ALL the Irish batteries, is particularly worth noting, as showing the peculiar bravery of the defence made *after* such a circumstance; and, for that very reason, it is, no doubt, left unmentioned, like the want of powder at Ballymore, by Story, though a circumstance which, most certainly, ought not to have been omitted. But such despicable specimens of the basest of all falsehood, or *negative* lying, were indispensable, to make the Irish appear to have “fought *badly* at home!”

employment, they strove to screen themselves, in some degree, from the English artillery, by a stratagem which they had also practised elsewhere,—particularly at the siege of Carrickfergus, in this war. “They got,” says Story, whose account of the matter *there*, will convey a sufficient notion of its exercise *here*,—“they got a great number of cattle, and drove them all as near to the top of the breach as they could force them to go, keeping themselves close behind them; and this served in some measure to secure the breach, for several of the cattle were killed by our shot, and, as they fell, the Irish threw earth, stones, and wood upon them!”¹ Meantime, it having been resolved by a Council of War, that on the very next morning, the 29th, the passage of the river should be a *third* time attempted, and in greater force than ever, the English pioneers, under the protection of their formidable artillery, were levelling the way, from their camp to the water-side, for the launching of their large bridge of boats. These were to be thrown across the stream at a place about 1050 feet below, or to the south of the *town*-bridge; and an endeavour was also made to ascertain if a ford, about 150 feet to the south of the same bridge, and between it and the bridge of boats, would be practicable for the passage of a detachment.² “Three Danish soldiers, under sentence of death,” says Harris, “were offered their pardon, if they would undertake to try the river.—The men readily consented, and, putting on armour, entered at three several places. The English in the trenches were ordered to fire, seemingly *at* them, but to aim *over* their heads, whence,” he observes, “the *Irish* concluded them to be deserters, and did not fire till they saw them returning; when the English by their great and small shot obliging the *Irish* to lie covered, the men were preserved, two of them only being slightly wounded; and it was discovered, that the deepest part of the river did not reach their breasts, *the water never having been known so shallow in the memory of man!*”³ It was accordingly determined that the Irish town should be

¹ Story, Imp. Hist. p. 9. Rawdon Papers, p. 345.

² Rawdon Papers, p. 344. Harris, p. 319.

³ Harris, p. 319, from whose engraved *plan* of Athlone, and a slight alteration of whose text, the distances and other matters are laid down. King James expressly says, and, with truth, as the *event* proves, that the enemy *must* have raised the siege, but for this opportune discovery.

assailed in three places. "One party," in the words of Ginckle's historian, was "to go over the bridge; a second to pass upon the floats and pontoons; and a third detachment were to go over the ford below the bridge; where our horse," he adds, "were also to pass and second the foot; a large breach being made on the other side for their entrance!"¹ A choice body of grenadiers, and other picked men from every regiment in the English army, were to head the attack, under the veteran Major General Mackay, the whole of whom, supplied with fifteen shots a man, were to be prepared, by six in the morning, behind the walls of the English town; "but," says the account, "with the *greatest silence and secresie imaginable!*" Intelligence of the entire plan was, however, conveyed to St. Ruth by some deserters; and he determined to act accordingly.

Day appeared, and Mackay's grenadiers were at their post in due time. It was, however, near 10 o'clock before the long bridge of boats could be got ready for launching; and the English had the double mortification of not only being obliged to defer their attack, but of perceiving that the Irish had been fully apprized of the attempt, and were taking every precaution against it! From an early hour, in spite of the continued and annoying fire of the English batteries, detachments of St. Ruth's best troops were seen pouring into the Irish town to man the works. St. Ruth himself, with the rest of his army as a reserve, likewise took post immediately behind the walls of the town that lay towards his camp; and was thus both guarded by those walls from the hostile artillery, and on the watch to pounce upon and overwhelm the English with his entire strength, in case any assistance should be required by the garrison! While the French General made these excellent dispositions for meeting the enemy, Ginckle, as the best method of exciting the courage of his *English* and *mercenary* troops, distributed "handfuls of money" to the men, who were to attack by the bridge and ford.² The contest was to com-

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 103.

² Story, Cont. Hist. p. 104. Harris, p. 320. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 154. To Dalrymple's valuable authority, Major General Mackay, we are indebted for the best account of St. Ruth's arrangements, (the more remarkable from the subsequent fatal neglect of such precautions,) and for the very natural circumstance of the *Dutchman's* delivery of money

mence at the bridge, near the broken arch, on their own side of which the English had raised a breast-work. To *this* they had almost advanced their gallery; and, upon the attack at this point, the other operations were to depend. The grenadiers of both armies began by throwing their grenades at each other, from their respective breast-works on the opposite sides of the broken arch; but with very different results. The English did no damage to the Irish works, when a grenade flung across the river by one of the Irish grenadiers set fire to the English breast-work! The whole was immediately involved in torrents of flame and clouds of smoke, which, from the dryness of the fascines or wood-work, and a westerly breeze then blowing and spreading the blaze on every side, it was impossible to extinguish; so that the English were compelled to fall back, and form another breast-work behind their close gallery which was on fire, in order to preserve the remaining part of the bridge! It was now past 12 o'clock; and the assailants being equally disheartened by this repulse at the very outset, and intimidated by the vigorous preparations which St. Ruth had made to receive them, the entire attack was ordered to be discontinued! Ginckle's officers, observes an eye-witness, "knew not well *what* to think, *seeing themselves defeated in so great a project*;"—while "the troops," says Major General Mackay, "returned to their quarters, discovering by the *sullenness* and *dejection of their looks*, the passions in their minds."¹ And thus all the wagon-trains of powder, and cart-loads of cannon-balls, and "handfuls of money," were equally unsuccessful against this one broken portion of the bridge, which, after all the labour, and anxiety, and expense of a *third* attempt to cross the river, was *still* as impassable as ever!

The Irish were filled with joy at this abandonment of what they believed would be the last attack the enemy would make upon the town, and what, in fact, might, by

to his *English* and *mercenary*, or *mercenary* and *English* followers. The noble verse of Timotheus,

"MARS is the god, and Greece reveres not GOLD!"

was more applicable to the Irish on this occasion, whose pay, it will be recollected, was but *a penny a day*!

¹ Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 154. The Scotch judge here specifically refers to, and may be considered as substantially quoting from, Mackay's MS. See also King James, vol. II. p. 454

due care, be rendered so, since the enemy could hardly succeed in another attack in the face of such obstacles as he *himself* admitted would be his destruction, by the very circumstance of his not having dared to encounter them, after having made *every* preparation for doing so. St. Ruth, when he beheld the English detachments retire, marched his own army back to his camp, where, to commemorate this defeat of the enemy's last and most important enterprise, and to display his own conviction of the complete and final security of the town, he gave an entertainment to the ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood. The Irish soldiers, also, who mounted guard that night opposite the English works, from which no noise was now heard but the drawing away of some of the cannon, and the removal of such combustible materials from the trenches as appeared to denote a raising of the siege, evinced *their* exultation and contempt for the enemy, after their national manner, by sarcastically crying out to the English sentries over the river, in allusion to Ginckle's unavailing liberality that day, that "they had given bad *penny-worths* for the *money* which their Generals had bestowed upon them!"¹

Ginckle was *now* in a very embarrassing position. To stay where he was much longer was impossible, as provisions were becoming scarce, and all the forage for several miles round was destroyed. Only 3 measures lay open to his choice, to every one of which the strongest objections presented themselves. The 1st was another attack upon the town; the 2d, a removal and attempt to pass the river elsewhere; and the 3d, a retreat. From the 1st, after so many spirited repulses by the Irish, the very worst consequences were to be apprehended. The 2d, by the fact of its being an abandonment of the siege, would leave as little room for any favourable anticipations, since it would, of necessity, still more discourage the English than they were, and raise the spirits of the Irish, who, in addition to their late advantages in guarding the river, had last winter defeated several attempts to cross at Lanesborough, James-town, and Banagher. Besides this, any efforts of the English to pass either higher up, or lower down the river, would lay open all the adjacent counties, if not Dublin itself, to detachments of St. Ruth's army, who, getting into the rear of the invader, and "raising the country," (then freed from his

¹ Mackay sp. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 156. Harris, p. 320.

presence,) would be in a capacity to intercept all supplies of provisions and ammunition coming from the metropolis and eastern coast; by which, says William's biographer, there would be "*no expectations of a successful campaign, and the utmost hopes of the English forces would be to wage a DEFENSIVE war*"—always ruinous to an invading army—"and possibly lose what they had acquired before, and be driven back to the NORTH!" The 3d alternative, or that of a retreat, remained. But, on an expectation of the most speedy and decisive success, which William's government, upon an express assurance from Ginckle himself, had publicly notified as certain, in "*but a fortnight or three weeks*" after the commencement of the campaign, such magazines and other points of communication as were necessary to secure a retreat had *not* been established. And, *what* was to be expected from such a retrograde movement, commenced by such a large army, 59 miles from Dublin,—carrying such a great and cumbrous train of artillery over such roads as were *then* in Ireland,—labouring, at its very first setting out, under a scarcity of provisions and forage;—and yet obliged to retire through a completely wasted territory?—And all THIS in presence of a triumphant Irish force of above 20,000 men, that would be joined on every side by their countrymen, animated to the highest pitch of patriotic exultation and vengeance—but more particularly strengthened by clouds of vigilant, active, and merciless irregulars or Rapparees, who, aided by parties of Irish regular troops, especially of cavalry, in which the Irish strength chiefly lay, could hang upon a receding invader's flanks and rear,—cut off every straggler,—drive in or anticipate any detachments that might attempt to obtain subsistence or forage,—and, at the very *least*, compel the English, under such circumstances, to abandon all or nearly all of their great train of 47 guns and mortars, in order to hasten their march to where they could get any food,—if even *that sacrifice* could rescue them from *total ruin*, through the combined effects of famine, fatigue, desertion, and the sword!

Nor were such gloomy views entertained in Ginckle's camp and council only. The period of "*a fortnight or 3 weeks*," computed from the 30th of May, when he left Dublin to open the campaign, was now, by several days, elapsed. Yet, notwithstanding the highest abilities, exertion, and expense on the part of this best and *last* force that William could

equip, it was but too obvious that nothing of any consequence was effected. The great watery barrier and boundary of the Irish territory was as inviolate as ever; and, in fine, the news of the remarkable gallantry and success with which the Irish had defended themselves for so many successive days and nights, against the long series of costly and persevering operations carried on by so formidable an army and artillery as those of the besiegers, had diffused general uneasiness and apprehension amongst the Anglo-Dutch or *ascendancy* faction in Ireland. In Dublin, more especially, the alarm had at length reached such a height, that, in anticipation of the worst results from the existing aspect of military affairs, the avenues of the city were barricadoed, and preparations made “to raise works all around it!” Over

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 105. Mackay, ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 154 & 55. Harris, p. 289, 312, 13 & 20. King James, vol. II. p. 433, 54, 55, & 56. Berwick's Memoirs, vol. I. p. 79 & 80. The citations, here made, refer not merely to the facts laid down in the text, but to other passages *tending* to illustrate the truth of the opinions deduced from these facts. The ideas advanced respecting the probable results of a retreat towards Dublin by Ginckle in *his* situation are, besides their consistency with reason and tactics, sufficiently countenanced by the practical or professional, though briefly-expressed opinions of Major-General Mackay in Dalrymple, and of the late General Keatinge, (*Defence of Ireland*, p. 24,) and may be compared by the classical reader with Thucydides' account of the retreat, and destruction by an inferior force, of the Athenian army of 40,000 men in Sicily, after raising the siege of Syracuse; although *that* army was NOT burdened in its endeavours to escape and reach a friendly part of the country with any thing so cumbersome as Ginckle's train of artillery. Leland (*vol. III. p. 597*) attempts to question Dalrymple's relation from Mackay, of the panic amongst the *ascendancy* faction in Dublin, and the consequent barricadoing, &c. of the place. But the Doctor's objections can only affect the mere *day* to which Dalrymple appears to have too hastily assigned the occurrence of those circumstances—circumstances, so natural in themselves, when associated with the necessary recollection of Douglas's previous repulse at Athlone, with the marching away of all the regulars to Ginckle's army, with the *general* inadequacy of Ginckle's efforts, by day and night, from the 20th to the 29th, to pass the Shannon, &c.—and, not only so natural in themselves from *those* causes, but from what we ourselves know of the precautionary apprehensions of the same faction in 1798, and even of the military loop-holing of the Bank or *Ex-Parliament* House in 1831, during the Repeal agitation—said loop-holing being *still* as ready as ever for an issue of foreign bullets, instead of native Acts of Parliament, on the “*mere Irish!*” The guilty upholders of an anti-national dominion have ever evinced in their *conduct* a thorough sympathy with the purport of *another* usurper's exclamation,—

“How is't with me, when every noise affrights me.”—*Macbeth*.

such a precipice were Ginckle's army and William's power in Ireland now tottering, even in spite of all the ability and strength which England and Holland could supply, and of all the barbarous and impolitic neglect of Ireland by France!

The descriptions of Ginckle's conduct, after this *third* repulse, indicate the troubled irresolution of his mind with respect to his future course of action. The remainder of the 29th and the following day, his batteries continued to fire upon the Irish town; yet the withdrawing of some of his cannon, and the removal of other hostile preparations from his trenches countenanced the opinion, general in *both* armies, that no other attack would be made, and that a retreat was now about to take place.¹ His perplexity was the greater, owing to the apprehension of being made responsible by William, for not publishing, before the opening of the campaign, a document intended by the king to promote an accommodation, through the eligible terms proffered to the Irish.² At length, to relieve his own anxiety by taking the advice of others, the Dutch commander summoned, on the afternoon of the 30th, a Council of War, consisting of the Duke of Wirtemberg, the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, the Dutch Count Nassau, the Danish Count Tettau, the French officers, Brigadier La Melloniere, Major General Ruvigny, and Colonel Cambon, and the Scotch and English Majors General, Mackay and Talmash.³ After a long debate upon the great difficulties of their situation, (already set forth,) it was finally resolved, that one more attack upon the town would, notwithstanding the danger and difficulty of the attempt, be the most eligible measure at the present critical juncture. To render this otherwise desperate design more likely to succeed, it was determined to attempt it as soon as possible after the breaking up of the Council, and in such a sudden and unexpected manner as would most probably take the besieged completely off their guard, since the least apprehension on St. Ruth's part, of another attack, would cause him to oppose the same obstacles to any probability of success as he *had* so effectually done the day before; and if the present design were not speedily acted upon, the French General's spies might have time to be as serviceable to him again, as they had yesterday been. Accordingly,

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 104 & 5. Harris, p. 320.

² Mackay, ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 155 & 6.

³ Tindal's Rapin, vol. III. p. 117.

the assault was to be made at 6 o'clock the same evening, when the Irish would dread nothing from the circumstance of a double garrison being observed in the English town, as *that* was the period of relieving the guards there.¹ On the tolling of the church bell in the English quarters, the enterprise was to be commenced, through the ford 150 feet below the bridge, by Major General Mackay, at the head of a strong detachment of 2,000 men, who had been particularly selected for, and reserved over from the attempt of the 29th; and these choice troops were to be supported in the approaching attack by every military disposition calculated to promote the accomplishment of their undertaking.²

While such were the designs and preparations of the English, St. Ruth, finding the Irish town to be so ruined by the enemy's artillery, and the passages so filled up with lumber and stones," says Colonel Felix O'Neill, "that there was not room for 2 men in a breast to march any way," ordered all, or a good portion of the works of the place towards his camp, which were only made of earth, to be thrown down by the French engineers, directing them, at the same time, to confine their precautions of defence to the trench next the river, which was to be so formed, in connexion with the destruction of the fortifications alluded to, that whenever an attack should occur, "one whole battalion," says Colonel O'Neill, "might march with sword in hand to cut off the enemy, as fast as they could pass the river!"³ This command to the engineers, stated to have been originally suggested by the Duke of Tyrconnel,⁴ principally proceeded from a plan of the French General, to train his raw regiments at this favourable juncture to "fire and discipline," by making them mount guard in turn in front of the enemy; and, at the same time, to provide against any sudden danger that might result from such a measure, by enabling assistance to reach such inexperienced soldiers, as soon as possible, from his camp—for which object, the demolition of works, that were not only of no great strength, but would be a delay to the arrival of such assistance from the camp, was absolutely necessary.

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 105 & 6. Harris, p. 320.

² Story, Harris, Dalrymple, *ut sup.*

³ Letter, ap. Rawdon Papers, p. 347 and 8. Berwick's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 98. King James, vol. II. p. 455. Story, Cont. Hist. p. 108 and 109.

⁴ MacGeoghegan, vol. III. p. 462.

But this order respecting the works was *not* executed partly, it would seem, from the neglect of the French engineers, and partly from the opposite counsel of Lieutenant General D'Usson. That French officer was averse to any measure of the kind, being of opinion that "*their* business was to *defend*, not *demolish* fortresses; and, as a substitute for such an order, and for the plan of training the recruits which would render it necessary, proposed to have "a regular garrison of choice men fixed in the place proper to sustain an attack!"—but, at the same time, says King James, he was "confident the English would never attempt so bould an action!"¹ Through an unhappy fatality attending those counsels—St. Ruth, besides this difference of opinion with D'Usson, being engaged, through his own overbearing pride and violence, in an unjust persecution of the Duke of Tyrconnel²—the *bad* portion of each of those opinions was adopted and the *good* rejected—D'Usson's proposal of keeping a strong and experienced garrison in the town, whose presence there would at once secure it from any hostile *coup de main*, and be the only reason for not meddling with the fortifications, being set aside, and St. Ruth's plan of training his recruits in the place being agreed to, but *without* the original precaution of demolishing the works, in order to reinforce such bad troops in case of any sudden emergency—a neglect, which, in sight of an enemy merely divided from the ruined walls of the Irish town by a fordable river, and likely to be rendered only more daring in proportion to the very difficulty of his situation, was, it is needless to say, the very height of folly and rashness. Yet even *this* was not the whole of the almost inconceiv-

¹ King James, vol. II. p. 455, and Colonel Felix O'Neill's Letter as last quoted.

² King James, vol. II. p. 452, 55, 60, and 61. Berwick's Memoirs, vol. I. p. 99 and 100. Story, Cont. Hist. p. 187 and 88. The outrages of St. Ruth and his partisans, to drive the excellent Viceroy from the army, which they shortly after did, exceeded all decency; and what *luck* could attend the cause of Ireland, when Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel, was *so* treated? His picture is, I understand, at Malahide Castle; and I blush for the ignorance or ingratitude of my countrymen, when I think that an engraving is not made from *THAT* picture, and a copy of it over the chimney-piece of *every* Irishman, or, at least, of every Irish man who is a Roman Catholic. The Duke and his venerable and persecuted brother, Peter Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, were indeed a noble pair—*lucidi fratres!*—*Hiberniores ipsis Hibernis!*

able mismanagement on the part of the *Irish*, or rather on that of their *leaders*. We learn from the unexceptionable testimony of the Irish Colonel so often cited, that, when the 2 or 3 regiments of raw recruits who were appointed to *guard* the town¹ were marched to their post, they were actually sent there without any powder, for which they had to make no less than 3 several applications before it could be obtained; that, when powder *was* obtained, ball was wanting, and that, by some unhappy misconception, this could not be gotten from Brigadier Maxwell, who was then on duty, and who, though an undoubtedly brave and faithful officer, as his subsequent conduct evinced, is mentioned to have replied to an application of Colonel Cormac O'Neill's men for a supply of bullets, by jestingly asking them—perhaps from a notion that they already had a sufficient allowance—“Whether they designed to kill larks?” or “*lavracks*,” as he called them, says Colonel Felix O'Neill. In fine, even when Maxwell himself, with the natural sagacity of a Scotchman, suspected, from the aspect of things on the English side of the river, that the enemy were really preparing for an attack, and thereupon sent word to St. Ruth of the necessity of sending a reinforcement to the garrison, he was insultingly answered by the Frenchman, with that “pride which goeth before a fall”—yet in much the same way he himself had replied to the demand for bullets, that “If *he* was afraid, *another* General Officer would be sent there!”²

Ginckle, meantime, was amply vindicating the justice of Maxwell's warning, by taking every precaution that could undeceive and punish the foolish and insolent self-security of the arrogant Frenchman. Two deserters who swam over the river to the Dutch general, brought him word, that every thing on the other side was just in such a posture as

¹ Berwick's Memoirs, vol. I. p. 98. King James, vol. II. p. 455. Story, Cont. Hist. p. 106. Harris, p. 320. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 156.

² Colonel Felix O'Neill and the Duke of Berwick, as before cited. The information supplied by the Colonel respecting this want of *bullets* on the side of the garrison, is very valuable, as showing that the slight resistance offered to the subsequent passage of the river by the English, was *not* owing to any want of bravery, even in regiments allowed on all hands to have been composed of mere recruits, and the very worst in the whole Irish army. When the Irish have ever *seemed* to “fight *badly* at home,” it is well to know *why* such was the case. “It is the *cause*, it is the *cause*, my soul!” as Othello says.

to favour his enterprise,—from the few bad regiments of which the garrison was composed,—the general confidence that he was going to raise the siege,—and the persuasion, that another attempt upon the place, with an army encamped so near it, was *impossible!*¹

This, instead of inspiring Ginckle with any of the contemptuous supineness of his Gallic adversary, made the diligent Dutchman leave nothing undone that could “make assurance doubly sure!” Ladders were privately prepared in every part of the English town, and placed against the walls opposite the ruined Irish works, that from those walls, which the very inferior artillery of the Irish had not been able to overthrow, an unceasing fire might be poured down upon the garrison, in addition to the general discharge which was at the same time to be made from the English batteries; and, as soon as Mackay’s 2,000 men, with a choice support of 1,000 more,² should march to attempt the ford, the rest of the garrison were to follow them, and the main army to enter the English town and sustain the whole, by endeavouring to pass on their bridge of boats *below* or to the *left* of the ford, and *above*, or on the *right*, to cross at the long-contested town-bridge upon planks thrown over the broken arch. To animate Mackay’s picked troops, in particular, who were to begin the attack, and on whose conduct ALL now depended, nothing was omitted. In addition to the veteran general under whom they were placed, and who was to march on foot beside them, they were to be accompanied by several of William’s greatest officers, amongst whom were the Duke of Wirtemberg, second in command to Ginckle, the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, Brigadiers La Melloniere and Belassis, Major General Count Tettau, and Major General Talmash, who volunteered at the head of a party of grenadiers, under Colonel Gustavus Hamilton.³ And, to appeal to a still stronger principle of *duty* amongst *English* and *mercenary* soldiers, than any feelings that could be excited by the presence of any leaders, however brave, numerous, and noble, a second distribution

¹ Story, Harris, and Dalrymple, *ut sup.*

² Tindal, vol. III. p. 117.

³ Story, Tindal, Harris, Dalrymple, *ut sup.* By section 45 of the Report of the English Parliament on Irish Forfeitures, given by Mac-Geoghegan, (vol. III. p. 488—509,) it appears that Gustavus Hamilton was rewarded, principally for his conduct in this affair at Athlone, with 5,382 acres!

of "handfuls of money," like that of the 29th, took place by order of Ginckle, in the shape of a large amount of *guineas*!¹

In this unequal state of things—in which two or three raw regiments,² never hitherto trusted with the works,"³ inadequately supplied with ammunition, with no mounted or effective artillery, with several large breaches in the wall towards the enemy, and separated from and refused reinforcements by their own general, were opposed, with little more than the intervention of a *fordable* river, to the assault of an entire army, furnished with every means of crossing, animated by the presence of their noblest leaders, abundantly supplied with ammunition, aided by a powerful fire of musketry from behind lofty walls, still more formidably assisted by the discharge of eight large batteries, and, in fine, primed for the attack with handfuls of *gold*—in this state of things, in which almost every possible advantage was on the side of the English, without even the drawback of an ignorance of the situation of the Irish, which the two deserters to Ginckle had made known, the time for action arrived. The clock struck six. At six minutes after, the church-bell in the English town tolled the signal of advance. The long line of the English musketry was pointed down upon, and the fire of their artillery instantly directed against, the Irish town. The head of Mackay's column, composed of 60 grenadiers in armour under Captain Sandys, advancing 20 abreast, and followed by another strong body encouraged and accompanied by the principal British and Continental officers of their army, plunged into and advanced through

¹ Story reluctantly "lets the cat out of the bag" respecting these golden donatives—only mentioning this second of them which did *happen* to succeed, and completely passing over any account of the *first*, or that of the 29th, which did *not* succeed. "And for the greater encouragement to the soldiers," says that writer, "the general distributed a sum of *guineas* amongst them, knowing the powerful influence of *gold*, though our army," he goes on, "had as little occasion for such gratuities (I mean as to that point of *whetting their courage*) as any in all the world, and have done as much without them!" (*Cont. Hist.* p. 106.) As if *Englishmen* and *Dutchmen* would part with thousands of guineas for *nothing*!—and as if *their* "soldiers," amply equipped, highly paid, richly bribed, and so superior both in numbers and artillery, really *did* "as much" as the poor fellows opposed to them, who were in want of almost every thing but courage, and were receiving but a *penny a day*!

² Mackay ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 156.

the ford over the river, amidst "the huzzas of their own body to *drown their fears*," says Dalrymple, writing from Mackay, "and of their friends behind to *animate their hopes*!"¹ As "the *deepest* part of the river did *not* reach their *breasts*, the water having *never been known so shallow in the memory of man*," the ford, notwithstanding "some large stones" in the bottom, and the stream being described as "rapid," was very soon passed,—the landing on the opposite bank being greatly facilitated by the several large breaches that had been made in the Irish walls, one of which was immediately in front of the ford itself.² Taken at such a disadvantage, with St. Ruth's army at two miles' distance—capable of opposing but a comparatively feeble fire, and that *not* of artillery, from the ruined citadel or castle, in answer to the enemy's numerous cannon—distracted at once by all those batteries, by the galling musketry from the marksmen on the ladders behind the English walls, by the tumultuous advance of Mackay's grenadiers through the water, by the prospect, on the opposite bank, of the rest of the English army hurrying to the right and left of the ford, in order to pass towards the bridge, and the place for launching the pontoons—assailed, struck down, and confused by a crowd of difficulties so overwhelming, especially to completely inexperienced troops—and, in addition to all these circumstances, in want of a proper supply of bullets, and deprived of their principal officer, Lieutenant-General D'Usson, who, not dreaming of any thing like an attack, was taking some refreshment about the distance of a cannon shot from the town,³—the Irish garrison could only pour one hurried, ill-served, and retreating discharge of musketry upon the approaching column,⁴—reserving any further attempt at resistance for a less-exposed situation than the breaches on the bank of the

¹ Idem. Ibid. Story, Harris, &c.

² Story, Cont. Hist. p. 103, 106 & 7. King James, vol. II. p. 455, &c. &c.

³ For this absence of D'Usson, King James says, "St. Ruth (had he lived) would have *called him to an account*; he made haste indeed to the town upon the first alarm, but was borne down and run over by the men that fled." (*Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 455.)

⁴ "Les ennemis," says the Duke of Berwick, "*se jetterent dans l'eau & attaquèrent la breche, que nos troupes abandonnerent après une décharge!*" Why the Irish fired but this "one discharge," has been sufficiently explained by Colonel Felix O'Neill.

river, or, in other words, for the entrenchments within the town, where, though *without* ammunition, (against those who had plenty of it,) they would be necessarily relieved from the terrible fire of Ginckle's guns and musketry from the walls of the English town, when once his *own* men had crossed.

The troops of Mackay, says the copyist of his Memoirs, "mounted the breaches which had been made in the walls next the river, and divided. One party *masked* the Castle, made way for others passing the river, and then followed the ramparts of the town, partly to strike terror into the garrison by getting behind them, and partly to prevent the entrance of succours from the Irish camp. Another turned above the ford to the broken arch of the bridge, to assist their friends who were making a passage of planks on the opposite side. A third wheeled below the ford to secure the point of landing for *the* bridge of boats, which the English were throwing across the river," and "when the ford and bridges were laid open, multitudes passed over."¹ The Irish garrison, in some instances, fled, but, in others, stood to their works, in which, says Story, "a great many of them were killed," until, after a resistance of something "less than half an hour," (under circumstances, in which it is only wonderful there should have been any resistance at all!) 500 of them were slain. Upon this, the remainder, quitting their entrenchments, got over the ramparts wherever they could find them unoccupied by the enemy, and so evacuated the town.² Brigadier Maxwell—whose warning, if acted upon by St. Ruth, would have preserved the place now, as Wauchop's message to Colonel O'Reilly had formerly saved it at Lanesborough—on being forsaken by the troops around him, attempted, with some gallant Irish officers, to arrest the progress of the assailants; and even *did* so, for a time, by preventing them from running along and seizing the rampart—thus enabling numbers of the garrison to escape! But most of his brave companions being killed beside him, and he himself made prisoner, nothing remained to check the torrent, except the immense mass of

¹ Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 157. The words *masked* and *the* in this citation from Dalrymple are slight changes in that author's text, necessary to be made, though not of such importance as to be formally accounted for.

² Story, Cont. Hist. p. 107 & 8.

rubbish and ruins into which the town was converted—an obstacle so much more considerable than even a great portion of the Irish works, that, says Story, it “occasioned our soldiers to *curse* and *swear* even amongst the bullets themselves!”¹

The moment Ginckle's troops entered the river, an express had been despatched to St. Ruth with intelligence of the attack. The French General is described as having then been quite at ease in his tent, signing articles against the Duke of Tyrconnel, and about to set out on a shooting excursion. “*It is impossible,*” he exclaimed, on hearing the news, “*that the English should ATTEMPT to take a town, and I so near with an army to succour it. I would GIVE 1,000 PISTOLES THEY DURST ATTEMPT IT!*” To this boastful folly, Sarsfield, who was present, coolly replied, that, “he *knew* the enterprise was *not* too difficult for English courage to attempt,” and, he accordingly urged the necessity of *instantly* despatching reinforcements to the town! But St. Ruth only continuing to make a jest of the news, and the sensible advice founded upon it, high words, and a quarrel, subsequently productive of the most fatal consequences, ensued.² Finding, however, from the prolonged noise of attack, that the English *might* be attempting what *he* pronounced “impossible,” and *then* extremely regretting his infatuation, the French General sent off Major General John Hamilton, with 2 brigades of infantry, to drive out the enemy. But though these Irish detachments, notwithstanding a march of 2 miles, and the time lost by St. Ruth when every moment was so precious, arrived soon enough to protect and rally the remains of the fugitive garrison at the farthest works beyond the town, and even gave the van of the pursuers so warm a reception, that Brigadier Maxwell, who was present as a prisoner, is stated to have expressed himself as confident that the English would be beaten out again, such an attempt was soon relinquished as impossible, the western walls and ramparts, which had so unluckily been left standing, being completely lined by the rear division of Mackay's grenadiers under Colonel Gustavus Hamilton, and the whole English force by this time swarming into the town. The 2 Irish brigades were therefore obliged

¹ Berwick's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 98 & 9. Story, *ut sup.* These bullets came from the Castle. *London Gazette*, No. 2678.

² Tindal's *Rapin*, vol. iii. p. 117 & 18. Harris, p. 321.

to return to their quarters, and St. Ruth that evening de-camped from the advantageous spot where he was then posted; "in which," says the Duke of Berwick, "he again committed a great fault, since the enemy, though masters of Athlone, could not *débouche* from it, on account of a great bog!"—or rather on account of 2 bogs, through which the passage *out* of the town towards the west lay.¹ The reduction of the place was then completed by the fall of the Castle, which, notwithstanding its ruinous state, bravely continued to hold out; but being now cut off from *any* hope of relief, was surrendered at discretion, with above 500 men, by the Governor, Major General Wauchop.²

Thus, not through *native*, but *foreign* misconduct, not through the fault of the *Irish*, but of their *General*, Athlone was at length taken, after a resistance, of which the Irish Colonel, who witnessed it, justly says, that "*no place was ever better defended than it was till the day when it was lost by as perfect a surprise as ever was!*"³ Besides a considerable booty found among the ruins, and some meal, wheat, and other things, the enemy got 6 brass *six*-pounders, and 2 mortars, or the whole of the Irish siege artillery; an artillery, it should be observed, above 4 times less in number of pieces than the English *battering* train of 29 cannon and 6 mortars, and still more, or almost immeasurably inferior, in weight of metal, to such large guns as Ginckle's, amongst which, we read, for instance, of 11 *twenty-four* and 9 *eighteen*-pounders.⁴ According to the

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 94, 108 & 9. Berwick's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 99. Colonel Keatinge's Defence of Ireland, p. 23 & 32. Tindal, &c. &c.

² Harris, p. 321. The garrison were, however, but 200 men, according to the London Gazette, No. 2678.

³ Colonel Felix O'Neill, ap. Rawdon Papers, p. 347. King James, merely adverting to the badness of the garrison in the town, (without mentioning or being aware of the want of ammunition, which necessarily made *that* garrison still worse than it would otherwise have been,) justly speaks of the place as being lost by "misfortune, which," he adds, "always contributed *more* to the enemies success than their *own* valour or experience."

⁴ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 108, and p. 95-98 & 101. At the page last cited, Story, (copying the London Gazette) has made the only 2 batteries of *siege*-cannon, which the Irish are known to have possessed, to have been, one of 3 and the other of 4 *six*-pounders, or *seven* pieces of cannon. in all. But as he himself finally says, that but *six* instead of *seven* cannon were captured in the town when it was surprised, or when, from the ruins and other causes, none of those guns could be re-

lowest, or MacGeoghegan's estimate, the entire loss of the Irish in the siege, it was above 1,000 killed, and 300 prisoners, or something more than 1,300 men altogether. According to the *highest* accounts, or those of Story, Harris, and the London Gazette, it was 1,700 killed, of whom 500 are stated to have perished in the last attack—and, between prisoners and those surrendered with the Castle, who were above 566 more, it was from 2,266 to 2,300 persons.¹ The chief Irish officers left among the slain were 2 of the noble Milesian house of Macgennis, of the County Down;²

moved, even had they not been *all* dismounted, as they actually were, I have corrected him by himself, (*ante*, p. 318, 19, & 20,) in making *each* of those 2 Irish batteries to have consisted of but *three* pieces, which, with the two mortars, form '8 guns, or all that were in the town.

¹ MacGeoghegan, vol. III. p. 462. Story, Cont. Hist. p. 106. Harris, p. 321. London Gazette, No. 2679.

² The tribe of Macgennis, or Macginnis, whose head, Lord Iveagh, took part with King James in this war, were descended from the Irian or Rudrician Milesians, that gave kings to Ulster, from the remote period of the Milesian settlement in Ireland till the destruction of Emania and the conquest of the province by the descendants of Heremon, in the 4th century. The Macgennises, who were the chiefs of the Rudrician line, notwithstanding their exclusion from the crown of Ulster by the Heremonian conquest, held a distinguished rank in that province, where their patrimony originally comprised the County of Down; though their possessions were limited, at a later period, to "Hy-Veach, or Iveach, a territory," says MacGeoghegan, "of Dalaradia, in the County of Down, now forming part of the baronies of Upper and Lower Iveach, with some other territories in the same County," including "Maghinis, or Moy-Inis, . . . now the barony of Lecale." Lord Iveagh, or his connexions, furnished King James with 2 regiments, or 1 of infantry and 1 of dragoons; and, in that monarch's really *national* Parliament of 1689, the County of Down was *properly* represented by Murtagh Macgennis of Greencastle, and Ever Macgennis of Castlewelan, Esquires. His Lordship was also Lord Lieutenant of the County of Down, and 2 other Macgennises, his Deputy Lieutenants. Lord Iveagh, at the end of the war, did *not* accompany the Irish army to France, but entered the Imperial or Austrian service with a choice battalion of 500 men, composing part of a body, first of 1,400, and then of 2,000 Irish troops of King James's old army, who were landed from Cork at Hamburg in June, 1692, and thence marched to fight against the Turks, in Hungary. A portion, however, of the regiments of Macgennis *did* go to France, and was embodied there with those of MacMahon, Macguire, and other Ulster regiments. (*Harris*, p. 217 & 252. *Story*, *Imp. Hist.* p. 98. *King's State, &c. Appendix*, p. 61, 68, 69 & 92. *MacGeoghegan*, vol. I. p. 302, 8 & 9, & vol. III. p. 469. *London Gazettes of 1692*, No. 2732, 2736, 2760, 2777 & 2779.)

Colonel Art Oge MacMahon of the equally honourable tribe of the MacMahons of Monaghan;¹ Colonel O'Gara, head of the ancient sept of the O'Garas of Coolavin, in the

¹ "Monaghan, called," says MacGeoghegan, "in the language of the country, Uriel, belonged to the MacMahons,"—a race, adds the venerable Charles O'Connor, "the subject of much panegyric in the works of our annalists and fileas." These MacMahons traced their origin to Heremon, son of Milesius, through Carbry Liffecar, King of Ireland, A. D. 296. Colonel Art MacMahon, above mentioned, was commander of a regiment of infantry, and entitled *Oge*, or the *Young*, being the younger brother of Father Gelasius MacMahon, who was the head of that illustrious house. This learned divine studied, with great distinction, in the University of Valladolid, in Spain, taught philosophy, with equal credit, in the College of the Holy Cross, in Louvain; and was a Master of Theology, and one of the Provincial Priors of his own order, the Dominican, in Ireland. After the death of his brother Colonel Art MacMahon, and the final extinction of King James's hopes in Ireland, Father MacMahon went to Rome, and thence to Louvain, where he endured many sufferings, in consequence of being deprived of any hope of returning to his native country, by the *Orange Act* of Parliament in 1697, which made the presence, in Ireland, after a certain period, of any member of the monastic orders, *transportation*, and in case of return, *death*! This accomplished gentleman and ecclesiastic finally settled, "*apud Reveny super Mosam*," says Doctor de Burgo, "*ubi bene æstimatus et amatus erat a clero et populo, et, post biennium impletum, captus febri violentâ, et munitus piæ sacramentis, requievit in Domino, cum magno luctu conventûs et populi, anno 1703, die 11 Februarij.*" Father MacMahon, to his other literary acquisitions, added the merit of being an elegant poet, both in his native tongue, the Irish, and in Latin. His epitaph in Latin verse, upon the daughter of the Earl of Clanrickard, Honor De Burgo,—who was first married to Patrick Sarsfield, the celebrated Earl of Lucan, and then to the illustrious James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick and Marshal of France,—is preserved in that valuable monument of Irish ecclesiastical and genealogical erudition, the *Hibernia Dominicana*, (p. 278.)—Besides Colonel Art Oge MacMahon, who, in addition to his military command, was King James's Lord Lieutenant for the County of Monaghan, the Deputy Lieutenants for that County were Colonel Brian and Captain Hugh MacMahon; the members of Parliament Brian and Hugh MacMahon, Esquires; Owen MacMahon was likewise a Lieutenant Colonel of foot in the Irish army; and Hugh MacMahon was Lieutenant Colonel of Gordon O'Neill's Charlemont Regiment of Infantry, (as new-modelled in 1695,) that went to France after the Treaty of Limerick. These northern MacMahons must not be confounded with those of the south, who were not Heremonian, but Heberian Milesians, of the Dalcassian race, and whose patrimony consisted of Corcobaskin, or the present barony of Moyarta, in the County of Clare. (*Hib. Domin. p. 154 & 55, 278, 306 & 528. King's State, &c. Appendix, p. 61, 69, 70 & 94. O'Connor's Dissertations, p. 236. MacGeoghegan, vol. i. p. 309 & 15, & vol. iii. p. 468.*)

County of Sligo;¹ and the heroic old Colonel Richard Grace, of Moyelly Castle, King's County, who was killed the day before the last successful attack, acting, notwithstanding his great age, with a spirit worthy of the illustrious blood of the great Palatine Barons of Courtstown—but more than all, of his *own* uniformly brave, loyal, and patriotic career.²

¹ The O'Garas were Hiberian Milesians, and were the feudatory Lords of the barony of Coolavin, in the County of Sligo, which "country," according to O'Connor, "they *forfeited*,—or, to speak more properly, were *robbed of*,—in the forty-one civil war." Story was wrong in mentioning Colonel O'Gara as killed. There is but *one* Colonel O'Gara in King's authentic list of James's officers, who must be the same that is mentioned to have distinguished himself in this war, and who may have been left *among* the dead. But, from O'Connor and MacGeoghegan, he is *known* to have accompanied the Irish army, after the surrender of Limerick, to the Continent, where he was Lieutenant Colonel to King James's fine Royal Regiment of Irish Foot Guards, amounting, before its departure from Limerick for France, to 1,400 strong! Colonel Oliver O'Gara, who was the head of his race, was married to Mary Fleming, (daughter of Fleming, Lord Baron of Slane, and the 18th Irish Peer of his name) from which marriage there were 4 sons, all of high distinction in the Spanish or Imperial services, of whom more on a future occasion. (*O'Connor's Dissertations*, p. 239, 243 & 44. *MacGeoghegan, Hist. tome III. p. 751—French copy. Harris, p. 351, &c. &c.*)

² Colonel Richard Grace was the younger son of Robert Grace, Baron of Courtstown, in the County of Kilkenny, descended from the celebrated Raymond *le Gros*. In the great civil war under Charles I., he went to England, and distinguished himself in the king's service, till the surrender of Oxford to the Parliament, in 1646. He then came over to Ireland, and raised, by his family wealth and influence, a small force, sometimes amounting to 5,000, but generally to no more than 3,000 men. At the head of this little army, he for several years rendered himself so formidable to the Parliamentary and Cromwellian bigots and robbers, that they offered £500 for his head, (or a higher sum than they placed on any of their enemies,) yet were glad, in 1652, or when he was reduced to the utmost extremity, to admit him to an honourable capitulation, by which he was allowed to embark for the Continent with his regiment of 1,200 men, and was even to be supplied with money, and every other necessary, for the voyage. He had the glory of being the last who held out for the royal cause in Ireland, and with the brave "companions of his fortune," signalized himself on the Continent, both by his conduct in the French and Spanish services, and by his loyalty and attachment to the exiled royal family. He was made Chamberlain to the Duke of York, afterwards James II., by whom he was treated rather as a friend and equal, than a subject; and, on the Restoration, in 1660, returned to England with the Stuarts, by whom he was restored to his estates in the King's County, which had been

The capture of the place cost the English, amongst other things, 50 tons of gunpowder, 600 bombs, a great many

usurped by an individual named "John Vaughan," one of Cromwell's low and sanguinary banditti. The Colonel was also granted the reversion of some valuable lands in the County of Kildare by Charles II., in June, 1670, and was further rewarded with a pension of £300 a year by James II., in 1685. After that monarch's flight to France, Colonel Grace, being appointed Governor of Athlone, displayed a zeal and activity in the royal cause, equally worthy of his youthful achievements at home and on the Continent, and astonishing in such an old man. Having, for instance, on one occasion, left Athlone to hurry up a reinforcement of 400 men to the town from a part of the County of Kilkenny, more than 70 miles distant, he returned from that part of Kilkenny after a march of but two days, during which he accompanied his men on foot!—thus walking, notwithstanding his great age, a space of above 35 miles on each of those two days! Another time, he rode to Dublin from Athlone and back again, or 118 *Irish* miles, in 24 hours! He enforced the strictest discipline amongst his soldiers, of whom he hanged no less than 10 at once outside the town, to suppress every thing like military outrage; yet, owing to the natural love of *justice* amongst the Irish, even when directed against *themselves*, he is mentioned to have eminently possessed their affections and confidence. His conduct to the Protestants, in particular, (who afterwards showed how badly they deserved his kindness,) was equally remarkable for its justice and humanity; so that, till the arrival of William's commander, Lieutenant General Douglas, after the battle of the Boyne, at the head of between 8 and 9,000 men and 14 pieces of artillery, the country about Athlone was a scene of perfect tranquillity. William's commander, having sent a drummer to summon the fortress, Colonel Grace fired a pistol at the messenger, (though not so as to kill or wound him,) and replied—"These are *my* terms; these only I will give or receive; and, when my provisions are consumed, I will defend till I eat my old boots!" This threat he made good; hoisting a bloody flag, foiling an attempt of a detachment of 3,000 English horse and foot to cross the Shannon at Lanesborough, killing Douglas's best gunner, and forcing the enemy, after remaining a week before the place, to retreat, accompanied by the Protestants of the district, who, with an antinationality and ingratitude equally disgusting and base, joined Douglas, notwithstanding the acknowledged mildness and equity they had experienced, but were, it is pleasing to add, requited with a *gratitude* equal to their *own*, by their Protestant *friends* and *deliverers*, in being *delivered*, on the retreat, by those "true believers" of whatever they possessed, and thus exposed to perish! In the account of the final surprise of Athlone by Ginckle, in the London Gazette, it is mentioned that the body of the venerable warrior, by whom the place had, the previous year, been so successfully defended, was found amidst the slain, where it had lain from the day before, when he was killed. Colonel Richard Grace (judging of his appearance in youth by the representation that is given of him in armour, and prefixed to the sketch of his life in the interesting Memoirs

tons of stones, shot from their mortars, and 12,000 cannon balls ;¹ to say nothing of the more *valuable* metal distributed, on different occasions, to their soldiers, in handfuls. As the English were protected in the greater part of their operations by the walls of the English town, and as the artillery in the Irish town was so very inferior to theirs, Ginckle's loss was necessarily much *less* than the loss of

of the Family of Grace, by Sheffield Grace, Esq., F. S. A.) was of a slender form, well adapted for activity, and possessed an elegant, pleasing and pointed countenance, being, on the whole, a fine specimen of the Norman-Irish nobility—a splendid race, who, if they acquired much *from* Ireland, yet, with the black exception of the infamous Ormonds, mostly compensated for all they took, by ultimately considering *themselves of* the country, spending what they got *in* the country, and gloriously standing *by* or falling *with* the country! At the time of his death, the veteran Colonel had a fourth time commanded at Athlone; his burning of the English town on Douglas's approach, being the third time he had set it on fire; the two previous destructions of the place having occurred in the preceding civil war of 1641. His memory is still deservedly revered by tradition in the neighbourhood of the town, which he so bravely defended, and where he so gallantly fell. He left but one child, a *daughter*, to whom the circumstance of her being a *woman*, and the only offspring of *such* a MAN, was of no avail, to preserve *any* part of her illustrious father's estates from the brutal and insatiable grasp of Orange or Williamite rapacity. Of John Grace, the last great Palatine Baron of Courtstown, the head of the race of Raymond *le Gros*, and whose beauty, gallantry, generosity, and high spirit, were such, that, in his youth, he was restored to his estates, amounting to 32,870 acres in Kilkenny and Tipperary, even by Cromwell himself, the following anecdotes should not be omitted in connexion with the account of his kinsman, the Colonel, and the cause for which the whole family suffered so much:—"On the Revolution," says Mr. Sheffield Grace, "he (the old Baron) raised and equipped a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, at his own expense, for the service of King James, whom he farther assisted with money and plate, amounting, it is said, to £14,000! Possessing a high character, and great local influence, he was early solicited, with splendid promises of royal favour, to join King William's party; but yielding to the strong impulse of honourable feelings, he instantly, on perusing the proposal to this effect from one of the Duke of Schomberg's emissaries, seized a card, accidentally lying near him, and returned this indignant answer upon it—'Go, tell your master, I despise his offer: tell him that honour and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow!' This card, (the six of hearts,) which he sent uncovered by the bearer of the rejected offer, is to this day very generally known by the name of 'Grace's card' in the city of Kilkenny." (*Memoirs of the Family of Grace*, p. 27-34, & p. 36-48, &c. &c.)

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 115.

the Irish. But, it was, most assuredly, much *more* than was acknowledged, or only "about 60 killed and 120 wounded,"—from the 19th to the 30th of June, *both* inclusive! Of these but 47 are affirmed to have been slain or hurt in the last attack—the only credible part of the statement, since the Irish wanted bullets on *that* occasion.¹ On the following evening, which was the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, Ginckle, after the burial of the dead, celebrated *his* success with a degree of rejoicing proportioned to the danger which he had escaped, and the good fortune by which he had been so remarkably befriended. His entire army was drawn out; three rounds were given from 41 pieces of cannon;² the like number were then fired by the infantry and cavalry; and the whole spectacle was concluded with bonfires—a melancholy sight to the surrounding country!

St. Ruth, who, after this just punishment of his pride and folly, had fallen back the same evening about a mile towards Milton Pass, retreated next day, the 1st of July, in the direction of Ballinasloe, and, crossing to the Roscommon side of the river Suck, encamped along it for several days, at a pass so eligible for defence as to be only inferior to *that* for

¹ Story, *ib.* p. 108, 120 & 21. With respect to the degree of *humanity* displayed by the English on the capture of the place, Story's evidently *hesitating* or consciously untrue assertion, that Ginckle's troops, "when they saw themselves really masters of the town, were not at all forward to kill those at their mercy, tho' it was *in a manner* in the heat of action," is contradicted, as if expressly, by the positive and more credible testimony of Lesley, who says, that "King William's army, after being *entire masters of Athlone*, killed *in cold blood* 100 men in the Castle and little outwork on the river."

² *Id.* *ib.* p. 114 & 15. From this statement of Ginckle's cannon at Athlone at 41 pieces, his whole artillery there would amount to 47 guns, the mortars, which were 6, being added to the 41 cannon. And, deducting 12 of the latter as field guns, the English *battering* train would consequently be 35 pieces in all, or 29 cannon and 6 mortars. From the shattered state, however, to which these large *battering* pieces very soon reduced the Irish works, the 12 *field-pieces* would appear to have been likewise of great service to the English in the siege. (*See before*, p. 255 and note 106.) Besides those 47 guns, Ginckle had left 12 cannon at Mullingar and Ballymore, (*Cont. Hist.* p. 85 & 93,) some of which were, no doubt, originally a part of Schomberg's and William's old trains, added to a portion of the last fine new train sent over from England in the spring. The superiority of the English in artillery, throughout the entire war, was enormous.

which he subsequently quitted it.¹ “In this retreat,” says King James, “the Conough regiments grew very thin, so that the *foot* by desertion and maroding was *reduced from 17,000 to about 11,000 men!*”² This, in fact, was not surprising; for, as St. Ruth had conducted himself towards the Irish *officers* with overbearing disrespect and contempt, so he had acted towards the Irish *soldiers* with the insufferable inhumanity of a most arbitrary martinet—sometimes hanging “a dozen of them in a morning” for what *they* considered “very slender faults,”³ and were, no doubt, excusable in considering as such, on account of the miserable inadequacy of their pay. This offensive arrogance and unseasonable rigour, which could only have been submitted to with any patience if compensated by a proportionate degree of success, made the French General so unpopular, and, after his last disgrace, so ridiculous to the Irish army that even the troops who adhered to their colours, contrasting the insulting self-superiority which he had assumed, with the miserable reverse which he had just occasioned entirely by his own fault, rejoiced over and jested at *his* humiliation, though it was productive of such bad consequences to themselves and their country. St. Ruth, on his part, was *now* but too well convinced of the impropriety and impolicy of conduct which had caused the loss of such an important river-barrier and fortress; and had ended in the still more alarming alienation and diminution of his army. He likewise saw that he had placed himself under a necessity of risking every thing, since he could neither answer to King James, nor to his own more formidable master, Louis XIV., for the unpardonable fault he had committed. His original intention of spinning out the war in order to wear down the enemy in a hostile territory, and gain time for the arrival of succours from France, was consequently laid aside; and he determined upon giving battle

¹ King James, vol. II. p. 455 and 6. Story, Cont. Hist. p. 114 and 121.

² Id. ib. p. 456. This is a very useful passage of the royal author, since it shows the *REAL* number of the Irish infantry at Aughrim to have been about *eleven* instead of *twenty* thousand men, at which they have hitherto been amplified to the world by Story, and his blind or prejudiced copyists. See also, on the head of desertion, Story, (*Cont. Hist.* p. 115;) Major General Mackay, (*ap. Dalrymple*, vol. III. p. 158;) and Harris, (p. 322.)

³ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 114.

to the English on the earliest opportunity, to efface the mismanagement of the past by victory, or avoid the responsibility of the future by death. To recover the good will of his army, so indispensable on an important and critical emergency, when opposite feelings of indifference or aversion would be so fatal, he completely discarded his former obnoxious haughtiness and severity, and tried an opposite manner, as the result showed, with the happiest effect—treating the Irish officers with familiarity, and acting with kindness to the common soldiers.¹ The principal danger which he had provoked being thus removed, he then occupied himself in preparing such a position as would compensate as much as possible for the very inferior numbers of his army, by the protection it would afford to them, and the various obstacles it would present to the greatly superior forces of the English. St. Ruth, in spite of his faults, was, in fact, a man of talent, as he evinced by the general tenor of his conduct after the fall of Athlone, with the one *fatal*, and, as would seem, *fated* exception, of his unreconciled quarrel with Sarsfield.

Ginckle, after the capture of Athlone, made a considerable stay there; resting his troops; putting the place into a state of defence; occupying with militia the different passes on the Shannon, which the Irish evacuated, from Athlone to James-town; issuing proclamations, and offering the greatest inducements to the Irish to submit or desert; receiving reinforcements from England; strengthening his army still more, by thinning even his already small garrisons; ordering additional regiments to be hastened up to his aid,

¹ Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 158. Berwick's Memoirs, vol. I. p. 100. Story, &c., *ut sup.* Along the western side of the Shannon, or in those parts of Connaught which were the immediate scenes of St. Ruth's last campaign, the French General and Sarsfield, are, of all King James's officers, alone remembered in popular tradition; and though the impolitic rigour and pride that alienated the Irish and lost Athlone, is viewed in the same light by the peasantry at present as by their brave forefathers, yet the French general's subsequent conduct is justly considered to have amply cancelled all his previous errors, and is still generally associated, in the minds of the people, with such feelings as those conveyed in the verse of the old song,—

Pat and Monsieur, while pressing on
Surly John Bull, to grieve him,
 Will call for the piper of Blessington,
 And strike up—"the *Devil* relieve him!"

even from the extremities of Munster; replenishing his military chest and magazines with several wagons and carts of money, ammunition, and other necessities, that arrived every day from Dublin; and, in short, taking so many precautions, previous to a further advance, as sufficiently indicate how little *he* agreed in opinion with those who affirm, that the Irish have "*always fought badly at home.*"¹ He did not make any attempt to reconnoitre the Irish army until the 4th of July, when he sent out a detachment of horse and mounted grenadiers in the evening upon that service, under the guidance and command of one Higgins, who *had* been a priest.

They advanced within 3 miles of the Irish camp, when a body of Irish cavalry, who were waiting in ambush in the woods of Clanoult, rushed out upon and drove the traitor and his followers to an adjacent bridge, where, though the English endeavoured to take advantage of the narrowness of the place to defend themselves, and made a stout resistance for some time, the Irish broke and dispersed them, 15 of the English being killed, 4 taken prisoners, and "the rest," says Story, "escaping with Higgins, who was *sadly wounded!*"²

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 114, 121. Mackay ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 158. Harris, p. 321—324. To omit nothing that might weaken and gain over the Irish, Ginckle settled allowances "to all persons that would come off, according to their several qualifications, (*viz.*) Collonels of Horse and Dragoons £11, 10s. *per* month, and Foot £10 *per* month, and so proportionably to every one." (*Story.*)

² Id. ib. p. 116. London Gazette, No. 2679. This Higgins, whose infamous treason and hostility to his country richly merited the fate he met with, and even a much worse one, presents a very different spectacle to others of his name, religion, and sacred profession, of whom two, bearing the appellation of Peter, suffered death for their faith, in Dublin, in 1641, and the third, called Thomas, met with the same treatment from the hands of the Cromwellian tyrants, at Clonmel, in 1651. (*Hib. Dom.* p. 561 & 569.) In the present more liberal and enlightened times, that old Milesian name, so honoured by a triple martyrdom beyond any passing stain that could be cast upon it by a solitary traitor, is represented in the Irish Catholic Church by the Bishop of Ardagh, a prelate than whom few, if any, more happily adorn the sacred dignity of the mitre, with the intellectual and social qualities of the scholar and the man. About the year 1610, there were two distinguished Irish poets, brothers, of this sept, in the County of Sligo. The first, named Tiege Dall, was, says Mr. O'Reilly, equally "famous for the elegance of his encomiums, and the keenness of his satire;" the latter of which cost him his life, and that of his wife and child, at the hands of some members of the tribe of O'Hara, who had suffered by the galling iambics of this Irish Archilochus. The other brother, Maolmuire, was also Archbishop of Tuam; and the com-

Three days after, another detachment of English horse, under Captain Villers, were more fortunate in venturing out towards Ballinasloe to take a view of the Irish army; though without obtaining any success to compensate for the reverse of Higgins's party. At last, having duly fortified Athlone, and garrisoned it with 2 regiments under Colonel Lloyd, Ginckle slowly proceeded, on the 10th, to Killcashel, 7 miles nearer the Irish, where he stopped that night. On the 11th, he renewed his march in the direction of Ballinasloe, encamping on the Roscommon side of the river Suck—"a good pass," says my English authority, "and the Irish might have given us some trouble in gaining it; but that they had found out *a much better place*, as will soon appear."¹ The

positions of both, in their native language, are still extant in MS. (*Trans. Ib. Celt. Society*, p. clxx. to p. clxxiv.) In the last century, Sir John O'Higgins, who was First Physician and Counsellor of State to Philip V. of Spain, rendered himself remarkable, as the discoverer, in a Gallician monastery, of a curious parchment MS. in the Gothic character, entitled *Concordantia Hispaniæ atque Hiberniæ a Sedulio Scoto, genere Hiberniensi, et episcopo Orelensi*," which, as its title partly imports, was written some time previous to A. D. 710 or 711, by Sedulius, (or Shiel) surnamed the Younger, an Irishman, Bishop of Oretó, in Spain, for the purpose of showing that the Spanish clergy ought not to object to *his* being appointed by the Pope to a bishopric there, under the pretext of his being a *stranger*, as the Irish were of the same stock, or descended from the Spaniards!—a point, on which it is mentioned, that Sedulius was accordingly allowed the privileges of a Spaniard, at that early period—and an admission which, taken in connexion with the substantially corroborative evidence of a passage from the Welsh writer Nennius, who lived not far from those times, as well as with the general tradition of both the Spanish and Irish people, might have made Mr. Moore hesitate in entirely discarding the idea of a Milesian settlement in Ireland. (*Harris's Irish Writers*, p. 47 & 8. *MacGeoghegan*, vol. i. p. 140. *O'Halloran's Introduction*, chap. vii. *Trans. Royal Irish Academy*, vol. xvi. part ii. p. 17, 18, &c.) This Sir John O'Higgins was likewise, no doubt, the great-grandfather of Don Bernardo O'Higgins, President of the republic of Chili, whose character is sufficiently distinguished in the annals of the last eventful struggle for South American independence against Spain, to the success of which, as well as to the contest for North American freedom, Irish blood so amply contributed. The original founder of this old Irish name, which is also written without a final s, was a son of Niall the Great, of the Nine Hostages, and of the Heremonian race, who was monarch of Ireland at the end of the 4th century, and the great progenitor of the princely house of O'Neill.—(*O'Conor's Irish Genealogies*, &c.)

¹ At this place, as has been previously intimated, St. Ruth appears to have first thought of giving battle to Ginckle, till a survey of the position at Aughrim showed that "second thoughts were best."

Irish out-guards upon the hills of Garbally, fell back before the invaders to a place about 2 miles beyond Ballinasloe; and the English still continuing to move forwards, and ascending the hills which the Irish had quitted, Ginckle *there* at length beheld the whole Irish army encamped in the admirable position which the French General had selected and prepared, in order to strike the last great blow for his own honour, and risk the last grand and decisive contest for the crown, religion, and liberty of Ireland ?¹

About 3 miles south-west of Ballinasloe, where the country rises into high grounds, is situated the hill of Kilcomedan, the most prominent of these eminences. On the north-east side it ascends about 400 feet, so gradually as to be suited for the manœuvring of cavalry and artillery. All along its front, and beyond its extremities to the right and left, there runs, through what is *now* "a fine tract of meadow and pasture ground," a little river, whose current converted the soil, through which it *then* overflowed, into a complete mass of mud and water. This morass could only be passed *through* with difficulty in 2 places; thus presenting a formidable barrier to the direct ascent of the hill. The 2 principal passes, or those leading *round* the morass on firm ground to each side of Kilcomedan, were the pass of Urrachree on the *right*, and that of Aughrim on the *left*.

Urrachree was the weaker of these 2 passes. Though not affording room enough to be attacked by any army, it was approachable by more open ground than the other, and partly assailable by regular cavalry movements. On its inner flank, it was well enough secured by the adjoining slope of Kilcomedan, and the portion of the central morass commencing there. On its outer flank and rear, it was bounded by steep hills and bogs. Through the firm or open ground about and in front of Urrachree, the little river already mentioned ran into 4 different streams, ere it flowed into the beginning, on *that* side, of the morass before Kilcomedan.

The pass of Aughrim, upon the *left*, was, on its inner flank, closer than Urrachree to Kilcomedan. On its outer flank and rear, it was more strongly, or rather completely covered, by "a large red bog, almost a mile in breadth," which, commencing considerably in advance of Kilcomedan and Aughrim, remotely terminated at some steep hills behind both. In *front*, the road to Aughrim lay *between* two adja-

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 121 & 2

cent and opposite projections of the central morass and the large red flanking bog—these projections, on their first approach, farthest away from Aughrim, affording but a small *intermediate* portion of firm ground for the highway to that place—then gradually receding so as to leave a considerably wider and almost circular space of firm ground on *both* sides of the highway—and finally, after this expansion of the firm ground, contracting it so as to give it the appearance of a sort of long and narrow neck proceeding from a round bottle—this last narrow neck of land, and the road running *through* it, constituting the defile leading to Aughrim and Kilcomedan, particularly known as “the pass of Aughrim.” At the very top of this narrow neck, or only regular approach to that side of Kilcomedan and the village of Aughrim, the little river, whose overflowings created the central morass before Kilcomedan, ran out of the morass, across the road, into the opposite flanking line of the “large red bog.”

A short way after crossing this small river, an ancient stronghold of the O’Kellys, called the Castle of Aughrim, stood on the right hand of a traveller coming along the road *out* of the defile towards Aughrim and the foot of Kilcomedan. This Castle, though then but “an old ruinous building, with some walls and ditches about it,” was of considerable importance, from its serving to command the way *out* of the pass of Aughrim towards the firm ground at the bottom of Kilcomedan, and the open country beyond—the road being within only 30 yards of the walls, and, at one place, so narrow, that but 2 horsemen could ride abreast upon it, “and that too with great difficulty.”¹

The Irish camp occupied, between the church of Kilcomedan on its right, and that of Gourtnapory on its left, a line of about 2 miles, along the north-eastern ridge of Kil-

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 122—134, *passim*. Harris, p. 324, &c., with his engraved plan of the field of Aughrim at p. 267 of his work. Mackay, ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 159, &c.—Extract from the Rev. Caesar Otway’s Tour in Connaught, in the Literary Gazette of Sept. 29th, 1839, p. 616 & 17. The recent local observations of this last intelligent traveller have been of considerable use to my humble attempt to convey a clear geographical and military idea of the Irish position, of which, however, the engraved plans of Story and Harris will necessarily give a much better notion to a reader than any *merely* verbal description. Yet in the various narratives of the battle of which I make use, there are different local particulars, respecting which even those plans are unsatisfactory.

comedan; and to the great natural advantages of the site he had selected for a defensive field of battle—than which Ireland, perhaps, could not furnish a better¹—the French commander added all the artificial improvements that military experience and sagacity could suggest. From the front of his camp and 2 Danish forts on that side of the hill, to the border of the central morass below—a distance of about half a mile—there were, along the verdant slope of the eminence, a great many small enclosures formed by parallel rows of white-thorn hedges, which partly remain to the present day.—Between these hedges and ditches St. Ruth caused such communications to be made from one to another, as would enable troops occupying them, at once to assist each other with the greatest facility, and to take a body of assailants, advancing from one hedge to the other, in flank, on *both* sides.² Behind the hedges and ditches he stationed his foot, of whom he had an inferior opinion; his object in this disposition being, to compensate for the *supposed* deficiency of those troops in quality, and their *actual* inferiority in number, by the protection which he thus gave them from the enemy's musketry and superior artillery,—by the steadiness and confidence which the circumstance of taking aim from behind such coverts would naturally inspire—and by the extreme difficulty with which he knew an entirely exposed enemy, however numerous and experienced, would necessarily have to struggle, in endeavouring to penetrate, at any length, from one row of hedges to another, through several successive lines of fire, both in front and flank. With this excellent, and, as would seem, almost exclusive arrangement of the slope of the hill for the benefit of his infantry, the French commander also managed to

¹ “The Frenchman,” says Mr. Otway, “determined to show *here* that he knew how to choose a good defensive battle-field; and certainly (speaking, as I confess I do, as a mere civilian,) I may say, that not in Ireland could a better position be selected. I have been,” he continues, “at Waterloo, at Culloden, at Oldbridge,—those great fields where the fate of religions, empires, and dynasties, were decided, and none of them can at all be compared to Kilcomedan!”

² Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 160. It may be here remarked, (what will also apply elsewhere,) that as Dalrymple, in his narrative of this battle, cites no authorities besides Major General Mackay, but Story and the London Gazette, it is easy for any one who has read the *two* last (as I have) to see *what* particulars the Scotch historian has taken from the MS. of his veteran countryman, who was in the action.

secure the fullest and most efficient co-operation from his cavalry, that were deservedly reckoned the finest and most formidable portion of the Irish army. This he skilfully effected, by having cut and levelled, from the front of his entrenched camp at the top of Kilcomedan, several passages through the hedges, as far as the open ground along the morass below, in order that the Irish horse might charge down, when necessary, by those openings, to the support of their foot; a choice and powerful body of cavalry being appointed to take post as a reserve, before the camp, and to the rear of the infantry of the centre, for *that* important service.¹

On the *right* in the direction of Urrachree, where the ground was fitted for cavalry, parties of Irish horse were pushed forward as far as the *pass* of Urrachree, a good way, or "about 300 yards," in advance of Kilcomedan, and situated near a minor eminence between the 2 remotest branches of the little river, that flowed into the adjoining commencement of the morass, which ran along the whole of the Irish centre. Behind these cavalry outposts, the slanting ground leading up to Kilcomedan was intersected with ditches, and, farther back, strengthened with several intrenchments, made before the right extremity of the Irish camp, for its greater security in that quarter. The ditches behind the cavalry, or in the space between those outguards of horse and the fortifications of the camp, were, like the hedges along the centre of the hill, well manned with infantry, were connected by similar flanking communications, and were likewise furnished with convenient openings for a strong reserve-line of Irish horse to pour down from the rear to the assistance of their foot; and the extreme reserve of this wing stretched as far back as the rear of Kilcomedan.²

On the *left* wing at Aughrim, a proper guard was stationed before the outward entrance of the defile, or *last* narrow neck of land which conducted to the Castle of Aughrim, and the

¹ Compare Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 161, and Story, Cont. Hist. p. 129 & 130, with King James, vol. II. p. 457 & 58. The Scotch author, writing from Mackay, calls the force (of horse) kept by St. Ruth about his person, (or, on the hill, behind the Irish centre or main battle,) "a strong body of troops;" and King James, from whom they would also appear to have been numerous, characterizes them as "*extream good!*"

² See London Gazette, No. 2680, and King James, vol. II. p. 456; and compare Story, Cont. Hist. p. 128 & 9, with his own, or Harris's plan of the field.

firm ground beyond, at the foot of Kilcomedan.¹ The old Castle was next secured by Colonel Walter Burke, and his regiment of foot, with 2 pieces of cannon; and some adjacent old walls, hedges and trenches, before and behind the Castle, were guarded by another regiment of infantry, and 1 of dragoons, "posted conveniently under cover," so as to "obstruct the passage" by their fire.² In a hollow, still farther away behind the Castle, a large or "main body" of horse were stationed, in order to sweep round that building by the plains to their left, and fall upon any hostile artillery that might be brought up through the defile to bear upon the old edifice; a "broad way" being cut for this important circuitous manœuvre, in which, from the strength and quality of the cavalry employed to execute it, there was no doubt entertained of success, on their once being able to close with the enemy.³ The remaining ground, to the left of an enemy's force coming up the defile,—or, in other words, the ground which extended from the Castle of Aughrim along the interior line of the morass at the bottom of Kilcomedan, as far as the Irish centre,—was occupied by infantry, posted amongst hedges to hinder any attempt of the English to cross the morass *there*, for the purpose of disturbing the communication between the Irish left and centre. As an additional precaution against such an attempt, should the enemy be successful in crossing, St. Ruth, from his own station, in front of his camp and to the rear of his centre, had caused to be levelled whatever might obstruct the speedy march of "full battalions of foot and squadrons of horse" to any part of his whole line as far as Aughrim.⁴ The rear of this wing extended in 3 or 4 lines a good way behind Kilcomedan, and a minor eminence and some houses about the foot of it; the principal Irish reserve being here, and being consequently stronger than that at the other more assailable point of Urrachree⁵—perhaps because troops, till called into action, would be safer, than in the direction of Urrachree, from the effects of artillery—or perhaps from an

¹ London Gazette, No. 2680, & before, p. 367.

² MacGeoghegan, vol. III. p. 462. Story, Cont. Hist. p. 122, 131, & 136. Letter of Major Robert Tempest, ap. Rawdon Papers, p. 352, 353, 354 & 355.

³ Major Tempest's Letter and Harris's plan.

⁴ Id. ib. &c.

⁵ See Harris's plan, and Story, Cont. Hist. p. 128.

idea, on St. Ruth's part, that, though the ground about Urrachree would require a larger reserve from its being more open, or "fairest for the English,"¹ the additional consideration of its being suitable for cavalry was sufficient to render a great reserve unnecessary, with such horse as the Irish had there.²

To avail themselves of the full benefit of this position, the Irish army unfortunately wanted a sufficient number of cannon;³ a serious want, which, like so many others in this war, the French government so easily could, but would not, remedy.⁴ As it was, however, St. Ruth made the best use of the few guns he had, which amounted only to 9 field-pieces; dividing them, exclusive of the 2 at Aughrim Castle, into 2 batteries. One of these was placed upon the *right* side of Kilcomedan towards Urrachree, to annoy the enemy's approaches in that quarter. The other was planted upon the *left* slope of Kilcomedan, towards Aughrim, in such a manner as, from the declivity, to pour a flanking fire *over* the central morass, into the enlarged and circuitous portion of the firm ground before the last defile leading up to Aughrim—that expanse of ground being the spot where the English would have to fix their batteries, and to form their final dispositions for attempting the morass in that direction, and forcing the Irish outguard, at the entrance of the pass conducting to the old Castle.⁵ St. Ruth had no artillery before his centre; his plan there being, *not* to hinder the English from crossing the morass, which he could easily do, but to allow a sufficient number of their infantry over, where infantry *alone* could pass, and then, having drawn the enemy on towards the Irish camp and reserves at the top of the hill, to bear down upon the assailants with a combined force of horse and foot, on ground which he had so well selected and adapted for the action of *both*. By this plan, the French commander calculated on driving those English detachments into the morass, and annihilating them *there*, before their

¹ Mackay, ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 160.

² An inference of my own, but amply justified, as will presently be shown, by the conduct of the troops alluded to.

³ Mackay, ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 157.

⁴ Lausun's field-train of 20 guns, which he brought *to* and *from* Ireland, without using them any where *in* it, would have far more than supplied this deficiency.

⁵ See Harris's plan, and before, p. 300, note 1.

cavalry could get *round* the bog to save them¹—a plan, the success of which would be such “a heavy blow and great discouragement” to Ginckle’s army, as to render his retreat or ruin inevitable.

Such were the masterly arrangements of the French General to compensate for the numerous advantages on the side of the invader, and engage his formidable force, with a fair prospect of victory. The Irish army—hitherto exaggerated by English and Anglo-Irish misrepresentation to 25,000, and even to 28,000 men²—amounted, in reality, to no more than 15,000,³ of whom, according to the best calculations,

¹ Berwick’s *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 100, Mackay ap. Dalrymple, vol. iii. p. 159, 160, 161.

² Story, Tindal, Harris, and Dalrymple (this last *not* purporting to write from Mackay) are the *authorities* for the first estimate of the Irish at 25,000 men, or at 20,000 foot, and 5,000 horse and dragoons; and the London Gazette, No. 2680, and Burnet, swell the Irish army to 20,000 foot, and 8,000 horse and dragoons! *Ohe jam satis!* Yet this *last* exaggeration was, I find, what was given out, and believed on the Continent!

³ The comparative number of the Irish and English armies at Aughrim, according to *Irish* accounts, is luckily preserved by honest O’Halloran, who, writing in 1772, observes, “that, at the battle of Aughrim, 15,000 Irish, ill paid and worse clothed, fought with 25,000 men, highly appointed, and the flower of all Europe!” This assertion, according to the authorities *he* followed, he had ample means of verifying, being born in Limerick, (the Irish head-quarters,) in 1729, or but 37 years after the battle, a period when, and for many years after, numbers, even exclusive of his own father or grandfather, were alive in Limerick, and elsewhere in Ireland, who either served, or were the immediate connexions of those who served, in James’s army. (*Compare Introduction to Hist. of Ireland, part III. chap. v. p. 275, and Appendix, II. p. 379, 1st edit. 1772, with Ferrar’s Limerick, p. 95, 96, 354, 355, 369 & 370, &c.*) The corroboration given to this statement of the entire Irish army at Aughrim by the small amount of the *infantry* there, according to the Royal Memoirs,—a work which O’Halloran never read!—has been already seen, (*before, p. 292, n. 2;*) and the remarkable countenance which the same statement also receives from the most rational computation that can be made of the Irish *cavalry* at the battle, will be rendered equally evident. In fact, if we consider that James’s army at the Boyne, or when he had all Ireland, except Ulster, was only 20,000 men, or but 14,000 Irish and 6,000 French, it will be rather surprising *how* the Irish, after so many misfortunes, after being mostly confined for a year to eight poor counties, after being entirely forsaken by the French, alienated by their general’s conduct at Athlone, and weakened by the 6,000 men seduced from the national service by the traitor O’Donnell—it will seem rather surprising, I say, how, under such circumstances, the

11,500 were foot and 3,500 horse and dragoons;¹ and their artillery, as already mentioned, was but 9 field-pieces. The English army—shamefully diminished by its own writers, and their servile transcribers, to less than 17 or 18,000, and

Irish could muster any thing like so many troops in the field at Aughrim, as they had at the Boyne!

¹ The amount of the Irish cavalry compared with that of the infantry, at Aughrim, may be thus computed. The entire Irish cavalry establishment was as follows, June 2d, 1690, just before the Boyne, or when the regiments were certainly in a better state than before Aughrim, and when we likewise have the last regular account of their numerical strength. Of HORSE, there were 8 regiments, viz., 1, The Duke of Tyrconnel's; 2, Lord Galmoy's; 3, Colonel Sarsfield's; 4, Colonel Sutherland's; 5, Lord Abercorn's; 6, Colonel Henry Luttrell's; 7, Colonel John Parker's; 8, Colonel Nicholas Purcell's, and 2 troops of Horse guards, (The Duke of Berwick's and Lord Dover's,) with 1 troop of horse grenadiers, (Colonel Butler's.) Of DRAGOONS, 7 regiments, viz., 1, Lord Dungan's; 2, Sir Neale O'Neill's; 3, Colonel Simon Luttrell's; 4, Colonel Robert Clifford's; 5, Sir James Cotter's; 6, Colonel Thomas Maxwell's; and 7, Lord Clare's, (O'Brien's). Story rates the 8 regiments of horse, with the 3 troops of horse guards, at 3,471, and the 7 regiments of dragoons at 2,480; making in all 5,951. The whole of the Irish horse and horse guards being, as appears, 3,471, by deducting the 3 troops of the latter—of which Berwick's and Dover's were 200 each, Butler's 60, and the three, 460—there will remain 3,011, which, divided by 8, the number of the horse regiments, *will give 376 for every Irish horse regiment*. The whole of the Irish dragoons being 2,480, that total, divided by 7, the number of the dragoon regiments, *will give 354 for each Irish dragoon regiment*. But, according to the statement of Colonel Walter Burke, who was taken prisoner in the castle of Aughrim, there were 8 regiments of Irish cavalry *absent* from the battle, 5 of which were stationed in Limerick, and 3 in Galway. Now, taking 4 of these as *horse* and 4 as *dragoon* regiments, and deducting them from 5,951, the gross amount of the Irish cavalry, there would remain but 3,031 to be present at Aughrim. Tabularly, the entire, according to the foregoing remarks and Story's numbers, would run thus:—

REGIMENTS ABSENT FROM AUGHRIM.	IRISH CAVALRY ESTABLISHMENT IN 1690.
4 regts. of <i>horse</i> at 376, 1,504	8 regt. <i>horse</i> , at 376, 3,011
4 do. <i>dragoons</i> , at 354, 1,416	3 troops, <i>guards</i> , 460
	7 regts. <i>dragoons</i> , at 354, 2,480
Total men & horses absent, . 2,920	
	Total Irish Cavalry, 5,951
	Deduct 8 cavalry regts. absent from Aughrim, 2,920
	Cavalry at Aughrim, as above estimated, 3,031

never made higher than 20,000 men¹—was estimated by Irish honesty and fairness at only 25,000, or considerably *less* than what, after every allowance for non-effectives, it **MUST** have been; Ginckle's actual force,² when perfect—and

By this calculation—thus based on the Irish testimony of Colonel Burke, combined with the latest numbers supplied by the minutest English writers on the subject—*such* would be the amount of the Irish horse and dragoons at Aughrim; for to the mere vague name of regiments in the Rawdon Papers, including some, elsewhere unmentioned, and others, affirmed by Story to have been actually disbanded 15 months before the battle of Aughrim—no arithmetical data are attached, and consequently no numerical estimate can be deduced from them. As the Irish, however, rated themselves as 15,000 men, I take King James's words "about 11,000," as applied to the infantry, to mean something more than 11,000, or say 11,500, and consider the remaining or cavalry portion of the army to be 3,500; the most probable estimate, if the great difficulty and expense of levying cavalry be duly allowed for. Moreover, the Duke of Berwick, after the battle of the Boyne, or a year before, makes the Irish cavalry in the field about 3,500, and a similar allowance will appear ample at Aughrim, on reflecting that *that* number (and it was barely *that*) had to endure the "wear and tear" of a hard year's subsequent service—that it could be regularly recruited for Aughrim only from eight exhausted counties, or Limerick, Clare, Kerry and Connaught, in which the gentry's horses had to be seized upon—and, in fine, that even such means of mounting the men were still so insufficient, that several of the horses upon which the poor fellows rode in the battle could only be obtained from the English themselves, by the daring and incessant stratagems of the patriotic Rapparee. (*Story, Imp. Hist. p. 97 & 98; Cont. Hist. p. 31, 84 & 5, and before, p. 213, note; Rawdon Papers, p. 359 & 360; Berwick's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 76 & 79.*)

¹ Story, (whose *incomplete* account of William's regiments at Aughrim, at only 27 of foot, 18 of horse, and 4 of dragoons, would nevertheless give Ginckle 25,959, or, with a deduction of 120, hereafter accounted for, 25,839 men,) *makes* the English force at the battle *not* 17,000 horse and foot! Tindal, whom Harris evidently copies as being somewhat less glaringly improbable than Story, states Ginckle's army at "not above 18,000 effective men!" Burnet says "not above 20,000," being so far fairer than the rest; and *he* is followed by Macpherson. So much for such mere assertion and repetition!

² There were, as has been already seen from Story, 67 regiments in Ireland in 1691—viz. 42 of foot, 20 of horse, and 5 of dragoons. Deducting from 67 **ALL** the regiments and detachments that are specified *not* to have been at Aughrim, the remainder will, of course, give us the real amount of the English forces that *were* there. The absent regiments of foot were the following:—1, Princess Anne's; 2, Sir John Hammer's; 3, Major-General Trelawney's; 4, Colonel Hastings'; 5, Colonel Hales's; 6 & 7, a Brandenburg and a Danish regiment, (all in the county of Cork;) 8 & 9, Colonel Michelburne and Venner's, (in Ulster;) 10 & 11, Colonel Lloyd's and Lieutenant-General Douglas's, (in gar-

it was lately put into the best condition,—consisting of 51 or 52 regiments, of which the foot, as rated at 28 regiments,

rison at Athlone;) 12, Lord Drogheda's, (in garrison at Mullingar, Ballymore, Tyrrel's Pass, Tecroghan and Philipstown;) and 13 & 14, two anonymous regiments at Ballinasloe, (which, from Harris, I would suppose to be those of old Major General Mackay and Lieutenant General Scravenmore, both of whom *were* at Aughrim)—of HORSE and DRAGOONS, there were 2 regiments absent, namely, 1, Colonel Coy's, of horse, and 1, Colonel Matthews's, of dragoons, (both likewise in the county Cork,) making, in all, 16 absentee regiments. In a tabular and arithmetical form, (which the reader is invited to compare with p. 215 and note 2,) the whole will stand thus—omitting a petty detachment of 2 troops, (or 120 men, exclusive of officers,) from Conyngham's and Wynne's dragoons, absent with Colonel Michelburne in Sligo, and not worth introducing into the following table, as only tending to disarrange it.

ABSENT REGIMENTS.

REMAINING REGIMENTS.

14 regts. <i>foot</i> at 705,.....9,870	28 regts. <i>foot</i> at 705,.....19,740
1 do. <i>horse</i> at 286,..... 286	19 do. <i>horse</i> at 286,..... 5,434
1 do. <i>dragoons</i> at 444,.... 444	4 do. <i>dragoons</i> at 444,.. 1,776
—	—
16 regts. <i>absent</i>10,600	51 regts. <i>at Aughrim</i> ,.....26,950
51 do. <i>at Aughrim</i> ,.....26,950	16 do. <i>absent</i> ,.....10,600
—	—
67 regts. in 1691.....37,550	67 regts. in 1691,.....37,550

That this number of 26,950—or, allowing for the two absent troops of dragoons, *above* 26,800 men—thus deduced from Story's own data, would be even rather *under* than *over* the mark, will appear from the subjoined list of regiments, carefully compiled from a minute comparison of Story himself, with the account of Ginckle's regiments at Aughrim, as given in the Letter of Major Robert Tempest, amongst the Rawdorf Papers; and a list, by the way, which would show, that *more* regiments than Story mentioned *were* in Ireland.

Regiments of Infantry, Horse, and Dragoons in the English Army, at the Battle of Aughrim, Sunday, July 12th, 1691, under Lieutenant General Baron de Ginckle, and the Duke of Wirtemberg.

FOOT. 1, Major General Kirk's; 2, Colonel Gustavus Hamilton's; 3, Lord George Hamilton's; 4, Colonel Herbert's; 5, Brigadier Sir Henry Bellasis's; 6, Colonel Brewer's; 7, Brigadier Stewart's; 8, Colonel Earle's; 9, Colonel Tiffin's; 10, Colonel Creighton's; 11, Colonel St. John's; 12, Lord Lisburn's; 13, Lord Meath's; 14, Colonel Foulke's; 15, Lord Cutts's; 16, Major General Count Nassau's; 17, Brigadier the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt's; 18, Brigadier La Melloniere's, (or Millineer's;) 19, Colonel Groben's, (or Gribong's;) 20, Colonel Belcassel's; 21, Colonel Cambon's; 22, a regiment marked as "late (Colonel) Hambleton;" and 6 Danish regiments; the whole thus making 28 foot regiments.

HORSE. 1, Earl of Oxford's; 2, Brigadier Villers's; 3, Colonel Lang-

would, in round numbers, be between 19 and 20,000,—the horse at 19 or 20, and the dragoons at 4 regiments, 7,000,—

ston's; 4, Major General Ruvigny's; 5, Colonel Sir John Lainer's; 6, Colonel Byerley's; 7, Colonel William Wolseley's; 8, Major General La Forest's; 9, Colonel Donep's, (or Donop's;) 10, Colonel Schesad's, (or Schested's;) 11, Colonel Boncour's; 12, Lord Portland's, (GUARDS;) 13, Colonel Monpouillan's, (Monopovillan or Montpelian's;) 14, Lieutenant General Baron de Ginckle's; 15, Brigadier Schack's; 16, Colonel Reidesel's; 17, Colonel Nienhouse's; 18, Colonel Rheiteren's; 19, Colonel Fuon's, (or Jewell's;) and 20, Major General Zulestein's.

DRAGOONS. 1, Brigadier Eppinger's; 2, Brigadier Levison's; 3, Colonel Sir Albert Conyngham's; and 4, Colonel Wynne's.

NUMERICAL RECAPITULATION.

28 regiments of <i>foot</i> at 705 each.....	19,740
20 regiments of <i>horse</i> at 286 each.....	5,720
4 regiments of <i>dragoons</i> at 444 each.....	1,776
<hr/>	
52 regiments <i>at</i> Aughrim,.....	27,236
Deduct 2 troops of dragoons in Sligo, or,.....	120
<hr/>	
	27,116

Ample recruited and excellently appointed in every way as Ginckle's army were,—consisting of all the disposable regulars in the kingdom, as the preservation even of Dublin was left to militia,—favoured, moreover, by very warm, healthy weather,—undiminished, according to their *own* accounts, by any serious loss of killed and wounded, in their short period of active service, from June 7th to July 11th,—and, in fine, relieved from making any more detachments, than have been particularized, by a “very active *militia*” of above 12,000 men, and an *absent* reserve of 10,600 regulars, or more than 22,600 men in all—it is quite manifest, even after allowing for any loss at Ballymore and Athlone, which may have been suffered and concealed, how extremely fair and moderate the Irish were in making such a force as that at Aughrim, no more than 25,000 men! The modest caution and veracity of the *Irish* estimate likewise forms a highly honourable contrast with the discreditable *English* exaggeration of only 15,000 Irish, to 25 and 28,000 men, accompanied by the equally unfair diminution, to LESS than 17 or 18,000 men, of Ginckle's army, that has been completely demonstrated, even from English documents themselves, to have been 9,000 men MORE than either of those statements. But, without such *history* as this, it would be impossible to make the Irish appear to have “always fought badly at home!”—(*Compare Story, Cont. Hist. p. 56, 58, 64, 71, 72, 75, 77, 81, 82, 86, 110, Engraved Line of Battle between p. 124 & 125, p. 126, List of Killed and Wounded between p. 138 & 141, p. 316 & 17—Imp. Hist. p. 95, 96 & 97. Harris, p. 311, 313, &c. Account of the Transactions in the North of Ireland, A. D. 1691, p. 2. Rawdon Papers, p. 356-359. Dutch Accounts, &c.*)

and the whole, after every reasonable deduction, not less than 26 or 27,000 men. Their artillery is specified by one of their own officers at 13 pieces of cannon.¹

This army was, moreover, composed of the choicest troops and the ablest leaders that Dutch assiduity and English gold could procure, both at home and abroad. In addition to some of the finest British regiments, it consisted of French Protestant veterans, trained to war in Louis XIV's service, when considered the first military school in Europe, and whose hatred to that monarch for their impolitic banishment in 1685 was so great, that the aid of their valour and experience was eagerly sought for by every power hostile to France²—of Dutch, then deservedly celebrated for their excellent discipline and steady courage—of Germans or Hessians, under their Prince, a race of mercenaries, of whom it may be said, in the words of the poet, that “war was their sport, and plundering was their trade”—and, lastly, of Danes, upon whose martial character it is needless to pronounce any eulogium, and whose auxiliary force presents the names of some of the very best regiments of the Danish monarchy; including the King's Foot Guards, the Queen's Regiment, and others belonging to the Danish princes of the blood.³ In fine, in numbers, artillery, pay, equipments, confidence from past success, and every thing but strength of position and natural bravery, the superiority of the English was altogether enormous. Yet St. Ruth, by the skilful dispositions he had made, calculated on being able to counterbalance all this superiority; and, with the

¹ Major Robert Tempest (*ap. Rawdon Papers*, p. 352) is the only writer who gives the amount of the English artillery in the action.

² Marshal Saxe, contrasting the degenerate state of discipline in the French army in *his* time with what it had been, observes—“I have heard many veterans say, that some of them had turned out very good General Officers, no longer than 20 or 40 years ago; and that at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz, in the year 1685, many of those that then quitted the service, were employed as General Officers in foreign services!” It was almost as comfortable to have such French specimens of the “British heart and the British arm” at Aughrim, against the Irish, as it was to have 2 out of 3 Irish specimens of the same heart and arm at Waterloo, against the French!

³ As, for instance, Prince Christian's and Prince Frederick's regiments. (*Story, Imp. Hist.* p. 94, & *Rawdon Papers*, p. 251.) The Danes, who, according to the treaty between their King and William, in 1689, were 7,500 men, are described as “brave fellows, well clothed and armed.” More representatives of the heart and arm!

MEN he had to second those dispositions, he required only the *neutrality* of Fortune to be able to do so.

Ginckle, on surveying the situation of the Irish army, and comparing it with his map of the ground, saw the necessity under which he lay, of attacking a position which directly crossed his march to Galway,¹ and yet perceived the hazard of doing so, from the difficult nature of the place, and the remarkable wisdom of St. Ruth's defensive precautions.² At last, "considering he was advanced so far," observes a Williamite writer, "that he *must* either fight his way through, or retreat with loss and disgrace,"³ he resolved to approach the Irish more closely, next morning, in battle array; though, in this movement, he designed rather to make a nearer and more accurate inspection of St. Ruth's force and position, and to be at the same time prepared for any consequences that might arise from such a proceeding, than to positively commit himself to a decisive engagement.⁴ With these views, orders were given out that night through the English camp, "for the army," says William's historian, "to advance the next day, and for all (except 2 regiments left to guard the baggage) to be early under arms, without beat of drum,—no baggage to stir,—no tents to be removed,—their arms to be fixed and clean, with a proper quantity of ammunition,—and the grenadiers to be drawn up to the right and left of every regiment, with 2 shells apiece,—and 5 pioneers to be at the head of each battalion, when called for."⁵ "The word that night," adds the English account, "was Dublin."

As the advance of the invaders was visible at a considerable distance from the top of Kilcomedan hill, St. Ruth, from the time the enemy appeared in sight, kept the Irish army drawn out to the best advantage, in 2 lines in front of his camp, to show Ginckle he was resolved to fight him.⁶ And now that every thing indicated the long-expected and approaching conflict, the French General availed himself of

¹ London Gazette, No. 2680, and French and Dutch accounts.

² Story, Cont. Hist. p. 122. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 158.

³ Harris, p. 324.

⁴ Major Robert Tempest, in Rawdon Papers, p. 355. King James, vol. II. p. 457.

⁵ Harris, p. 324, as abridged from, and slightly modified according to, Story, Cont. Hist. p. 123.

⁶ Mackay, ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 159. Harris, *ut sup.*

so appropriate an occasion, to suggest such topics, in an address to his officers, as he judged would be best adapted to make a deep impression, through *them*, upon the minds of the Irish soldiery. He is stated to have commenced his harangue, by adverting to those military achievements performed by him on the Continent against the enemies of their religion, for which *he* was specially selected and sent over to command the Irish army, in preference to so many other good officers. He laid before them the great importance of the struggle which was now on the eve of taking place, for the liberty of their oppressed country, and the support of their persecuted religion; a struggle, in which, next to the assistance of Heaven, and his own conduct as their General, the reliance of every member of their common faith throughout the world was placed upon the national courage. He mentioned, that though since *he* arrived amongst them, things had not turned out as he would have wished, it was still in *their* power to retrieve the past, by betraying no want of proper resolution, in the cause of their religion and country. He remarked, that in the battle, which *he* was well informed, and which *they* must clearly perceive, that the army of the Prince of Orange was now fully determined upon, Irishmen, unlike the mercenary soldiers of *that* army, would not be fighting merely for pay, —but in defence of their lives, their wives, their children, their liberties, and their native land. He told them that *now*, therefore, if *ever*, they should firmly resolve to make one grand effort for the recovery of their lost honour, privileges, and forefathers' estates, and for the restoration to his throne of their religious and legitimate sovereign, King James II., whose love, gratitude and liberality would be proportioned to such a signal service at *their* hands.¹ He

¹ A foreign contemporary periodical of eminence, speaking of the Irish in June, 1691, says:—"Le Roi Jaques, pour les encourager à bien faire, a fait publier une Declaration, dans laquelle il leur promet, que s'ils triomphent des Anglois, non seulement ils entreront en possession de tous leurs biens, mais qu'on partagera même entr'eux les biens de leurs ennemis; que des que le Roi Jaques sera retabli, ils jouiront de toutes sortes de privilèges, sans en excepter la liberté d'elire les Membres du Parlement, & leur Viceroy," &c.—and, when James promised any thing, even his enemies allowed him to be a man of his word. It should also be recollected, that, but for the nefarious Cromwellian usurpation, still more nefariously confirmed by the Act of Settlement, or the *Black Act*, as the Irish called it, at least nine-tenths of Ireland belonged

particularly noted, that *this*, too, was the time to show, they were firmly resolved not to tolerate any longer the reproaches of their enemies, who had branded them with the imputation of cowardice. He observed, that if *they* acted in this manner, *he* would take care to command them as he ought to do, while *they* would also gain the applause of every worthy member of their religion, for the great benefit such conduct would be to it, and the great injury to its enemies; and would both secure to themselves the first of blessings here and hereafter, in the prayers of the Church for their welfare, and in the well-earned gratitude of their posterity !¹ To these remarks he added, that the whole army should prepare themselves by confession for the great battle that was now at hand—a battle, in which, having resolved, for his own part, to conquer or perish, and, as far as possible, to make others do the same, he had broken down 2 bridges in his rear, so that even those who were most deficient in courage would see the absolute necessity, under which they were placed, of acting like brave men !² To give the strongest effect to the purport of this address, St. Ruth had recourse not only to the exhortations of the Irish officers, but to the more important or spiritual agency of the Irish Catholic clergy, who then possessed—as they *still* possess—that extensive sway over the minds of their flocks, to which an undeviating career of piety and patriot-

ot right to the Irish or Catholic party which adhered to James against William, and which James would, in consequence, have only been restoring to the possession of what was their own, had he been enabled to act as he promised.

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 123–125. I have extracted from the address given by Story, the natural and probable *substance* of what St. Ruth would say—rejecting the grossly improbable language of vulgar boasting and bigotry in which the French General is certainly misrepresented, even in Story's own opinion, as having delivered himself. The address in question, which, it seems, was *said* to have been found amongst the papers of the *deceased* French General's *deceased* Secretary, both of whom only knew French, is any thing but what a genuine French document, or a translation from one, would be, and evidently nothing better than a low northern Irish version, or Orange corruption, of the reported *substance* of St. Ruth's harangue, disfigured with the same apocryphal and exaggerated rant against "heretics" and "heresy" as those Musgrave documents alleged to have been taken out of the pockets of *dead* papists in 1798, and, if ever taken out, we know by whom, and for what object, first written and put in.

² French and Dutch accounts.

ism has so naturally entitled them. And *then*, as *now*, the Irish priests nobly united the exercise of their political obligations as citizens with the discharge of their religious functions as clergymen, by exerting all the influence which they had over the minds of their countrymen, for the defence of their country—"animating them," says a British writer, "by the most powerful of all human motives in time of danger, the interests of eternity!"¹

These preparations for fulfilling the highest duty of *man*, through the aid of proper dispositions towards God, con-

¹ Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 158. O'Halloran has the following equally unanswerable and affecting remarks upon some other statements put forward by this Scotch writer, in order to represent the religious conduct of the Irish, previous to the action, in a fanatical or ridiculous light. "At the battle of Aughrim," says he, "Sir John Dalrymple tells us, that the priests ran up and down amongst the ranks, swearing some on the sacrament, encouraging others, and promising eternity to all, who should gallantly acquit themselves to their country that day. Does he mean *this* by way of apology for the intrepidity of the Irish, or to lessen the applause they were so well entitled to on that fatal day? Have *they* required *more* persuasions to, fight the battles of *foreign princes*, than the *native troops*; or are *they* the *only* soldiers in the world who require spiritual comfort on the day of trial? I never thought piety was a reproach to soldiers; and it was, perhaps, the enthusiasm of Oliver's troops, that made them so victorious. This battle was certainly a bloody and decisive one. The stake was great, the Irish knew the value of it, and though very inferior to their enemies in numbers and appointments, and chagrined by repeated losses, yet it *must* be owned, that they fought it well. Accidents, which human wisdom could not foresee, more than the superior courage of their flushed opponents, snatched from them the victory which already began to declare in their favour! *Their boxes yet lie scattered over the plains of Aughrim; but let that justice be done to their MEMORIES, which a brave and generous enemy never refuses!*" With respect to the assertion, borrowed by Dalrymple from Burnet, that the Irish priests made their countrymen "swear on the sacrament, that they would never forsake their colours!" it is an equally malicious and stupid fabrication—Roman Catholics never converting *their* sacrament into the medium of an affidavit for worldly purposes—which cannot be said of Burnet's own church, one of the most pious of whose members, the poet Cowper, asks, in reference to the use which it has made of the sacrament,—

Hast thou by *statute* shoved from its design
The Saviour's feast, his own blest bread and wine,
And made the symbols of atoning grace
An office key, a picklock to a place,
That infidels may prove their title good,
By an oath dipp'd in sacramental blood?
A blot, that will be still a blot, in spite
Of all that grave apologists can write!

tinued till night descended upon the Irish camp ; in which alone we read of any such dispositions being attended to—“ the English,” says their own chaplain, Story, “ being indeed too remiss in point of devotion,” and “ *not* looking up to that Power, to which we are most indebted for all that we can pretend to that’s good !”¹

The following morning Sunday, July 12th, 1691, Ginckle, at 6 o’clock, had his British, French, German, Dutch, Danish and Anglo-Irish troops, arrayed in 4 columns, to march and form in order of battle along the “uneven, hilly ground” opposite the Irish position.² They were to range themselves in 2 lines and 4 large divisions, each of these consisting of a front and rear division, under its separate commanders. Upon the extreme left or over against the Irish right on the side of Urrachree, were to be the Danish, Dutch, and some French cavalry ; the front division under Major General La Forest and Brigadier Eppinger, and the rear division under Major General Holstaple (commander of the Earl of Portland’s Regiment of Horse Guards) and Brigadier Shack. Next, to the right of these in front, were to be several regiments of Danish and Dutch, and 2 of French infantry, under Major General Tettau and Brigadier La Melloniere ; and, behind these, more Danish, Dutch, and

¹ Cont. Hist. p. 125. This, indeed, was only to be expected from an army, whom Story elsewhere speaks of, as “ in their practice defying the living God !”—and Dr. Gorge, Schomberg’s chaplain, describes as generally maintaining, “ that religion is but canting, and debauchery the necessary character of soldiers !” The reader will recollect the Orange inscription over the gates of Bandon,—

“ Turk, Jew, or Atheist,
May enter here, but not a Papist !”

and the absence of religion in Harold’s *Saxon* army, the night before the battle of Hastings.

² Story, Cont. Hist. p. 125 and 126, and Captain Robert Parker’s Memoirs, p. 34. This last work (which, unluckily, I only met with by chance, when I had printed as far as the last sheet of this little essay) was written by an eyewitness, who served under Schomberg, William, and Ginckle. Harris has unfairly taken many particulars from the work, without a due acknowledgment ; evidently, as not wishing to direct attention to some circumstances in the book, that, with respect to the Irish, would be unsuitable to the views of mere Anglo-Irish, or Orange prejudice. Fortunately, however, *my* acquaintance with the honest Captain is “ better late than never,” on account of the very great light which he throws on a part of the battle of Aughrim, that has hitherto been a matter of obscure surmise and unsatisfactory dispute amongst historians.

one Hessian regiment of foot, under Major General Count Nassau, and Brigadier Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt. Then, to the right of these were to come the whole of the British and Anglo-Irish infantry; the front under Major General Mackay, and Brigadier Sir Henry Bellasis; and the rear under Major General Talmash, whose Brigadier, Colonel William Stewart, was absent from his regiment in Dublin, on account of his wounds, received at Athlone.

Finally, the extreme right, opposite to the Irish at Aughrim, was to contain the whole of the English and Anglo-Irish cavalry, and one French, or Ruvigny's regiment of horse; the first division under Lieutenant General Scravenmore, and Brigadier Villers; and the second under Major General the Marquis of Ruvigny, and Brigadier Levison.¹ A thick fog, however, hung over the surrounding landscape, and retarded the advance of the British, from the circumspection with which it was necessary to proceed in the face of an enemy.²

Meanwhile, the Irish were getting ready to meet the English, and St. Ruth caused the purport of his spirited address of the preceding evening to be *again* impressed upon the minds of the soldiery, who, as it was the Sabbath, were at divine worship, previous to the great engagement which was now at hand. The solemn rites of religion were administered with suitable exhortations to the different regiments by their respective Chaplains,³ but by one in particular, whose heroic attachment to the cause of his country would, in the brightest periods of Greek and Roman glory, have given a halo of additional splendour to the noblest pages of Herodotus and Livy. This accomplished character, of whom the land of his birth and the order of which he was a member may be equally proud, was Father Alexius Stafford, of the honourable race of the Staffords of Elphin, in the county of Roscommon. In addition to his high and deserved reputation as a divine, Father Stafford

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. *ut sup.* MS. Letters of Prince George of Hesse, Brigadier Stewart, &c.

² Story, Cont. Hist. p. 123. Harris, p. 325.

³ Secretary Davis's Letter from Dublin Castle, July 15, 1691, to Colonel John Michelburne. This writer, in his *English* way of describing the matter, mentions St. Ruth, as having "speecht them greatly in the morning, as also the priests the common soldiers, who," he adds, "also gave them absolution!"

was distinguished as a Doctor both of the Civil and Canon Laws; his great abilities and virtue, alike admired by his sovereign and his countrymen, were rewarded with a Mastership in Chancery, the Deanery of Christ Church, and a seat in Parliament; he was also Preacher to the King's Inns; and, when the war against the usurpation of the Prince of Orange broke out, he was appointed Chaplain to the Royal Regiment of Irish Foot Guards, consisting of above 1,900 men.¹

The Chaplain was worthy of the Regiment, which he accompanied, through the whole course of its varied service, to the field of Aughrim. And "*there*," says the historian of the King's Inns, "the genius of his country triumphed over professional habits; a peaceful preacher became a warlike chief; the awful ceremonies of religion were dispensed to a submissive flock, and their courage strengthened by an animating harangue. Then, with the crucifix in hand, Stafford passed through the line of battle, and pressed into the foremost ranks, loudly calling on his fellow-soldiers to secure the blessings of religion and property, by steadiness and attention to discipline on that critical day;" and "success crowned these manly efforts, till death interrupted his glorious career."² Had the destiny of his unfortunate country

¹ Imp. Hist. p. 97, and Cont. Hist. p. 31. Its full complement of men was 1,980; or 22 companies in all, and 90 men to each company. To know and remember such things *may* be useful.

² Duhigg's History of the King's Inns, p. 233, 238, 239 & 351, &c. *ut sup.* The following interesting description of the devotional preparations of Gustavus Adolphus's *Protestant* and Wallenstein's *Catholic* armies for the famous battle of Lutzen, in November, 1632, is given from a recent biography of the Swedish monarch, on account of the remarkable contrast presented between the conduct of Ginckle's and another *Protestant* army similarly situated, and the very curious coincidences observable between other circumstances of the two memorable engagements. After mentioning the beating of the reveillé by the drums of Gustavus's army the morning of the battle of Lutzen, (between which and Aughrim, by the way, there are several other resemblances besides those I have noticed,) the account thus proceeds:—"In a few minutes, the whole Swedish force, standing to arms, listened to the solemn service of devotion performed by the chaplains of the several regiments. By this time the morning had dawned, but its rays struggled feebly with the heavy fog. As it was absolutely necessary to wait for the dispersion of the mist before giving orders for an advance, the King commanded the feverish interval of suspense to be employed in a general chant of Martin Luther's celebrated paraphrase of the 46th Psalm, commencing with 'God is our strong tower of refuge,' accompanied by

been proportioned to the justice of her cause, the brow of Doctor Stafford would have been adorned with a mitre, or a cardinal's hat. As it is, his merit should not only be canonized in the memory of his countrymen, but of every enlightened admirer of patriotism and bravery, who, with the generous self-devotion of a Megistias at Thermopylæ, and a Decius on the plains of Campania, should not fail to venerate the equally noble end of Doctor Alexius Stafford on the hill of Kilcomedan.¹

the kettle-drums and trumpets of the whole army, followed by a hymn which he had himself composed, containing sentiments similar to those expressed by the Psalmist." Then having stated, that the mist, after this, was suddenly dispersed by the wind, the writer continues:—"The King of Sweden took advantage of the opportunity. After kneeling and devoutly repeating his accustomed prayer, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, bless our arms and this day's battle, for the glory of thy holy name,' he remounted his horse, and, with his drawn sword in his hand, rode along his front, addressing his soldiers.....He then gave the word of battle, 'God with us.'.....Wallenstein had, in the mean time, been as urgent in his appeals to his soldiers; and his exertions were ably seconded by the Bishop of Fulda, afterwards killed by a cannon-shot towards the close of the action, who presented himself in all parts of the field, hastening from rank to rank with a crucifix in his hand, and exhorting the troops to acquit themselves manfully in defence of the Holy Catholic Church, and the honour of the Imperial House." (*Holling's Life of Gustavus Adolphus*, p. 468-70.) Such are the elevated feelings and conduct, equally to be respected in Protestant and Catholic, and sublime even in the mere description, that the low sectarian rancour of Burnet, the shallow philosophy of Dalrymple, and the tasteless prejudice of their English and Anglo-Irish copyist, have attempted to ridicule the Irish for displaying at Aughrim! See also, in connexion with this subject, Mr. Lockhart's account of the interesting spectacle in the French camp, October 15th, 1813, the day before the battle of Leipsic. "Napoleon," says that gentleman, "having made all his preparations, reconnoitred every outpost in person, and distributed eagles, in great form, to some new regiments which had just joined him. The ceremonial was splendid: the soldiers knelt before the Emperor, and in presence of all the line; military mass was performed, and the young warriors swore to die rather than witness the dishonour of France. Upon this scene," adds Mr. Lockhart, "the sun descended, and with it the star of Napoleon went down forever!" (*Hist. of Napoleon*, vol. II. p. 193 & 4.) This is, indeed, described with equal elegance and feeling; though how very differently would a British, but more especially a *Tory* writer, speak of the celebration of mass, before a battle, in *Ireland*! Yet the cause of the Irish was at least as just as that of Gustavus Adolphus; and the French Emperor was fighting to conquer *other* countries, while the Irish were only striving to keep their *own*!

¹ Megistias, the Acarnanian, was the priest or diviner of the Greeks at Thermopylæ, whose fate, according to Herodotus, he predicted. On

The English forces remained under arms till about 12 o'clock, without making any movement towards a direct attack on the Irish. The fog then rolling away before the meridian sun, orders were issued to march forward; Ginckle himself advancing with a guard to reconnoitre the Irish position as accurately as possible, and sending on sufficient detachments, to clear the rising grounds in front from the Irish out-scouts. They drew back to within half a mile of their camp; by which the Dutch General was enabled to ascend a high hill to the Irish right, and thus obtain a better idea, than he had yet been able to form, of the manner in which the Irish were posted. Upon this survey of St. Ruth's precautions for his reception, Ginckle perceived the danger of commencing a general attack, especially as his cannon had not come up; yet, for the present convenience and security of his army in their advance, and to try the spirit of his opponents, he commanded a Danish Captain and 16 horse to force the pass of Urrachree, on the right of the Irish, and where they had stationed a little outpost. The Danes pushed forward; but, notwithstanding the good conduct of their officer, and the immediate vicinity or inspection of Ginckle himself, they did not venture to encounter the shock of the Irish, but abandoned their Captain—running away, says the English annalist, "from a less number than themselves."¹ Ginckle then directed 200 of Sir Albert Conyngnam's dragoons to advance to some ditches, near a ford over one of the 4 branches of the little river covering the Irish

being allowed by Leonidas to depart with all the Greeks, but the Spartans, he magnanimously refused to do so; contenting himself with sending away his only son, and remaining to perish with the Spartan king and his gallant countrymen. Simonides, the poet, raised at Thermopylæ to the memory of Megistias, who was his friend, the following inscription, near the monument erected to the Spartans:—

By Medes cut off beside Sperchius' wave,
The seer, Megistias, fills this glorious grave:
Who stood the fate, he well foresaw, to meet,
And, link'd with Sparta's leaders, scorn'd retreat!

The conduct of the Consul Decius is sufficiently known. The auspices taken before a battle against the Latins, and the event of the combat, B. C. 337, are related to have destined him to death, in order to obtain victory for Rome; and he devoted himself accordingly in the engagement; thereby inspiring the Romans with such courage, that the Latins were entirely routed. (*Herodotus*, vii. 219, 221, 228. *Livy*, viii. 9.)

¹ They, however, "retrieved their honour afterwards," says Story.

ight, for the purpose of hindering the Irish from crossing by that passage. It was now about 2 o'clock, and more and more of the Anglo-Dutch army continued to arrive at the scene of action. Their General, nevertheless, was still averse to an engagement; yet, seeing the necessity of gaining the ford and other passes to the enemy's right, in case a decisive assault should turn out to be expedient, he commanded Conyngham's dragoons to cross the ford against a party of the Irish on the other bank—though with positive orders merely to drive off that party, and not to advance farther; for fear of compromising him, by forcing him into a battle.

The Irish, on their side, had prepared to decoy the enemy into this very advance, apprehended and provided against by Ginckle. To the rear of their cavalry outpost at the ford, they had placed an ambuscade in a bog, towards which the outpost, after a volley, was to retire, on the approach of the English dragoons. The party in ambush were then to assail the pursuers—while the retiring outpost were to make towards a hill nearer their camp, behind which and the house of Urrachree considerable reinforcements were stationed; and all these joining, while the dragoons would be held in check by the ambuscade, were to fall upon them, under the disadvantage, in any event, of their being weakened and disordered by being obliged to dismount, to engage those in ambush with proper effect. The plan was as successful as it was well arranged. The Irish outguard, after a volley in answer to that of the English dragoons, gave way to draw them on to the ambush. The dragoons, enticed into a breach of orders by this artifice, instead of merely taking possession of the side of the ford abandoned by the Irish, boldly continued to press forward in pursuit, till they reached the ambush, from which they were suddenly assailed by a discharge of musketry. Upon this, they betook themselves to the shelter of a hedge, where, a party of them dismounting, advanced against the ambush, and killed most of those who were there. But the turn of the Irish cavalry to attack was now come; who, collecting their strength from behind the hill near their camp and the house of Urrachree, rushed down upon their late assailants, and forced them to retreat in disorder. Ginckle, seeing this, attempted a counter-movement to save his men from their own rashness; sending Brigadier Pippinger's large Royal Regiment of Holland dragoons, 16

companies or 920 strong, to rescue Conyngham's, by endeavouring to cut off or get between the victorious Irish and their camp. The Irish, however, were not to be outwitted as their opponents had been; but, discovering the enemy's design, obtained suitable assistance, and charged Conyngham's and Eppinger's united squadrons so vigorously, that they were confessedly "too hard" for them. The "greatest part" of the Earl of Portland's Horse Guards were then sent to second their comrades. That splendid cavalry regiment, which was 6 companies or 480 strong, and had but recently arrived from England in the finest order, had only just come up; and the detachment from it hastened forward to obey their orders, and behaved, as might be expected, with remarkable gallantry. But, in the endeavour to sustain their companions, they were roughly handled by the Irish, losing, says Story, "several men and horses in *this* part of the action." This cavalry combat, at first only a skirmish, gradually engaged a considerable number on both sides, as fresh parties were sent out from each, according to the emergency of the occasion. At length, after about an hour's fighting, or at 3 o'clock, the Irish horse resumed their first position on the other side of that branch of the little river which "flanked the right of their army," and across which they had followed the English; the latter, as the attacking party, being consequently worsted—or driven *over* the ford and *from* the ground they had been allowed to gain only for a time, and occupying a position no more advanced at the *end* than at the *beginning* of the conflict.¹

¹ Cont. Hist. p. 114, 126, 127; Major Robert Tempest, ap. Rawdon Papers, p. 353, & 355; List of the regiments in the English and Dutch services, with an account of their numbers and pay, in 1691, in a Dutch Life of William III.; and MS. Letter of Colonel Richard Brewer, Ginckle's Governor of Mullingar, July 8th, 1691, (a worthy man and a good officer,) who, in his honest unlearned style, says of Lord Portland's GUARDS, "Major General *Holsop's* [i. e. Holstaple's] *redgment* is just now marcht by, which is in *grate* order!" The beating of about 1600 cavalry, including the GUARDS, (or the "up-and-at-them" lads of *that* day,) and not only those troops, but what Story vaguely calls other "fresh parties sent out," is an affair, evidently so mortifying to the Williamite vanity of that writer, that the truth is rather to be screwed or studied out of his partial narrative than obviously inferred from it. I also strongly suspect, it was on *this* occasion that Major General Holstaple, the leader of those GUARDS, was slain by the Irish; though, for an obvious cause, Story does not honestly and exactly say *when* he was

This success of the Irish against a far superior force¹ showed so much boldness and skill on their part, that it caused Ginckle to desist from a further prosecution of hostilities. And “then,” observes the English historian, “our General officers coming together, began to consult whether it was fit to give the enemy battle that night, considering the disadvantages we were to expect in attacking them.”² Some, and, as it would appear, the majority of William’s experienced commanders, were for putting off the combat until the next morning, at break of day; an opinion at first so far assented to, that the English tents, though despatched early that morning along with the baggage towards Athlone, were ordered to be brought back, and pitched for the night opposite to the Irish army.³ At last, however, it was proposed by Major General Mackay, that the battle should be continued, by endeavouring to outflank and assail, with such a large force, the Irish right at Urrachree, where the ground was most open or fairest for such an attempt, as to oblige St. Ruth to strengthen that wing with a great portion of his main reserve, and more particularly of his horse, from his other wing at Aughrim. By such a movement of the British left against the Irish right at Urrachree, it was argued, that the British right would be the better enabled

killed, but merely mentions the circumstance generally, amongst other matters, at the end of Ginckle’s “chance victory.” (*Cont. Hist.* p. 138 & 140.)

¹ See before, p. 300, and note 2, p. 301, and King James, vol. II. p. 457. The whole of the British cavalry were, in round numbers, (by my lowest estimate,) 7,000, or, more exactly speaking, 7090, allowing for the detachments at Sligo; the whole of the Irish, at most, only 3,500, of which the greater part were on their centre and left. The English had as yet sent *no* horse against Aughrim; so that, even allowing a considerable number of Ginckle’s cavalry *not* to have come up in time for the affair at Urrachree—a delay, however, that would be less likely to occur with cavalry than with infantry—the assailants *must* have been much more numerous than those by whom they were repulsed.

² *Cont. Hist.* p. 128.

³ No tents were to be removed on the morning of the action, according to Ginckle’s General Orders, the night before (*ante*, p. 308)—he, however, commanded “all the tents and baggage,” says Captain Parker, “to go back to Athlone,” that very morning, (*Memoirs*, p. 34)—and now, the same tents were to be brought back, from such a distance, again! Such vacillancy alone shows, more than whole pages of comment, the state of uneasiness and irresolution impressed upon the minds of William’s veteran leaders by the posture and resolution of the Irish army.

to attack the Irish left at Aughrim, comparatively weakened as that strong post would be by the draughting of so many Irish troops to Urrachree; and, during the time occupied by those detachments in their transverse march of about two miles from one of their wings to the other, an opportunity might be taken of sounding the marsh before Kilcomedan, and, if it should be found passable, of sending over sufficient infantry to attack the Irish centre; thus giving an opportunity to the whole English force to engage that of the enemy, which would otherwise be impossible.¹

The debate between Ginckle and his officers continued from about 3 to half-past 4 o'clock, or an hour and a half—a period sufficiently indicating the fluctuation and perplexity of the assembly—till decision, though accompanied with danger, naturally becoming less intolerable than suspense, and the advice of the Scotch veteran being considered the most eligible in *their* situation, the Council broke up, with the resolution of continuing the battle.²

The disposition of the British army was now considerably changed.³ A large body, or 15 regiments of their foot, collected in 2 lines, formed the centre before the morass in front of Kilcomedan; though various regiments, according to the increased knowledge acquired of the nature of the ground, the opinion entertained of their aptitude for any particular service, the liberty of change allowed by the intervention of the bog, and the circumstance of the Irish being on the defensive, could be and *were* subsequently moved from the centre to the wings, and from the wings to the centre, in a manner quite different from what might be supposed by their mere position in the line of battle. The whole of the British and Continental horse and dragoons, stated at 49

¹ Cont. Hist. 128 & 9, Mackay, ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 160, and King James, vol. II. p. 457—the last being the authority for the endeavour to outflank the Irish at Urrachree by *outnumbering* them.

² For the time occupied by the Council in their consultations, compare Cont. Hist. p. 129 & 30.

³ Compare Story's "line of battle" already referred to⁴ and set forth (*ante*, p. 312 & 313) and Major Robert Tempest's, (*ap. Rawdon Papers, ut sup.*)—the first of which, from its imperfection, by Story's own acknowledgment, (*Cont. Hist.* p. 126,) and from its not containing such a comparatively minute and satisfactory enumeration of regiments as the Major's, I have considered to be only a sort of *marching* outline of the disposition of Ginckle's force *before* the Council of War had decided upon the last measures for prosecuting the engagement.

squadrons, were occasionally interlined with some battalions of infantry, and were divided into 2 great bodies, to attack the Irish on the left and right, at Urrachree and Aughrim; the cavalry on each of those wings, but especially on the side of Urrachree, being thus enormously superior in amount to the Irish horse and dragoons; or almost as many on each wing alone, as the Irish had altogether, upon their right, left, and centre.¹ The entire British force formed 2 lines opposite the Irish as before; a great portion, however, of what was the second line being now the first appointed to engage; if, indeed, the terms *first* and *second* can be strictly used, where *both* lines were so soon compelled, as we are informed they were, to mingle together, in their attack upon the Irish.² The hostile Generals both possessed a good view of each other's army and position; St. Ruth, of the British, from his station behind his centre on Kilcomedan hill, and Ginckle, of the Irish, from the grounds below,³ where he and his General Officers moved from place to place as appeared to be most expedient. Besides his own countrymen, Lieutenants General D'Usson and de Tessé—who could not, as foreigners, be so serviceable on *this* occasion as King James's native officers,—St. Ruth was seconded in the command of the Irish army by the brave and honest Sarsfield, (recently created Earl of Lucan,) Brigadier William Mansfield Barker, General of the Irish Infantry, Major General John Hamilton, Brigadier Gordon O'Neill, Major General William Dorrington, Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Irish Foot Guards, and several other gallant officers.⁴ But the British, in addi-

¹ See before, p. 319 and n. 1. There were 25 squadrons of horse and dragoons arrayed against the Irish on the Urrachree side, and 24 squadrons on the side of Aughrim; these last at Aughrim, except Ru-vigny's French Horse, being all British or Anglo-Irish regiments. (*Major Robert Tempest, ut sup.*)

² Story, Cont. Hist. p. 128.

³ Personal information.

⁴ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 55, 128, 137, 138, 145. London Gazette, No. 2664, Berwick's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 97, and Hist. of William III. vol. ii. p. 57,—3 vols. London, 1702. This history is anonymous, but, from the royal and noble personages to whom the different volumes are dedicated, and, for other reasons, it appears to be on several points a work of good authority—I mean as an *English* production. As regards the battle of Aughrim, it contains some very useful and elsewhere-unmentioned information, which Harris has

plunder'd snug,
And suck'd o'er *all*, like an industrious bug,
without the slightest acknowledgment on his part!

tion to their other great advantages over the Irish, enjoyed that of there being a perfect union and friendship between Ginckle and the many able Generals sent over by William to assist him with their counsel; so that, if any accident happened to him, or to his next-in-command, the Duke of Wirtemberg, no fatal consequences could occur from an ignorance of the dispositions necessary for the continuance of the engagement;¹ whereas St. Ruth—owing to the bad feeling he had provoked between himself and the principal Irish officers, but particularly on account of his unjust quarrel with his second-in-command, Sarsfield,—kept his whole plan of action to himself alone; thus exposing the safety of Ireland to the mere chance, in *his* situation, of a single life.²

¹ There is not, perhaps, a better illustration of the great benefits of such a good understanding as that between Ginckle and his General Officers than the case of the French at Salamanca, where, notwithstanding the fatal mistake of Marmont in the beginning of the day, which gave the victory to the English; notwithstanding the additional misfortune of his being borne off the field at the very commencement of the action with a broken arm and 2 deep wounds in his side from a shell, and of General Bonet, the next in rank, being killed, Clausel, nevertheless, made a most gallant fight, and saved the French army from the total destruction which *must* have ensued, had the French commanders been left in the same ignorance by Marmont, as St. Ruth's officers were in, after *his* death, at Aughrim. How very different from St. Ruth's was the wise conduct of William at the Boyne, who, though on such cool or jealous terms with Schomberg and the rest of his great officers as not to consult them on the formation of his plan of action, yet sent them, the night before, a copy of the requisite information on the subject! (*Napier's Peninsular War*, p. 169, 171, 174, &c. *Dalrymple*, vol. III. p. 29.)

² The subjoined extracts, the first and second of which are from the eminent Dutch periodical already cited—a work evidently conducted by one of those able Huguenot refugees who retired to Holland from Louis XIV's persecution—and the third from a military writer of high rank in Louis's service, throw a strong and original light upon the contrast between the character of Ginckle and St. Ruth, upon the degree of blame to be attached to the latter for the loss of Athlone, and the effect which the consequent quarrel between him and Sarsfield had upon the fortune of the ensuing battle. The editor of the Dutch periodical, in assigning after the capitulation of Limerick, the various reasons for the success of the English, and remarking, that “quand la bonne intelligence est jointe avec l'habilité des Généraux, il est impossible qu'ils ne réussissent,” observes—“Le Général Guinckel, et tous les autres Officiers qui commandoient sous lui, sont du consentement de tous ceux qui les connoissent de parfaitement habiles gens. Mais l'intelligence, qui a régné parmi ces Généraux a pour le moins autant contribué aux heureux suc-

The arrangements for continuing the engagement against the Irish right at Urrachree being soonest completed, if not actually decided upon, *before* the council broke up, about half-past four Ginckle's forces were again in motion, and by five o'clock the battle recommenced. The Danish horse and some foot sloped away "on the left of all," along the branch of the little river or "small brook" over which Conyngham's, Eppinger's, Portland's, and Ginckle's other cavalry detachments had been driven at the beginning of the day; the object of this slanting movement of the Danes being to weaken the Irish by obliging them to stretch themselves out so much on their right, that a considerable number of their horse and dragoons would be prevented from giving any assistance elsewhere. To this object the Danes

cés que leur propre habilité. M. de Guinckel n'est pas de ceux, qui n'écoutent jamais ceux qui sont au dessous d'eux, et qui faisant tout à leur tête, estiment qu'ils ne doivent plus recevoir d'avis de personne. C'est un homme doux, honnête, qui écoute tout le monde, & qui se rende facilement à la raison, sans prétendre de devoir l'emporter par son autorité, & par la poste qu'il occupe." Then, in reference to St. Ruth's and Sarsfield's quarrel at Athlone, the same author says—"On assure que les Généraux S. Ruth & Sarsfield eurent de grandes disputes sur ce sujet avant la bataille. Le dernier accusa l'autre de la perte d'Athlone, pour avoir négligé de marcher à son secours dans le temps qu'il le lui avoit dit: la division des Généraux divisa les troupes, et peut-être que cette mésintelligence contribua un peu à la perte de la bataille. Ils se dirent bien des duretez l'un à l'autre, & ils se menacerent même réciproquement de se faire mettre aux arrêts. S. Ruth avoit le commandement sur Sarsfield; mais Sarsfield avoit le cœur & l'affection des soldats. Ceux qui ont connu ce premier, *comme je le connoissois*, seront tentés de le lui donner le tort. C'étoit un homme difficile & impérieux, qui matinoit un peu ceux qui lui étoient subordonnez. Lors qu'il n'étoit que Colonel, plusieurs Capitaines ou Subalternes furent obligés de quitter son régiment, pour ne pouvoir pas vivre avec lui. Mais la mort a expié toutes ses fautes," &c. The third extract from the contemporary French historian (who was a Marquis, a Brigadier and Lieutenant General of Artillery in the French army, Lieutenant for the King in the Government of Auvergne, and a Knight of the Military Order of St. Louis,) says—"Il y avoit de la mésintelligence dans l'armée Irlandoise;" and then, after adverting to the "grandes disputes" above mentioned between St. Ruth and Sarsfield, and likewise stating that "la division des Généraux avoit aussi divisé les troupes," it is added, that "cela n'empêcha pas qu'ils ne se disposassent à bien recevoir l'armée Angloise qui venoit les attaquer; mais cette mésintelligence contribua beaucoup à la perte de la bataille." The "beaucoup" of this French Catholic historian will be proved to be much more true than the "peut-être" and "un peu" of the Huguenot writer.

strictly confined themselves; merely remaining on their own side of the rivulet, without making any attempt against the Irish on the opposite bank.¹ Next, on the right of the Danes, the three veteran French infantry regiments of Melloniere, Cambon, and Belcassel, amounting to between 2,100 and 2,300 men,² marched up against the ditches united by flanking communications as far as the entrenchments before the Irish camp, on that extremity of Kilcomedan. These ditches were all strongly lined by the Irish musketeers, sustained with due detachments of horse, by means of the artificial ways cut for the passage of cavalry from the main reserve of that force in the rear. The three French regiments made their assault with the firmness of veterans and the characteristic vigour of their countrymen, whose "property," observes Marshal Saxe, "it is to attack, and whose first shock is scarcely to be resisted."³ And *this* assault was not made with more bravery by the French, than it was received with determination by the Irish, who, "considering," says King James, "that this was like to prove the last effort for re-establishing the King's authority, and securing the estates and liberties of an oppressed people, expected them with great constancy, and convinced the *French*⁴ troops they had to do with men no less resolute than themselves; soe that never," adds the King, "was

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 127, 134, & 135. King James, vol. II. p. 457.

² Life of King William printed in Holland, vol. III. p. 34, &c., and the above-mentioned *anonymous* History of William III., vol. II. p. 266, as collated with Story, Cont. Hist. p. 128 & 129. By a comparison with the English chaplain of the first and second of those authorities, one or both of which are evidently based upon the testimony of Huguenot officers who *were* at Aughrim, I am enabled to illustrate a portion of the battle, which, though most honourable for the Irish, has hitherto remained in a state of obscurity, amounting to almost total darkness. The Dutch list of William's regiments for 1691, (*see before, note 1, p. 318,*) makes the full complement of Melloniere's, Cambon's, and Belcassel's three French infantry regiments 780 men each, or 2,340 men in all. At 705 each, they would be 2,115.

³ Reveries, or Memoirs concerning the Art of War, by Maurice Count de Saxe, Marshal General of the Armies of France, book II. chap. vi. p. 186 & 7. The onset of the French has borne this character since the time of the Romans.⁴

⁴ King James, vol. II. p. 457. The italicised word *French* is a slight change made in the royal text, owing to the circumstance of the troops who gave the onset, being *not* exactly "English," as the King calls them, but *French*, though in English pay.

assault made with greater fury, or sustain'd with greater obstinacy, especially by the foot." Nor does the hostile language of religious and national antipathy bear a less powerful testimony to the gallantry of the Irish resistance. "Here," exclaims the English chaplain, "we fired one upon another for a considerable time, and the Irish behaved themselves like men of another nation, defending their ditches stoutly; for they would maintain one side till our men put their pieces over at the other, and then, having lines of communication from one ditch to another, they would presently post themselves again and flank us."¹ This spirited and stubborn conflict was kept up by the French and Irish among these hedges and entrenchments for an hour,² or till about six o'clock, before the centre of each army and its other wing at Aughrim could engage,—except from the artillery, which played from both sides.

Meantime, the movements of Ginckle's troops, for the various attacks designed against those points of the Irish position as yet unassailed, were going on "in as good order as the inconveniency of the ground would allow;" and St. Ruth, perceiving how very hard the inferior force on his right was pressed by the French, Dutch, and Danish infantry and cavalry of the enemy, who were endeavouring by their superior numbers to outflank him, gave orders for the greater portion of the horse and some foot, that composed the second line of part of his left, or rather of his left-centre, towards Aughrim, to march to the relief of their companions at Urrachree.³ Upon this, Major General Mackay—to

¹ Cont. Hist. p. 129. The English Parson's expression of "like men of another nation," in reference to the Irish, is not only too bad for the *lay* Orangism of Harris, but even for the more rabid or *tithe-eating* antinationality of Graham.

² I have corrected Story's "nigh an hour and a half,"—which would postpone the *general* engagement to half-past 6, instead of about 6 in the evening,—by the opposite and *unanimous* testimony of Major Tempest, Capt. Dunbar, and Secretary Davis. The two first wrote their letters from what they *knew*, as being in the battle, and the third derived his information from the account of the engagement sent by Ginckle himself to the Castle. (*Rawdon Papers*, p. 349 & 352, *Account of the Transactions in the North of Ireland*, A. D. 1691, p. 11, & *London Gazette*, No. 2680.)

³ Compare King James, vol. II. p. 457, with Story, Cont. Hist. p. 129. Mackay, (*ap. Dalrymple*, vol. III. p. 159,) who speaks of "almost all" St. Ruth's horse as having been drawn from his left to his right, must be checked by Major Tempest (*Rawdon Papers*, p. 352–355) and

provoke or induce the French General to weaken himself still more on that side, and to place the issue of the contest as much as possible at Urrachree, where the ground was so much more favourable to the assailants—suggested to Ginckle, to draw a further detachment from his right; a movement which would be visible to St. Ruth from where he stood, and which might cause him to lessen his strength still more towards Aughrim, than the very superior force of Major General Talmash's wing, which was sent on against that pass, could be proportionably weakened by the amount of men drawn from it, considering the narrow ground by which it had to attack.¹ Mackay and the other Generals at the same time caused the morass before Kilcomedan to be sounded; and, it being found, though difficult, yet not impassable, arrangements were also made for attacking the Irish centre and right, and thus bringing the whole British force to act with vigour.² Through the narrower part of the bog, nearer to Urrachree than to Aughrim, and where the ditches on the Irish side, or at the bottom of Kilcomedan hill, ran farthest into the marsh, 4 select infantry regiments were to pass over first, and station themselves at those ditches; and, lower down, or nearer to Aughrim, where the morass was much wider, and the passage consequently more difficult, another body of foot, more numerous than the former by several regiments, was likewise to cross. This second and stronger body, which was to sustain the first, was to subdivide to the left and right of the opening by which it was to get over. The *left* portion of it was to file into a corn-field towards the 4 regiments, first mentioned; the *right* was to take possession of some rougher and more difficult ground and ditches; and the whole, when so posted along the border of the morass, opposite the Irish in the hedges, were to continue there without making any attempt to charge up the hill, until they should be supported by one another; while Major General

Captain Parker, (*Memoirs*, p. 34–35,) both of whom were engaged against the Irish left, and prove the fine reserve body of Irish cavalry, originally drawn up in the hollow plain behind Aughrim Castle, *not* to have been removed. It must therefore have been, most of the horse behind the Irish *left-centre*, rather than of those behind the extreme left, that *were* despatched to Urrachree. See before, p. 299 & 300.

¹ Mackay, ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 160.

² Id. ib. Cont. Hist. p. 129.

Talmash, with the British right wing of Cavalry, and some more infantry, should come round by Aughrim Castle, to give still greater aid to the advance of the entire, by assailing the Irish left in that direction.¹

St. Ruth, on his side, contemplated those arrangements of the enemy with satisfaction; well aware how very improbable it was, that *each* of the British divisions, after crossing, could bear unmoved, till *all* should join, the close, constant and galling musketry with which it would be received at the edge of the bog, by his foot in the hedges; and, from this plan of “divide and conquer” on *his* part, anticipating the destruction of the whole. Nor was this expectation of the French commander unjustifiable, since the pass by the Castle of Aughrim was in itself so narrow, and such measures had been taken to strengthen it and the adjacent parts, that if properly defended, it would be impossible for the English horse to force their way through, for the purpose of assisting or rescuing their foot in the centre; and the Irish infantry, besides being aided by *their* cavalry upon the hill, would afterwards, from their superior knowledge and capabilities of acting in such intricate ground as the morass, possess incalculable advantages over the British and foreign foot, when once those troops should be broken, and furiously assailed, where any benefits previously conferred by mere discipline could be of such little use to protect them.

While the detachment from the left centre of the Irish army towards Aughrim was marching across to its right at Urachree, the British took advantage of the movement to commence the passage of the bog, before that part of the

¹ Mackay, ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 159—161, & Cont. Hist. p. 131, &c. I believe I am the first that has endeavoured to combine in one view the narrative of Dalrymple, from Mackay, with that of Story; the English chaplain having overlooked the affair of the Prince of Hesse's division, authenticated by Mackay; and the Scotch judge not venturing, or not knowing how, to reconcile the account given by his veteran countryman with that of the English chaplain. This I have done, (yet not without very great trouble,) by considering Mackay's and the Prince of Hesse's troops as composing part of the larger division of Ginckle's infantry, which Story describes as very strong, and as marching “over the bog below, where it was broader.” And this theory of mine is at once reconcilable with the mention elsewhere, by Story, of Mackay's making an attack on the Irish “left,” (*Cont. Hist.* p. 129, 130 & 133,) and with whatever has been given from the General's MS. by Dalrymple.

Irish centre, where the way over has been described as being shortest, from the extension of the hedges into the morass. The troops appointed for this service, consisted of the 4 foot regiments of Colonels Erle, Herbert, Creighton, and Brewer; making a force that might vary from above 2,800 to somewhat more than 3,100 men.¹ Colonel Erle, at the head of his own regiment, took the lead; the others following in such order as could be observed, where "most of them," says the account, "were up to their middles in mud and water."

When the British approached the first ditches at the foot of Kilcomedan, the Irish infantry fired upon them; and, according to the plan of action agreed upon, to draw on, divide, and destroy the enemy in detail, the Irish then posted themselves in the next line of hedges, which were near to the first. The English, impetuously advancing to these also, met with a salute similar to the former; and the Irish continued, in this manner, to fall back regularly—firing as they retreated by the communications from one close line of hedges to another,—till they succeeded in enticing up the aggressors nearly half a mile, or almost to the very spot where St. Ruth had *his* "main battle," marshalled to attack in his turn. Weakened and flushed, as the British regiments were, with making their way, under a continued roll of musketry, through such difficult and up-hill ground as *they* had traversed; too far advanced to hope for any assistance from the rest of their foot, for whose passage across the bog they had *not* waited; seeing the Irish infantry, who had retired merely to ensnare them, now reassembling their whole force for a decisive effort, like a wave that has only receded to return with greater strength than before; but above all, beholding the formidable Irish cavalry, who had hitherto held back, coming down upon both flanks by the passages which St. Ruth had caused to be made through the hedges and ditches for that purpose,—a general alarm took place. Colonel Erle, "as great an example of true courage and generosity," says the English annalist, "as any man this day living," strove to animate his troops under these depressing

¹ By the 1690, or old average of 705 men to each of William's foot regiments, 4 regiments would make 2,820 men: but by the 1691, or Dutch enumeration, already spoken of, which gives 780 men to each of the foot regiments, with the exception of the Danes, the 4 above-mentioned regiments would make 3,120 men.

circumstances; advancing before them and crying out, "*There is no way to come off but to be brave!*" But the example and encouragement of this gallant man were equally unavailing; not an idea seems to have been entertained of any thing like a steady retreat by even an *attempt* to defend the lines of hedges in succession, as the Irish infantry had done; so that, to use the words of the English chaplain, "they poured *in* great numbers both of horse and foot upon us;" and "being both flanked and fronted, as also exposed to all the enemies shot from the adjacent ditches; our men were forced to quit their ground, and betake themselves to the bog again, whither," he adds, "they were followed, or rather drove down by main strength of horse and foot, and a great many killed." The brave Colonel Erle, after being twice taken and retaken, got off at length, though not without being wounded; but Colonel Charles Herbert, Captains Gooking and Bingham, and "several prisoners of distinction," remained in the hands of the Irish.¹

During this defeat of the 4 regiments of the English left-centre, the other larger division of their infantry, containing the regiments of Lord George Hamilton, Colonel St. John, Colonel Tiffin, Colonel Foulke, Brigadier Stewart, and several other regiments,"² were marching across the broader part of the bog below, which was nearer to Aughrim than to Urrachree. This great body of foot was under the command of Major General Mackay, who, having pro-

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 12-930, Major Robert Tempest, and Letter to Narcissus Luttrell, Esq., ap. Rawdon Papers, p. 354 and 420; King James, vol. II. p. 456 and 7. Colonel Charles Herbert is stated to have been subsequently killed, lest he should be released; and the other prisoners were finally recovered by their horse, after they had succeeded in getting round the bog.

² Cont. Hist. p. 129-130. Mistaking, no doubt, other foreigners for "the French," Story places them here, or towards the British right; though, as there were but 3 French regiments of foot in Ginckle's army, (*Irish Secretary of War's Correspondence*, No. MXL.,) I have shown this must be an error; those 3 Huguenot infantry regiments having been in the other wing. (See before, p. 324 and 5.) The 5 regiments of Lord George Hamilton, &c., whose names alone Story specifies, would, at 705 each, make 3,525, and, at 780 each, 3,900 men. But the division, or 2 divisions, to which they belonged, from the circumstance of Foulke's regiment, that "was *always* to guard the train," being called into action, (Cont. Hist. p. 126,) and, from other facts not necessary to detail, must have been of a far higher amount.

ceeded with the advanced guard over the morass towards the Irish centre, ordered Brigadier Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, with part of the troops, to take post in the corn-field, on the left of the outlet from the marsh there; and not to assail the Irish infantry in the opposite hedges, till he should perceive *him* returning with the rest of the foot; reaching the more difficult ground and ditches to the right; and, above all, making such progress, as to be able to facilitate an assault from the corn-field, on the one side, by flanking the Irish on the other. St. Ruth, on the contrary, intended, says the copyist of Mackay's account, "to attack the two bodies separately, before they could give succour to each other, being certain, if he defeated them, that their retreat through the bog could not fail to be difficult." And the French General succeeded in his object of separately engaging with these 2 bodies of infantry, as completely as he had already done with the division of Colonel Erle. For, adds the same authority, "the impetuosity of English valour, and of the Prince of Hesse's youth, caused the troops which Mackay had left in the corn-field to forget his orders. They pressed forward upon the enemy, before their General had yet surmounted the difficulties of the broken ground. The Irish waited for them till they came up, and the first fire was exchanged through the first line of hedges, so that the ends of the muskets almost touched. The Irish, who had made openings in the hedges, and also communications between these, behind, and to the right and left, retired to draw their enemies on. The English eagerly pursued: but, on advancing, they found that new bodies of horse and foot had taken new posts in new places, while some of their former enemies had reoccupied their former stations; and that volleys of shot were poured upon their front, their flanks, and their rear. Ashamed of the dangers into which they had brought themselves by neglecting the orders of that General who had been so careful to save them, they struggled hard to make their ground good; but at last gave way, returned to their station in the corn-field, —many of them even fled back through the bog,—and," concludes my authority, "it was believed by all who saw the flight, that the English had lost the battle."¹

Major General Mackay, being informed of this terrible scene of rout and slaughter, occasioned by the breach of his

¹ Mackay, ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 160 & 161

orders, returned to endeavour to assist Prince George's unfortunate division. He likewise despatched an aid-du-camp in haste to Major General Talmash, to beg of that officer, instead of prosecuting his march and design against the Castle of Aughrim, to hurry back the left, with some fresh infantry, both to reinforce and rally the centre, and to give him the assistance he too found requisite, in order to be able to aid that body, as he originally proposed, by flanking the Irish, on the right, in their hedges.¹ For, on the first advance of the British troops to the hedges from the bog, "the Irish," says Story, "laid so close in their ditches, that several were doubtful whether they had any men at that place or not: but they were convinced of it at last; for no sooner were those soldiers,² and the rest, got within 20 yards, or less, of the ditches, but the Irish fired most furiously upon them; which our men," he observes, "as bravely sustained, and pressed forwards, tho' they could scarce see one another for smোক. And now," continues this English writer, "the thing seemed so doubtful for some time, that the by-standers would rather have given it on the Irish side; for they had driven our foot in the centre so far back, that they were got almost in a line, with some of our great guns, planted near the bogg, which," he adds, "we had not the benefit of at that juncture, because of the mixture of our men and theirs."³ In the defeat of these troops, and those of Colonel Erle, the loss of the British,—exposed, drawn on, flanked, charged, pursued, and floundering in the mud of the morass,—must have been very great. Their own countryman, just cited, who was a witness of the action, incidentally describes the Irish, even at a period when the fortune of the day was beginning to turn against them, as knocking their routed enemies on the head, in the middle of a portion of the bog, nearly 200 yards beyond the lowest ditches.⁴ Yet Ginckle's soldiers fought with remarkable

¹ Compare Mackay. *op. Dalrymple*, vol. i. p. 144 & 145. *Story*, *Cont. Hist.* p. 124-125, and the plan of the field on which referred to.

² The words "those soldiers," are a necessary substitution in this extract from Story for what he calls "the French," whom I have already shown, and will still further show, and is now very well known that the Duke of Rochefort's men they could not be "as was shown at once."

³ *Cont. Hist.* p. 124 & 125. This body passage is abundantly strengthened by Irish testimony even long after the period of which already given from the MS. of Mackay.

⁴ *Id.* p. 125.

obstinacy ; for 3 times did they roll the tide of battle against the Irish, across the bog—though 3 times they were again driven back through the morass to the mouths of their cannon by the victorious Irish.¹

While such was the state of the contest in the centre before Kilcomedan hill, on the side of Urrachree, where the battle was first begun by the Danish horse and the French infantry, and where the ground was most favourable to the attacking force, a warm engagement was maintained between that portion of the Irish right not kept out of action by the Danes, and the rest of the British left. This wing, composed altogether of foreign troops, was under the immediate direction of Ginckle himself, who, like the rest of his General Officers, is stated to have exposed his person in the bat-

¹ MacGeoghegan, tome III. p. 746. The Abbé's words are—"l'infanterie royale fit des prodiges de valeur; elle poussa trois fois celle des ennemis jusqu' à leur canon!" And the cannon, alluded to, were those of the English centre, that were planted on their *own* side of the bog, as marked in the plan; so that the conclusion respecting *both* parties is obvious. It is a popular belief, that, at this time, the unprincipled Baldearg O'Donnell—whom Story represents as 6 miles from Tuam, with a party of 1000 men in the neighbourhood, but to whom other, and, indeed, more exact accounts, would give a far larger force—was advanced with 8,000 men, but 8 miles from the field of battle, where, in fact, the enemy would appear to have apprehended his arrival, by stationing 2 regiments at Ballinasloe; the leaving at such an unimportant place, and at such an important period, a detachment as large as the garrison of Athlone, seeming otherwise inexplicable. According to an agreeable writer from those western districts of Connaught in which O'Donnell's troops were levied, "two hours would have brought his nimble infantry on the rear of Ginckle's army, then in disorder and confusion. The thunder of the cannon and the rolling volleys of musketry were audible in O'Donnell's quarters, and his soldiers eagerly demanded to be led to the assistance of their countrymen. But neither the roar of the artillery," it is added, "nor the ardour of his troops could induce the traitor to advance." (*Dublin Penny Journal*, June, 1833, p. 391 & 392.) It is then observed, that he afterwards deserted to Ginckle, assisted to besiege Sir Teague O'Regan in Sligo, and finally met in William's service in Flanders "a fate too honourable for his deserts." If this belief, of O'Donnell's having been so near Aughrim with such a force, be true, Ireland, as well as Napoleon, would have *her* Grouchy, on whose coming up so much depended! But, at all events, the troops of the Irish traitor, or a great portion of them, might have joined St. Ruth, in the interval from the fall of Athlone on the 30th of June, to the battle on the 12th of July; and thus, in all probability, have contributed to gain a complete victory over Ginckle. Fortune has *hitherto* been singularly favourable to the *heart* and *arm*!

tle, as if he were but a common soldier.¹ About 6 o'clock—when the attack between the 2 centres commenced—orders were also issued *here* for a general “onset” against the Irish line; or, more accurately speaking, against that part of it, extending from the edge of the bog near the pass of Urrachree, to the hedged and entrenched ground occupied by the Irish foot, that were opposed to Melloniere’s, Cambon’s, and Belcassel’s French infantry. This “onset” is described by Captain Dunbar, a British officer, who was in the action, as having been “performed with a great deal of bravery,” though “beaten back” by the Irish cavalry; so that, notwithstanding the peculiar difficulty and importance of the movement then making by the enemy’s right towards Aughrim, we find him obliged to draw away to his beaten left a further detachment of cavalry, consisting of part of the 2 finest regiments designed for the above-mentioned hazardous enterprise—or, the Marquis of Ruvigny’s, formerly Duke Schomberg’s French, and Sir John Lanier’s English horse.² Till those troops came up—whose cross-march must have taken a considerable time, from the inconvenient distance for horse interposed by the broken and difficult ground between Aughrim and Urrachree,—no mention is made of any renewal of the unsuccessful “onset” of the enemy’s horse on this point.³

By this repulse of their assailants, the Irish cavalry gained the important advantage of securing the defeat, to their left, of Colonel Erle’s and the other divisions of British infantry in the centre; which could not have occurred, had Ginckle’s foreign horse been able to get round the Urrachree side of

¹ Rawdon Papers, p. 258; Mackay, ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 142; Dutch Life of William in French, tome III, p. 25; London Gazette, No. 2680.

² Compare Captain Dunbar, ap. Rawdon Papers, p. 249, with Murray, Cont. Hist. p. 131, and the anonymous English life of William III., vol. II. p. 264. Ruvigny’s and Lanier’s horse regiments are enumerated in the Dutch muster-roll at 450 each, and are marked on the English right wing by Major Robert Tempest.

³ The Dutch account, adverse as it is to the Irish, admits their “*sortie sur l’aile gauche de l’armée Anglaise*,” till its reinforcement “*par quelques nouveaux detachemens*,” which detachments Murray is to be no other than Ruvigny’s and Lanier’s horse, as they alone are stated to have been drawn from the English right to its left, till the march the latter wing till after the passage of the English army, on the night, by the Castle of Aughrim. Compare Captain Lanier, as above referred to, with Cont. Hist. p. 131 & 132, and Capt. Parker, p. 24.

the bog, and thus rescue and aid their foot, in a general advance up the hill against the Irish.¹ During all those movements, or since the renewal of the battle at 5 o'clock, Melloniere's, Cambon's and Belcassel's foot had been engaged in a close and deadly struggle with the Irish infantry, posted against them, behind the hedges, entrenchments, and "high banks," says the Gazette, "that were one above another."² In a Huguenot account of this part of the action, published in Holland, the Irish foot *here* are spoken of, as fighting with such fury, that their opponents were reduced to the most desperate condition. "Officers, soldiers," says the panegyrist of the Huguenot regiments, "all signalized themselves in this encounter. But," he continues, "there remained only one course for them to adopt,—which was to perish, and to sell their lives dearly."³ To this course, it is added, that the French refugees resigned themselves like brave men; making, indeed, new efforts of resistance with a proportionate loss to their enemies, but, at the same time, finding themselves on the verge of a total rout, in spite of every imaginable exertion of courage on their part. And this representation, while it does justice to the heroism, conceals the actual extent of the reverses experienced by the French; since, by another account, derived from one of the officers of those regiments, though misrepresented by hostile prejudice, we find, that, instead of having been able to dislodge the Irish from their posts, or to gain ground upon them,—the only object for which an attack was made, —the French, on the contrary, were completely repulsed, or merely struggling, through the aid of *chevaux-de-frize*, to keep their own ground against the Irish infantry, who, so

¹ See the plan.

² London Gazette, No. 2680.

³ "Les régimens François que avoient été les premiers de l'aile gauche qui avoient donné.....étoient aux prises avec quelques bataillons (Irlandois) qui s' étoient acharnez à eux, et qui se battoient en desesperez. La résistance de ces régimens (François) fut pourtant extraordinaire. Officiers, soldats, tout se signala dans cette rencontre. Mais... ils ne leur restoit qu'un seul parti à prendre, qui étoit celui de périr, et de vendre chèrement leur vie. Ce fut aussi le parti qu'ils prirent," &c. This writer speaks of the "bataillons Irlandois," that were "aux mains" with the French as "infiniment plus forts qu'eux;" and, in *one* sense, they were so. But, as regards the other, we have seen from King James, that *his* regiments were "very thin;" we know the complements of Ginckle's regiments, and how amply *they* were recruited; and, on *which* side the superiority of numbers lay, I think I have abundantly established.

far from being, as at first, the *defending*, were thus become the *attacking* party; making repeated assaults upon those artificial barriers thrown up by the enemy for their safety; and even succeeding “once or twice” in becoming masters of those *chevaux-de-frize*.¹ In a word, here, on their right, at Urrachree, as well as in their centre, on Kilcomedan hill, the Irish, says Captain Parker, who was at the battle, “maintained their ground with great obstinacy and resolution, and repulsed our men in those places several times, with considerable loss.”² The Irish infantry, in particular, whose general conduct is spoken of with the highest admiration, even by their adversaries themselves,³—and who, on this wing, especially, are allowed to have maintained the longest advantage over their opponents,—are represented in the French narrative, founded on letters from Ireland, to have followed up their repeated and continued repulses of Ginckle’s troops with remarkable vigour; making, says that account, “a great massacre of the enemy’s broken foot.”⁴

¹ From the English author of the anonymous *Life of William*—who speaks of having “consulted several living eye-witnesses of many military actions,” and, amongst others, M. Duteny, a Captain in one of the French regiments in the battle, and “a person of great integrity”—I subjoin the passage above adverted to, as a fair specimen of the English *colouring* which I am continually obliged to scour away, in order to get at truth. “While these things were doing on the right wing and centre,” says this writer, who is transcribed by Harris, “those that first engaged towards the left did bravely maintain their ground; and, though the Irish did once or twice make themselves masters of the *chevaux-de-frize* that covered the French foot, yet the French did courageously regain them!” This merely one-sided, unfair view of what I have demonstrated, from Huguenot evidence itself, that the French Captain, as “a person of great integrity,” *must* have told this writer, is only one sample among thousands of what “*Anglia* (not *Græcia*) *mendax audet in historia*.” (*Anonymous Life, &c. vol. II. preface & p. 266, & London Gazette, No. 2680.*)

² *Memoirs*, p. 35.

³ The French sketch of the engagement (for it is no more) asserts that the Irish foot “de, l’aveu même des ennemis combattit avec un courage extrême;” and *truly* makes this assertion, since the Dutch account observes—“On leur rend ce temoignage qu’ils se battirent en gens de cœur, et que leur infanterie sur tout fit des merveilles!” Even the *London Gazette* says—“The Irish were never known to fight with more resolution, especially their foot.” Poor fellows!

⁴ “Les Irlandois, ayant renversé leur infanterie, y firent un grand massacre!” And this statement, though made in reference to the action in general, must have been quite applicable *here*, where the Irish maintained themselves longest; caused such distress, as I have already shown, to the enemy; and were, in fact, unconquered at all, but for events else-

St. Ruth, from the front of his camp at the top of Kilcomedan hill, beheld, with such feelings as may be easily imagined, those severe and continued reverses of the enemy; expressing himself in terms of high and peculiar satisfaction at the bravery of the Irish infantry. At first, only estimating the character of the Irish soldiery by the shameless libel as to their “cowardice in their own country,”—for which there were no better grounds than the interested publications of Anglo-Irish and Anglo-Dutch calumny abroad, and an almost utter want of the first implements of defence, against superior numbers, finances, experience, equipments, and artillery at home,—the French General had conceived a low, or erroneous impression of the courage of those troops. But, on appealing to the national heart, and touching the proper nerves of action as *he* had done, he found himself undeceived, and nobly undeceived, as all *others* will be, who doubt of the moral and physical devotion of Irishmen to the impulse of grand sympathies on grand occasions,—being, says King James, “in a transport of joy to see the foot of which he had so mean an opinion behave themselves so well, and perform action worthy of a better fate!”¹ Popular tradition, countenanced by the written testimony of MacGeoghegan, even represents the French commander as throwing up his hat into the air with exultation, on the *third* repulse of the hostile infantry to the muzzles of their cannon.² Indeed, such was the utterly shattered condition in which the English foot *were* repulsed from all their great attacks on St. Ruth’s position, that, in the words of the royal author, the Irish “looked upon the victory as in a manner certain;”³ and the French General, on seeing the state to which the enemy’s centre, in particular, was reduced, is mentioned to have turned round to those beside him, *ex-where*. On the authority of “*les lettres d’Irlande*,” the French account even speaks of the English as “*poursuivis durant plus de deux heures par les Irlandois!*”—and, after all the heavy English *porter* and Dutch *gin* with which I have been obliged to support myself, this little dram of French *brandy* and Irish *whisky* is not disagreeable.

¹ Memoirs, vol. II. p. 457.

² After the passage already cited, p. 332 n., respecting the *third* repulse of Ginckle’s foot to their cannon, the Abbé adds—“*et on prétend qu’à la troisieme fois le Général Saint-Ruth en fut si content, qu’il jetta dans l’air son chapeau pour exprimer sa joie!*” And the enthusiastic exclamation, which St. Ruth is elsewhere recorded to have uttered, renders this *not* impossible in a lively Frenchman.

³ King James, vol. II. p. 456.

claiming, "in a great ecstasy, *I will now beat their army back to the gates of Dublin!*"¹

Wherever, in fact, there *was* almost any cause for doubt or apprehension, St. Ruth's military dispositions had answered all his expectations. The troops marched from his left-centre to his right at Urrachree, where the English had most to hope for, had foiled them there. Their different assaults upon his centre, along Kilcomedan hill, were each a scene of defeat and slaughter. And now—with the single exception of a comparatively slight and easily remedied, though annoying lodgment, effected towards the left-centre or left of the army by some English infantry, through the mistake of one of his officers, of which an account shall presently be given,—the only thing requisite to effect a complete triumph for the Irish was a successful maintenance of the pass of Aughrim, the very easiest part of their whole task; so much so, that an attempt upon it by the enemy's horse presented no prospect but that of their entire defeat, unless assisted by some of those strange casualties, or interferences of Providence, which, though so improbable as not to be foreseen, have so often, in war, snatched victory from the conquerors, and transferred it to the vanquished.

The right wing of the English, composed of their best regiments of cavalry and some battalions of infantry,² gradu-

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 133. These words of St. Ruth, which the English chaplain gives in positive terms, and had ample means of hearing through the Irish officers who were taken prisoners, remind us of our youthful feelings, on reading, in Goldsmith's *Greece*, the words of Lysicles, the Athenian General, to his troops, upon their breaking the Macedonian foot, at Chæronea. "*Come on, my gallant countrymen, the victory is ours; let us pursue these cowards, and drive them back to Macedon!*" There were far better reasons, however, for St. Ruth's exclamation on Kilcomedan hill, than for the words ascribed to Lysicles at Chæronea.

² From a view of the *infantry* regiments in the right and centre of Tempest's "line of battle," as compared with the general history of the action, it appears impossible to determine exactly *what* infantry fought in the right wing, except Gustavus Hamilton's and Kirk's, and the 3 anonymous battalions of the London Gazette; and it is also evident, as previously observed, though not verified by a note at the place, that the greater number of the British foot regiments were marched to, and engaged in, parts of the field, quite different from those where they were first stationed. The British cavalry, however, on this wing that advanced against Aughrim, are found, from Tempest, to have consisted of 3 dragoon and 7 horse regiments—with a deduction necessary to be

ally advanced towards Aughrim with their artillery, by the narrow way between the projections of the 2 bogs, already described. In the circular expansion of firm ground, before the outward entrance of the last narrow passage leading on, over the rivulet, to the Castle and village of Aughrim, the enemy placed their cannon, and dislodged the Irish outguard at the mouth of that defile: the battery planted on the declivity of the hill by St. Ruth, to play over the bog, upon this circular spot, where the English made their final arrangements and fixed their cannon for the attack by their right, being probably prevented from interrupting such an advance, by the intermixture, in a portion of the bog towards the Irish left-centre, of part of the Irish foot with their beaten enemies; so that, though losers, through such an intermixture elsewhere, in being deprived of the power of using their guns, the English appear to have been gainers by it here, from the Irish, in their turn, being equally unable to use *their* cannon.¹ Nevertheless, on looking to the left, or into the fields beyond the skirt of the central morass and the small stream running across the road into the other bog on their right, the English hesitated in attempting to cross to the other side, seeing how strongly the Irish were posted there; with their infantry, as usual, in the hedges, and their horse prepared, through the level passages made from behind, to charge to their aid. But when St. Ruth ordered the second line of his force, in that quarter, to march to Urrachree, "it seems," says King James, "that he, who was to execute that order, caused a battallion of the first line to file off with the rest, supposeing the bog in front would prevent the enemies advanceing, but they," continues the King, "who stood in awe of that battallion while it faced them, took courage when it was gon, and by the help of hurdles made a shift to get over the bog."²

Through this mistake—which, from the connexion of cavalry as well as infantry with the movement,³ I suppose to have been made *between* Brigadier Henry Luttrell, who

made for a part, probably half, of Ravigny's and Lanier's horse, sent to Urrachree. (*Compare, before, p. 320, Rawdon Papers, Gazette, &c.*)

¹ See before, p. 297, 300, 301, 302, & 303, London Gazette, No. 2680, and French and Dutch accounts.

² King James, vol. II. p. 457.

³ "Several bodies of horse and foot," says Story, Cont. Hist. p. 129.

was a Colonel of horse,¹ and some subordinate infantry officer in this transfer of troops, and to be the foundation of the national tradition about the “treachery of the General of the Irish horse that enabled the English to cross the bog”—three battalions of the enemy were enabled to slip over the skirt of the morass and the rivulet, into a corn-field on the Irish side, and establish themselves there till they could be assisted.² This error, in the removal of the battalion, was productive of bad consequences; the enemy, in their advance against the Irish infantry in the hedges here, meeting with but a feeble resistance, or one totally unlike the intrepid and successful opposition they had everywhere else experienced; a circumstance only to be accounted for through the tradition of a general, and not unnatural impression, among the Irish troops in this quarter, that they were certainly betrayed, or the English would not have been able to cross the bog at all. The British, in fact, appear from Captain Parker, who attacked in this direction, to have had to do with completely disheartened men; the Irish foot, who had fought with such invincible heroism in every other part of the field, retiring or rather flying here from ditch to ditch, after giving “only one scattering fire” from each, till they were driven to the rear of the Castle of Aughrim, or as far as the hollow plain, where their reserve of cavalry was drawn up. Here, part of those brave horsemen, with the usual gallantry of the Irish cavalry, flew to the assistance of their infantry—coming down upon the English foot, and beating them again into the ditches;³ though the inaccessible nature of such ground for cavalry, and the hostile musketry directed against them from the hedges, necessarily checked the impetuosity of their first advance, by compelling them to fall back for some distance from the fire of an enemy, who was unable to stand before them, till placed beyond the reach of their charge. Meantime, two more British infantry regiments, or those of Lord George Hamilton and Sir Henry Bellasis—one, if not both of which, belonged to Mackay’s division opposite to the Irish left-centre,⁴ and consequently would be to the right of

¹ Compare before, note, p. 303, and Berwick’s *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 87, 88, and 105.

² *London Gazette*, No. 2680.

³ Parker’s *Memoirs*, p. 34 & 35, and before, p. 299 & 300.

⁴ See before, note 2, p. 329, and Major Tempest in *Rawdon Papers*, p.

the operations of the three battalions last mentioned—appear to have been enabled, by these events, to come on through the broader portion of the bog towards the lined hedges on its margin there;¹ while the right wing of the British cavalry, taking advantage of the progress of the three battalions that had crossed through the blunder of the Irish officer, were “making what haste they could” to get round by the Castle of Aughrim, as well to succour those three battalions that were driven back into the hedges, as to assist all the rest of their foot, in the centre, that were beaten down into the bog. For this purpose, that wing of cavalry, accompanied by some field-pieces, approached through the last narrow road from whose entrance they had cannonaded the Irish outguard; and were joined with Major General Kirk’s and Colonel Gustavus Hamilton’s regiments of infantry, who were to assail the hedges, entrenchments, old walls, and other works about the Castle, while the cavalry were to endeavour to force their way through by the only passage for them, which lay, as has been already stated, within but 30 yards of the edifice, and was but a narrow, “boggy trench,” over which, in the easiest part, but two horsemen could pass abreast, and that with much trouble.² Strengthened, as the old Castle and its outposts were, with two pieces of cannon, two regiments of infantry, and one of dismounted dragoons, or about 1900 men, whose fire, if well-served, would completely command the only way for horse to advance beyond the building, St. Ruth naturally thought such a pass to be impregnable; and, but for a ruinous accident, it would in fact, have been so.³

357, who represents the regiment of Bellasis as being in the British *centre*; by which it would be included amongst those vaguely mentioned by Story as “several other regiments.”

¹ Consult Tempest’s Letter, Rawdon Papers, p. 353, in which there is an evident obscurity and misprint, through which, in connexion with the 3 battalions of the London Gazette, and the circumstance referred to in the last note, I have had great difficulty in clearing my way, according to *my* plan of not slurring over *any* difficulty.

² Text, and notes 1 & 2, of p. 300. “Boggy trench” is the expression of Major Tempest, who was present, and who represents the passage for the English horse through it, as only affording room for them to proceed “one by one,” and consequently, as even *more* difficult than what Story says.

³ The 2 Irish regiments, at 13 companies of 60 men apiece, would be 780 each, and 1560 strong in all; and an Irish regiment of dragoons

Colonel Walter Burke, who was the officer intrusted with the guardianship of that important post, "having sent to the camp," says MacGeoghegan, "for the ammunition which was necessary, four barrels of powder and as many of lead were forwarded to him; but, instead of musket-bullets, he found only cannon-balls, that were of no use to him."¹ The effect of such a disappointment, upon the opening of the barrels at the enemy's approach, would form the subject of a picture that need not be expatiated upon; and the results of such a fatal occurrence were what might be expected. The van of the English horse pushed as quickly as possible along the narrow causeway, while, on their right, Kirk's and Hamilton's regiments made a diversion, by advancing towards the outworks of the Castle, after first turnpiking or barricading (with materials that should have been removed) the outlet of the "broad way" round from the rear of that building, by which a portion of the choice reserve of Irish horse there, "not doubting their success," says Major Tempest, were to sweep about by the plains to their left, and rush out upon the cannon, that were coming up the last defile towards Aughrim, with the rest of the English cavalry.

Tradition, strengthened, as has been shown, by the narrative of MacGeoghegan, represents the Irish troops stationed about the Castle, and the regiment of Colonel Walter Burke in particular, as attempting to supply the want of bullets, and maintain the pass, by pulling out some of the buttons of their uniforms, and discharging those buttons and the ramrods of their guns against the enemy; an effort of ingenious despair on the part of the Irish, which, inade-

contained 354 men; so that the whole would give 1914 soldiers. (*Cont. Hist.* p. 31, and *before, note*, p. 303.) Whether St. Ruth was *wrong*, in thinking that such a pass, so guarded, and properly furnished with ammunition, *was* impregnable to the British horse, I leave *any* military man to determine. Yet, at that able officer's judgment on this point, has the unjustifiable censure of English and Anglo-Irish scribblers been hitherto levelled.

¹ Hist. tome III. p. 746. It is odd enough, that another Irish officer, Sir Charles MacCarthy, who was cut off by the Ashantees, January 21st, 1824, should have been defeated by a similar sort of mistake—it being mentioned, in a letter from one of the surviving officers that appeared in some of the papers of the day, that the kegs, supposed to contain ammunition, were found to have *macaroni* instead of *powder* in them.

quate and irregular as it was, especially as they were attacked at the same time from another quarter, yet appears from the English annalist, to have rendered the progress of the hostile cavalry through the causeway so difficult, that success would have been quite impossible, as St. Ruth thought, under a proper fire.¹ To co-operate, as I have said, with this enterprise of their horse, Kirk's and Hamilton's regiments, after stopping the passage of the "broad way" made for the Irish cavalry, went together over a plain field, receiving such a fire as the Irish had to give; and, having first effected a lodgment in a dry ditch near the castle, were necessarily able to take its outworks from troops, who, though without any means of returning a discharge of musketry, might, and no doubt *would* have endeavoured to defend those outposts with the bayonet, had the use of that weapon, at the end of a musket, been then known; but who, being quite defenceless from the want of ammunition, against men well provided with it, immediately retreated on their approach, either into the Castle, or still farther to the rear.² Meanwhile, the Irish horse from behind the Castle—who, in Major Tempest's opinion, *might* have overthrown the English cavalry, had the way by which they were advancing been broader, and not protected by an in-

¹ Story, who, through Colonel Walter Burke, and several Irish officers and soldiers taken in the Castle, *must* have known *why* the English horse were enabled to pass it at all, has preferred to suppress any mention of the cause, and has then expatiated on the *wonderful* success of those horse in making their way through so many natural difficulties, added to what he calls "show'rs of bullets," where there were no bullets, unless *bullet-buttons*, if I may be allowed a pun. (*Cont. Hist.* p. 131, 136, & 137.) And what *was* to be apprehended from *such* "show'rs of bullets" may be judged of by the following extract from Captain J. G. Steadman's "*Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam in Guiana*," vol. III. p. 106, 107, & 114. After describing a severe action with the blacks, "in which," says he, "the firing was kept up like one continued peal of thunder for above 40 minutes," there was, he adds, not "*one* instance of *immediate* death;" and, "notwithstanding the length of the contest, our loss by the enemy's fire was very inconsiderable;" which "mystery," he continues, "was now explained, when the surgeons, dressing the wounded, extracted *very few leaden bullets*, but many pebbles, *coat-buttons*, and pieces of silver coin, which *could do us little harm*, by penetrating *scarcely more than skin deep*!" Such *bullet-button* and *skin-deep* details would not do for Story's *impartial* history.

² Major Tempest's Letter, ap. Rawdon Papers, p. 353 & 354, & Story, *Cont. Hist.* p. 131.

tervening ditch,—made a semi-circular movement to their left, towards the place where the rear of the hostile cavalry were stationed at their artillery. But, finding the impossibility, from what had happened, of now being able to capture the British cannon, this fine body of Irish cavalry took their way back, in order to be useful elsewhere, by facing about again to the rear of the Castle, and coming down the plains to their right.¹ By this time, a part of the right wing of the British horse,—“doing more than men,” says Story, “in pressing and tumbling over a very dangerous place,”—effected their passage, through the narrow causeway, or “boggy trench,” to the firm ground beyond the old Castle. Sir Francis Compton, of Lord Oxford’s regiment, with as many of his troops as could manage to engage first, fell “at random” upon the Irish. The English, however, were “once or twice” driven back; till, being aided by some of Major General Ruvigny’s, Colonel Langston’s, and Colonel Byerley’s horse, and Brigadier Levison’s dragoons, they succeeded in making good their footing, “tho’ not,” observes their annalist, “without the loss of several, both men and horses.”²

Previous to this last movement on the British right,³ St. Ruth, having been informed of the confusion caused by the mistake in withdrawing the front battalion towards his left, was approaching on horseback, to remedy every thing by his presence on this side,—where *alone* any thing had to be remedied. He was accompanied by the whole of that body of horse which was nearest to his person; leaving behind him, in the rear of his centre, as a reserve, “the greatest and best part” of the Irish cavalry, under his Lieutenant General, the brave Sarsfield, Lord Lucan, “with positive directions,” says Captain Parker, “not to stir from thence, until he received his orders.”⁴ Perceiving, in his advance, the

¹ Tempest’s Letter, *passim*.

² Story, Cont. Hist. p. 131 & 132.

³ That is, about the time when the 3 English battalions first slipped over the bog, which, from a comparison of Parker’s account with that of the Gazette and Story, was *before* the advance of Sir Francis Compton with his horse *beyond* the narrow causeway.

⁴ Memoirs, p. 34–35, and King James, vol. II. p. 457. This valuable passage from Parker, and another that shall be afterwards quoted, show, that the King’s expression of “*all the cavalerie*,” as regards the force which St. Ruth brought with him, and which Mackay (*ut sup. p. 299, n. 1*) designates as “a *strong* body of troops,” is only to be un-

right wing of the British horse, scrambling, in some places, "one by one," and, in others, but two abreast, through the causeway by the Castle of Aughrim, and not being aware of the want of bullets on the side of the Irish, which alone made such an attempt at all feasible,¹ he is reported to have asked, "*What do they mean by it?*" To which, being answered, "*They are certainly endeavouring to pass there, and attack you on the left,*"—he is stated to have rejoined, in the full confidence of success,—"*They are brave fellows, it's a pity they should be so exposed!*"² And this confidence was quite natural,—repulsed and broken again and again as the enemy's infantry had been by the Irish right and centre,—driven back as they were into the ditches, even on this wing, by the Irish cavalry, before

derstood, in the sense of all the French General's life-guard; and *not* of all the cavalry upon the Irish centre. Story, too, in speaking of St. Ruth, as merely ordering "a brigade of his own horse," or, in other words, but a *portion* and not *all* of them "to march up," virtually confirms Parker's statement as to a reserve of Irish cavalry being still in hand; and the whole, taken in connexion, completely set at rest the adverse comments upon this battle by the Duke of Berwick, (*Mem. vol. i. p. 100,*) who was *not* in Ireland, either then or ever after, and whose remarks are evidently based on the testimony of some enemies of St. Ruth, of whom, partly from his being a Frenchman, and partly from his bad temper, we know there were numbers. Indeed, in no other way can the Duke's observations be accounted for; since they are as much contradicted by the result of the information furnished to his royal father, King James, as by those minute details of the action, which I have given, in the very words of the enemy's officers themselves. On other points, however, or as regards any thing that he himself saw, or could inform himself upon *in* Ireland, the Duke's authority is unexceptionable.

¹ Compare note 3, on p. 343.

² The battle of Aughrim bears a considerable analogy to that of Waterloo, in the similarly opposite temperament of the Generals on each side; in both actions being fought upon a Sunday; in each being, at one period, in favour of the army inferior in number, or of the Irish in one case, and the French in the other; in the popular belief of treason having occasioned the loss of both; in the circumstance of both terminating a war—the one in Ireland by the capitulation of Limerick, the other on the Continent by the surrender of Paris; and the exclamation of St. Ruth concerning the English horse, on this occasion, is not unlike Napoleon's reported observation to his aides-de-camp respecting the Scots Greys,—"*How steadily those troops take their ground! Observe those grey horse! Are they not noble troops? Yet in half an hour I shall cut them to pieces!*" But Napoleon had *not* the cavalry of which *he* spoke in such a trap as St. Ruth *had* those horse opposed to him. Story is *my* authority for the words attributed to the latter.

whom neither horse nor foot had hitherto been able to stand, —struggling through, or, in a few instances, hardly emerging from, the “boggy trench,” as Ginckle’s right of horse, and last hope, now were,—and, in short, with no one advantage on the enemy’s side, but the possession of one or two fields, some hedges, and the outworks of the old Castle, which had been obtained merely by a mischance, and which, on the overthrow of the cavalry, that were only enabled to pass the Castle by another mischance, could be easily regained from Kirk’s and Hamilton’s regiments, and the three battalions in the hedges, with whom, observes the English chaplain, in reference to their right of horse, “indeed, all was in hazard, by reason of the difficulty of the pass.”¹

The French General continued to advance towards that struggling wing of the British, at the head of his brigade of horse, and, riding up to one of his batteries, ordered the gunner to point his fire in a particular direction against the English.² He then pushed on to “the place,” says Story, “where he saw us *indeavour* to come over,”³ and he reached that spot of ground, opposite to the emerging enemy, which was on the slope of Kilcomedan hill, under the Irish camp. A better situation could hardly be imagined for the charge of his brigade of cavalry,⁴ which, besides its strength in point of numbers, “being extream good,” observe the royal Memoirs, “would soon have dispersed those few squadrons of the enemy.”⁵ The Irish, in addition to the power of making a fine down-hill dash upon their opponents, were, in fact, quite fresh, were all collected, regularly formed, and under the eye of their General-in-chief. The British, that *had* gotten out of the “boggy trench,” were but 4 squadrons; were not recovered from the struggles they had been forced to make, in order to gain the limited and precarious footing they *had* acquired at the bottom of

¹ Cont. Hist. p. 131.

² In various histories of the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon, likewise, is related to have gone and shown one of his gunners how to fire; and he himself mentions, that it was by an order of his, to give a discharge from a cannon at the advancing English cavalry, just before the close of the battle, that the Marquis of Anglesey’s leg was swept off. Moreau and St. Priest, he adds, were served still worse by a similar process, at Dresden and Rheims, in being killed, as they deserved to be, when carrying arms against their own country.

³ Cont. Hist. p. 133.

⁴ Personal information.

⁵ King James, vol. II. p. 457 and 8.

the declivity, and the edge of the defile; were "yet but a forming," says King James;¹ and, in a word, had not at their head, in the person of Sir Francis Compton, though a brave man, an officer of such high rank and corresponding influence, as St. Ruth. The French General, fully appreciating the great advantage of his situation, and exulting in the contemplation of a certain victory before him, placed himself at the head of his guard, to give the word to charge, observing, says King James, "to those about him, *They are beaten, let us beat them to the purpose!*"² But his days were numbered. The charge that would have given him a Marshal's staff, and the sceptre of Ireland to the house of Stuart, was *not* to take place. Just as he spoke those remarkable words, so expressive of his conviction that the successes of the past were on the point of being completed by the triumph of the future, a ball from one of the English field-pieces blew off his head,³ and in that head *alone* was the plan of action on which the destiny of Ireland depended.

"He was killed, after having given all the proofs of a great courage and a great capacity," says an eminent French military historian of the day.⁴ And this eulogium of St. Ruth by his own countryman is justified by the commendations even of his adversaries themselves. The English chaplain, who mentions, in terms of censure, his alleged,

¹ King James, vol. II. p. 457 and 8. Compare before, p. 346 and n. 4.

² King James, vol. II. p. 457 and 8. I need not dwell upon the ample means which King James possessed of being correctly informed of this last emphatic remark of St. Ruth, which is given as the result of accurate information on the subject, and agrees with the purport of what Pere d'Orleans, the Jesuit, likewise says upon the authority of the King, and of "M. Sheridan, Irlandois, autrefois Secrétaire d'Etat, Conseiller du Conseil Privé, et Commissaire General des Finances dans son pays;" of whom, adds the French writer, "je n'ai tiré de personne de meilleurs et de plus sûrs Memoires." The Jesuit—who should, however, have made a far better and fuller use of such excellent sources of information—states that the Prince of Orange would have lost Ireland, if, in the battle which was given to Ginckle by St. Ruth, "ce Francois, Chef de l'armée royale, n'eût été tué d'un coup de canon après avoir déjà rompu toute l'infanterie ennemie, et donnant actuellement un ordre pour suivre le mouvement de sa victoire, que sa mort arrêta, et donna à son ennemi." (*Hist. des Révolutions d'Angleterre, tome III. p. 455.*)

³ Rawdon Papers, p. 358, London Gazette, Story, &c.

⁴ M. de St. Ruth y fût tué...après avoir donné toutes les marques d'un grand courage, et d'une grande capacité."

though, no doubt, exaggerated severities against the Protestants of France, speaks in terms of praise of his "dexterity in choosing such a piece of ground" for a position, "as nature itself could not furnish him with a better;" adverts, with equal approbation, to the many sagacious improvements of that position by his military skill; and adds, "we *must* allow him to be very brave in his person, and indeed considerable in his conduct."¹ And, to cite the more valuable *military* authority of Captain Parker, who was engaged against that wing of the Irish army on which the French General was slain,—“had it not been that St. Ruth fell, it were hard to say *how* matters would have ended; for, to do him justice, notwithstanding his oversight at Athlone, he was certainly a gallant, brave man, and a good officer, as appeared by the disposition he made of his army this day.” His “centre and right wing still maintained their ground;” and, “had he lived to order Sarsfield down to sustain his left wing, it *would*,” concludes the Captain, “have given affairs a turn on that side;”²—or, in other words, have given the victory to the Irish, even independent of that charge upon Sir Francis Compton’s “few squadrons,” which, if made, *must* have been successful.³

The corpse of the unfortunate general, over which his cloak was thrown by one of his attendants, was conveyed to the rear, beyond Kilcomedan hill. There, it is said to have been stripped of its dress and accoutrements, which are represented, by tradition, to have been suitable in magnificence to the ostentatious taste of his age and country, the dignity of his rank, and the splendour of his military station. What finally became of his body could never be ascertained. By some, it was affirmed to have been flung

¹ Cont. Hist. p. 122 & 134.

² Memoirs, p. 35 & 36.

³ “Cette mort (St. Ruth’s) causa la perte de l’avantage qui étoit certain,” says the French account; and with what justice has been seen. The effect of such a sudden fall as that of St. Ruth in arresting the progress of victory, even in an army greatly superior in number, and accustomed to success, is sufficiently displayed in the case of the death, at Mantinea, of Epaminondas, whose Theban and Thessalian cavalry had beaten that of his opponents; whose infantry was routing theirs; and whose army, unlike St. Ruth’s, was *not* 15,000 opposed to 26 or 27,000, but 33,000 Thebans and their allies, against only 23,000 Lacedæmonians and their confederates. (See *Diodorus Siculus*, tom. II. p. 69–72, edit. Wesseling.)

into an adjoining bog; by others, it was reported to have been left where it was stripped, among the rest of the slain,—¹

“A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.”²

The sudden fall of the French general, at such a critical period, “caused a great confusion,” says King James,

¹ Cont. Hist. p. 133 & 134. The traditions to which I have adverted in my text were communicated to me—with the exception of that in the next note, and the circumstance in reference to St. Ruth’s dress connected with it—by a gentleman who, many years ago, when he was a boy, made several inquiries into the subject, amongst old people, on the spot.

² Jacet ingens littore truncus,
Avulsumque humeris caput, & sine nomine corpus.

Æneid II. 557 & 558.

A thorn-bush still marks the place where the French commander fell; and the toast, among a certain party, of “*The memory of the gunner that shot St. Ruth*,” which was common till within the recollection of persons yet alive, and the preservation, at Athlone, of the field-piece by which he is said to have been killed, tend to show, along with other circumstances, what importance *that* party attached to his death, and that it may have happened, as the Irish think, by something more than a mere chance shot. At least, among the Williamite or Orange faction in the North, there is still a tradition to this effect. The day before the battle of Aughrim, a party of the Irish army took away and ate some sheep of a gentleman, named O’Kelly, that were feeding there. O’Kelly and his herdsman went to the Irish camp to seek redress, and were brought before the Lieutenant General St. Ruth. After hearing the complaint, St. Ruth told O’Kelly, that, on such an occasion, it was very odd that any Irishman should grudge a few sheep to feed his countrymen, who were on the eve of fighting the last great battle for Ireland, and for his (O’Kelly’s estate) included, which, with all that was on it, and perhaps its owner’s life into the bargain, would be forfeited, if the English conquered; and that, under such circumstances, the Irish soldiers were surely well entitled to what they had taken. O’Kelly, however, who was a niggardly fellow, still persisting in his remonstrance, St. Ruth threatened him with death if he would not desist. Upon this, O’Kelly turning to his herdsman, desired him, in Irish, to mark the General. The herdsman intimated that he would; saying, at the same time, in Irish also, “Master, you’re robbed; but ask the Frenchman at least for the skins.” The soldiers, wanting these to sleep on, especially as rain fell on that day, and St. Ruth being very naturally vexed at such a mean and impertinent request, he told O’Kelly to begone immediately, and that he ought to be hanged. O’Kelly did so, proceeding towards the English camp, to obtain as much revenge as he could, and delivered himself and his herdsman to a party of Portland’s horse, to be brought before Ginckle. Having listened to all they said, Ginckle sent for an experienced artillery officer named Trench; telling him how useful

“thō endeavours were made to conceal his death.”¹ The first squadron of the life-guard halted. The rest did so too. A “great delay” took place.² All orders ceased when most

those Irishmen might be, and to take them along with him, and, in certain circumstances, to fire as they could direct him. Trench brought with him some of his best gunners, and accompanied the English right, on the Aughrim side, where the entrance to the defile would have to be cleared by artillery. Having contrived, while the main force were pushing on, to drive a piece of light ordnance a considerable distance over the bog, by means of shifting planks, the English party and their Irish friends remained there for some time, lying on their faces, when the herdsman, who had remarkably good sight, suddenly cried out in Irish, “Master, master, I see the Frenchman!” O’Kelly, having interpreted this to Trench, the latter asked, “Where?” To which the herdsman, pointing to the place, answered, “See him there, grandly dressed like a bandman, in front of those horse!”—St. Ruth being at that time actually placing himself at the head of his guards, on the declivity of Kilcomedan hill. Trench and his assistant, an intelligent sergeant, then levelled the gun, which, being remarked to be still too low, on account of a slight sinking of one of the wheels in the bog, Trench, it is added, pulled off one of his boots to remedy the defect; which, being found to do so, the piece was discharged—the whole party throwing themselves down in such a way as to avoid the recoil of the gun, and the effects of a reply from the Irish. On the smoke blowing away, Trench cried to the herd, “Is the Frenchman hit?” “He’s on his horse still,” replied the herd; “you’ve only blown off his hat; but then,” he quickly added, “the head and hat are both off, for I see them both rolling down the hill!”—which was right, continues the story, for the headless body immediately after fell, or was taken off the horse. Trench’s family, concludes the anecdote, were in time ennobled through this exploit; O’Kelly did *not* forfeit his land in the neighbourhood, but had it augmented by an additional grant; and the herdsman obtained a similar reward for his *patriotism*, which his descendants enjoyed as *shoneen* gentry. This northern version of the matter,—strangely enough countenanced by history in various matters of detail connected with it,—I give as it was told to me. A common impression yet in Connaught is, that St. Ruth was pointed out by one who had been his servant to the English gunner. It may not be uninteresting to mention, that the Rev. Alexander Franklin of St. Mark’s Church, in this city, informed me, that, shortly after the French Revolution, when the officers of the Brigade left France, in consequence of the fall of the royal family, he met with a great-grandson of St. Ruth, among the officers of the regiment of Fitzjames, who held their mess near Christ Church. To say that an evening amongst *such* men was delightful would be superfluous. Young St. Ruth, who was then not above 20 years old, was tall, thin, possessed of a sharp-featured, intelligent countenance, and fair-haired, and fair-complexioned. The connexion of his family with Ireland, through the Brigade, appears to have been kept up.

¹ *Memoirs*, p. 458.

² *Id. ib.*

wanted. Some of the guards went off with those who had accompanied the general's remains. Numbers more of another body of Irish horse—most probably those who came round by the castle, after being disappointed in their intended attack on the English cannon,—drew off likewise. The report of their commander's death spread from man to man. A general retrograde movement of the cavalry commenced. They, however, were partially recovered from their confusion.¹ But the enemy's horse,—whose superior numbers could only have been beaten, by attacking them when divided, or before they could all get beyond the narrow, "boggy trench,"—had, in the mean time, passed through, in consequence of the "great delay" which had taken place.² Major General Mackay—who had devolved on Major General Talmash the duty of rallying the English centre, and who now acted in Talmash's former post on their right,³—pushed forward with a considerable division of the British cavalry; and, profiting by the distraction and disarray of the Irish on this side, drove the Duke of Tyrconnel's regiment of horse before him, with one part of the force under his command; while another, consisting of a portion of the Marquis of Ruvigny's French regiment, was similarly enabled to dislodge a regiment of Irish dragoons from an advantageous position.⁴

Depressed by the fall of the heroic Doctor Stafford, who was slain about the same time as St. Ruth, and whose death is mentioned to have been productive of equally disastrous effects upon the minds of the soldiery,⁵—deprived of the

¹ Story, Cont. Hist. p. 133—134. Parker's Memoirs, p. 35. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 162.

² King James, vol. II. p. 458, &c.

³ Compare Mackay, ap. Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 160, and Story, Cont. Hist. p. 129, 132, & 133. I have corrected an inaccuracy of Dalrymple, (p. 161) by himself and Story.

⁴ Anonymous Life of William III. vol. II. p. 264—plagiarized by Harris.

⁵ Duhigg's History of the King's Inns, p. 239. The learned Mr. Duhigg, the Librarian of the King's Inns, from whom I take my account of this accomplished and noble-minded ecclesiastic, only lived in the last generation. But, as a barrister, and a scholar of equally extensive and profound reading, he was capable of knowing the truth, and, as a Protestant, he had no motive, especially at the time *he* wrote, to praise too highly the conduct of a Roman Catholic clergyman, in the position of Stafford. Events, too, *since* Doctor Stafford's time, have shown Mr.

aid of numbers of their own horse,—taken in flank by that of the enemy,—and likewise closely assailed by the rallying and reinforced English infantry of the same wing,—the 2 lines of the Irish foot were broken.¹ This progress of Sir Francis Compton and Mackay, on the right, facilitated the efforts of Talmash to remedy the frightful disorder of the British centre, and make another attempt upon that of the Irish. Hastening up, with some fresh troops, to where the beaten English regiments were getting “knockt on the head,”² in the middle of the bog, about 200 yards from the last ditches at the foot of the hill, Talmash re-formed and strengthened the broken regiments; and, availing himself of what was elsewhere taking place, drove back the Irish to those ditches, with a loss stated at 800 men. The results of these successive movements of the enemy’s right and centre quickly extended to his left at Urrachree, where everything had hitherto been so favourable to the Irish. The detachments from Ruvigny’s and Lanier’s horse, sent for to Aughrim to aid Ginckle’s foreign cavalry in their unsuccessful endeavour to force their way round the edge of the bog on this side, arrived in the favourable time presented by the effects of Mackay’s advance on the right, and Talmash’s in the centre.³ Then Ginckle ordered Ruvigny to place himself at the head of the detachment from his own French regiment—one of the most distinguished, on this and other occasions, in William’s army—the other detachment from Sir John Lanier’s regiment, the Queen’s regiment of Horse Guards, and the Earl of Portland’s, or William’s own regiment of Horse Guards,⁴ making not less than 12 or 1300

Duhigg’s picture, of the consequences of such an event as this at Aughrim, *not* to be overdrawn.

¹ King James, vol. II. p. 458, and inferences deducible from previously-mentioned facts.

² Cont. Hist. p. 132.

³ See before, p. 332, 33, 34 & 35, and Cont. Hist. p. 131, 132 & 133.

⁴ Cont. Hist., Anonymous English Life of William, and Dutch Life in French, *ut sup.*

Story’s “part,” or say half, of Ruvigny’s and Lanier’s regiments,

according to Dutch list,..... 450

Portland’s, or King’s Guards, knocking off 80 for losses at the

beginning of the day,..... 400

Queen’s Guards, not distinguishable by that *name* in Dutch list,

but probably the same as the King’s,..... 480

1330

The “cowards at home” were rather troublesome after all!

chosen cavalry, who succeeded in charging round the bog, after encountering an opposition from the Irish, which is represented as having required the most extraordinary efforts to overcome. And, notwithstanding the great confusion, the want of suitable and uniform directions, and the general influx and junction of the enemy's superior numbers thus occasioned by St. Ruth's fall, and the ignorance, as well of his plans, as of his fate, in which Sarsfield was left, the contest was yet kept up,—“the horse and foot of our right and their left mixing,” says Story, so that “there was nothing,” he observes, “but a continued fire, and a very hot dispute all along the line; the Irish,” he adds, “indeavouring to defend their ditches, and our men as forward to beat them from thence.”¹ But this did not, and could not, last much longer. The Castle of Aughrim, indeed, on the left, notwithstanding its “old and ruinous” state, its never having been “a place of any strength, only as seated on a pass,” its outworks being taken by Kirk's and Hamilton's regiments, and its garrison being without bullets, was still gallantly held by Colonel Walter Burke, and the troops who retired into it.² But, masked as it was by the 2 hostile regiments, and passed as it was by the entire of the English right, its importance had ceased—though the keeping of it would have been of such consequence to change the face of affairs on this side, had St. Ruth, by the success of his intended cavalry charge, been enabled to relieve it with a reinforcement and proper ammunition. Mackay, on the right, with his horse and foot—but particularly the former—now co-operating with Talmash's infantry in the centre, and both connecting their operations with Ruvigny's cavalry on the left, quickly pushed up the hill. The Irish, unable, from their disordered and disunited state, to contend against the 3 hostile bodies, acting under so many advantages, were driven from one ditch to another towards their camp at the top of Kilcomedan,³ where Sarsfield, to the rear of the centre, had been so particularly enjoined by St. Ruth, to remain in reserve with the largest and finest portion of the horse, till a contrary command should be sent to him. Obligated to be the more punctual in obeying that order, on account of their unreconciled quarrel, and the ignorance in which he was

¹ Cont. Hist. p. 133.

² Id. p. 136.

³ Dalrymple, vol. III. p. 162, and Cont. Hist. p. 132—134

left of measures, that made it incumbent on him to consider himself bound to act towards the Frenchman, rather as a subordinate than a leading officer in the engagement, that brave Irish commander was still at his post; omitting "several opportunities," says Captain Parker, "of doing great service;"¹ and wondering, no doubt, at the state in which he was suffered to remain amidst such wide and rapidly-increasing confusion; but not being aware, in time, of the death, that would have enabled him to act on his own account. "At length he saw all was lost," observes Parker, and was consequently compelled to join the crowd, "without striking one stroke," continues the Captain, "though he had the greatest and best part of their cavalry with him."² The British followed the Irish to their camp at the top of Kilcomedan, which having levelled, and thereby deprived the latter of any barrier against their shot, no further stand was attempted; the infantry hastening towards the large red bog that had flanked their left, and the cavalry taking the high road to Loughrea.³

These events, on the centre and right, occurred in good time for the preservation of the French infantry, that were stationed between the Danes upon Ginckle's extreme left, and the pass for cavalry, through which Ruvigny's division of horse had charged round the edge of the morass against the Irish right-centre. After the repeated repulses from the hedges, entrenchments, and "high banks," in consequence of which the Huguenot infantry could only save themselves, even on their own ground, by a barrier of *chevaux-de-frize*, their historian describes them, as being several times on the point of being overpowered and cut to pieces by the Irish, in spite of their bravery. A regiment of 700 Danish Guards first rescued the French from destruction, by taking the assailing Irish in flank, and thus compelling them to give back. But, in spite of this new assistance, the Irish recovered themselves, renewed their attack with the same fury and success as before, and again reduced the French to such extremities,

¹ Memoirs, p. 36.

² Id. ib. King James, after mentioning the breaking of "both the lines of the Irish foot," adds, "the horse not advanceing in time to their assistance; but instead of that, giving all for lost, thought of nothing but saving themselves and so gave an entire victory to the English." Parker accounts satisfactorily for this, by showing *why* the horse did not advance.

³ Cont. Hist. p. 134.

that Major General La Forest, seeing the imminent hazard to which his countrymen were exposed, made the greatest exertions to come to their aid, with a still further reinforcement. This second arrival of troops began to give a turn to the contest in favour of the French, of which La Forest availed himself, to collect and form the 3 regiments, along with his own soldiers, into one strong body. They then charged the Irish with such impetuosity, that the foremost of their battalions, wearied after making so many long and gallant exertions, were broken, and even driven in such confusion upon the other battalions who were to support them, that they also were thrown into disorder, by the rapidity and violence of the shock. And now, being entirely exposed on their left by the defeat of the whole of their army towards Kilcomedan, and all farther hopes of making an effectual resistance being completely at an end, the Irish only thought of saving themselves. From the necessary exhaustion of the French regiments, the various intricacies of a great part of the ground, the well-known aptitude of the Irish for making their way through such a country, the circumstance of Ginckle's Danish horse on his utmost left being still held in check, and the purport of what we read in the Huguenot narrative, it would appear that many effected their escape, though, adds that account, "they could not flee *so well* but that a very great number were left upon the spot, either killed or disabled."¹

¹ "D'abord ils prirent la fuite, mais ils ne pûrent *si bien* fuir qu'il n'en restât un tres grand nombre sur la place, ou hors de combat." (*Huguenot Account*.) All the particulars of this contest among the "high banks," &c. on the English left, which Ginckle himself represents as "a very warm dispute for *above* 2 hours," and one, which, from another statement of his as to time, could not have been terminated till *after* his right and centre had succeeded, are slurred over by Story as an affair of "not much action for *near* 2 hours,"—he not having a knowledge of French, (as we see by his book,) to collect information from the French themselves as to what occurred among them, and having even mistaken, as I have shown, their real position in the battle, by making them to have been in Ginckle's right-centre, instead of in the centre of his left. Story, also, has the same fraudulent colouring that I have previously exposed, respecting this portion of the English left having "kept their ground." The Huguenot narrative is only wrong, in the supposition that La Forest, on the English *left*, was successful with the French infantry *before* Ru-vigny with his horse had conquered in the *centre*; the first progress of the English having been on their *right*, opposite Aughrim, where St. Ruth fell, and where Sir Francis Compton with the van, and Mackay

And now, no part of the Irish army kept the field but those detachments of horse and foot that were ranged along the rivulet or "little brook," on the remotest part of their own right, opposite Ginckle's Danish cavalry and infantry. The Danes did not disturb the Irish, till the effect of Mackay's success through the pass of Aughrim became visible, in the general advance of the British. Then, to prevent the Irish troops that faced them from attempting to give any assistance elsewhere, the Danes attacked them. Yet, though now dispirited by the forlorn condition of all the rest of their army, the Irish here did not yield without a brave struggle; but gave the enemy a warm opposition for "about half an hour,"—when, "being pressed on all sides," says Story, they broke and fled. The infantry suffered severely by Ginckle's foreign cavalry, particularly the Danish horse, who are characterized as "excellent pursuers;" though both these and the other horse of the enemy seem to have preferred slaughtering the scattered foot that could offer *no* resistance, rather than making too close an attempt at obtaining *satisfaction* from the retreating Irish cavalry, for the rough handling they had given them during the preceding part of the day. "Most" of the Irish horse, here as well as elsewhere, are, in fact, admitted to have effected their retreat to Loughrea, though several miles from the scene of action; and though, by the previous defeat and pursuit of the Irish centre, many of Ginckle's cavalry *must* have got before the horse of this wing on the road, and must consequently have been either obliged to make way for, or been broken through by, those Irish horse, who could not otherwise have gained the "advantageous pass" near that town, where the English assert that they *would* have intercepted and destroyed them, only for the approach of night, and the fall of a thick misty rain.¹ These occurrences, with the vicinity of a bog and other circumstances, "saved the lives," says the English annalist, "of many thousands of their foot." For, "though the obstinacy of the combat

with the rest, of the English horse, succeeded in forcing a passage; secondly, on the *centre*,—where Talmash next to Mackay, and Ruvigny next to Talmash, advanced; and thirdly, on the *left*—where, by what *had* occurred, La Forest *first*, and *then* "the Danish horse and foot," were enabled to complete the victory. (*Huguenot Narrative, London Gazette, Story, &c. ut sup.*)

¹ Compare Cont. Hist. p. 134–135, and the plan.

had been such," observes the Dutch account, "that more than half the officers of the Irish army were killed or made prisoners, and almost all the General Officers were either taken or slain,"¹ the few brave survivors are related to have in some degree facilitated the retreat of their men;² and one remarkable instance of address and presence of mind contributed to the escape of numbers. The chaplain of an Irish regiment, called O'Reilly—probably Father Edmund, who came from France with King James, and who, from his family name and the post he held, must have belonged either to Colonel Edmund Bui O'Reilly's regiment of foot or dragoons³—"ordered a drum-major," says MacGeoghegan, "to beat a charge on a little eminence near the bog, through which King James's troops were to pass." The alarm and consequent delay among the pursuers occasioned by this well-timed command, added to the difficulties of the adjacent bog, the foggy rain, and the approach of night, enabled the remains of the army to retire, partly towards Galway, and partly towards Limerick.⁴

The English, "after things went clear on their side," completed their victory by the capture of the old Castle of Aughrim, in which, under *such* circumstances, they boast of putting "a great many to the sword;" only sparing Colonel Walter Burke, (the commander,) his Major, 11 other officers, and 40 soldiers. And this was an instance of peculiar clemency compared with the remainder of their conduct; little more than 450 prisoners being made, inclusive of officers;⁵ so that the wounded, of which we have seen there were numbers, were inhumanly massacred. Amongst the rest, according to the unimpeachable testimony of Doctor Lesley, a body of above 2000 Irish soldiers, who threw down their arms and asked for quarter, were all killed on the spot; and 2 of the Irish officers, or Lord Galway and Colonel Charles Moore, are instanced by the same author, as

¹ "Il suffit pour juger de l'opiniâtreté du combat, de savoir que plus de la moitié des Officiers de l'armée Irlandoise furent tuez ou faits prisonniers; et que presque tous les Officiers Généraux y ont perdu, ou la liberté, ou la vie."

² Berwick, *Memoirs*, tome i. p. 101. Even *his* informant allows, that "les Officiers Généraux" were able "faciliter un peu la retraite." (*Compare before*, p. 343, n. 4.)

³ See before, p. 263 note.

⁴ MacGeoghegan, tome III. p. 747, and Berwick, tome i. p. 101.

⁵ *Cont. Hist.* p. 136, 137.

having been perfidiously slain, “after quarter” was actually given, and “the battle over.”¹

To palliate such shameless inhumanity, a libel equally shameless—like that afterwards concocted to justify similar atrocities against the brave Highlanders at Culloden—was subsequently given out, to the effect, that the Irish army had been specially charged, if *they* conquered, to give no quarter.² And this unfounded charge, to render it more acceptable to the gross gullability of British bigotry, was principally attributed to the Irish priests, at whom every blow is first aimed, that is destined to pass through the vitals of their country. But the propagation of such a falsehood was the only excuse for the perpetration of such a scene of cruelty as that of which the inventors of the falsehood were *themselves* guilty. The character of the *liar* has been connected with that of the *murderer* from a very early period.

All the Irish tents, baggage, military stores, provisions, great quantities of their arms, and their artillery, consisting, as has been said, of but 9 pieces, were captured, together with 32 colours and 11 standards. Dismissing the Williamite exaggerations of the loss of the vanquished at 7 or 8,000,³ it may be fixed, on the authority of King James, who had the best means for ascertaining the truth, at “near 4,000 men.”⁴ Of these, the enemy state the Irish officers of every rank *taken* at 111, and those *killed* at between 5 and 600,—including several of the highest distinction; a number, which would show, that, having risked every thing on this fatal day, the majority of those brave men did not care to survive it.⁵ Omitting the incredible diminution of

¹ Lesley's answer to King, p. 162–163, Hib. Dom. p. 144.

² For this “weak invention of the enemy,” compare Cont. Hist. p. 123, and the anonymous English Life of William III. vol. II. p. 261; and for the similar *defence* of English cruelty against the gallant and humane Highlanders, and its complete refutation by Prince Charles Edward's officers, Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock, before their execution, see Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, vol. III. p. 258, 259 & 313—3d series.

³ Cont. Hist. p. 136, and Dutch account.

⁴ Memoirs, vol. II. p. 458.

⁵ Cont. Hist. p. 137 & 138. George Peyton, Esq. High Sheriff of the County Westmeath, writes as follows to Ginckle, respecting an interview with some of the Irish officers taken prisoners in Ballymore, about a month before the battle. “The officers, being quartered in the

Ginckle's loss, in the Dutch account, to but 378 soldiers killed, and to less than 800 wounded; and the manifestly improbable details of the same in Story's English returns, at but 600 of the former and 906 of the latter;¹ we may place more confidence in the private or less suspicious estimate of that loss by their own officer, Captain Parker, who

room next to me, I sent severally for two Captains of my acquaintance. They say it is *our* fault we have so many enemies; and that they are sensible of their unhappiness in depending upon the French;" but "that they must, and will, and are preparing to *fight it out* soon;" and "that they have orders to have none but fighting men!" (*Copy Letter, June 10th, 1691, penes me.*) That the Irish soldiery were inspired with similar feelings to their officers is not less wittily than mournfully illustrated by the traditional anecdote, told by Mr. O'Connell, of the reply made to one of his ancestors, Colonel O'Connell, on his asking a soldier in his regiment, the morning of the action,—*why* he appeared in the ranks, without being shaved, upon such a day (Sunday) and on such an occasion? "*Arrah, Curnil,*" said the poor fellow, "*the man that has the head to-night may shave it!*" an answer, whose merit, as a ready-witted combination of point and pathos, has, perhaps, never been surpassed. I subjoin, from various sources, the following names of the principal officers of King James's army killed and taken:—

KILLED—The Commander-in-chief, Lieutenant General St. Ruth; Lord Kilmallock, (Sarsfield;) Lord Galway, (Burke;) Brigadier William Mansfield Barker; Brigadier H. M. J. O'Neill; Brigadier Connell; Colonel Charles Moore; Colonels David and Ulick Burke; Colonel Cuconacht or Constantine Maguire; Colonel James Talbot; Colonel Arthur; Colonel Mahony; Colonel Walter Nugent; Colonel Felix O'Neill; Lieutenant Colonel Morgan; Major Purcell; Major O'Donnell; Sir John Everard, &c.

TAKEN—Lord Duleek, (Bellew;) Lord Slane, (Fleming;) Lord Bophin, (Burke;) Lord Kenmare, (Browne;) Major General Dorrington; Major General John Hamilton, (who died of his wounds, and was brother to the gallant Lieutenant General Richard Hamilton, captured at the Boyne, and to the brave and accomplished Colonel Anthony Hamilton, who fought against the Enniskilleners, and wrote the well-known *Memoirs of Grammont, &c.*;) Brigadier Tuite; Colonel Walter Burke; Colonel Gordon O'Neill; Colonel Butler of Kilkash; Colonel *O'Connell*; Colonel Edmund Madden; Lieutenant Colonel John Chappell; Lieutenant Colonel John Butler; Lieutenant Colonel Baggot; Lieutenant Colonel John Border; Lieutenant Colonel Macgennis; Lieutenant Colonel Rossiter; Lieutenant Colonel Macguire; Major Patrick Lawless; Major Kelly; Major Grace; Major William Burke; Major Edmund Butler; Major Edmund Broghill, (most probably an *English* error for the Irish name, Braughall;) Major John Hewson, &c.

¹ Dutch account, and Cont. Hist. p. 139-140.

says, "we had *above* 3,000 killed and wounded;" an assertion equally countenanced by reason, or all the circumstances of the battle, and by King James, who, after giving the amount of what his own army suffered, adds, "nor was that of the English *much* inferior."² The enemy,—*excluding* any below Ensigns or Cornets from among their own officers, though *including* Corporals, &c., among those of the Irish,—acknowledge to have 73 officers killed, and 111 wounded; among the former of whom were 1 Major General, 3 Colonels, 1 Lieutenant Colonel, 4 Majors, 19 Captains, 24 Lieutenants, and 22 Ensigns or Cornets.³ As the English document from which these particulars are given is represented to have been drawn up only two days after the battle, we do not know how many of Ginckle's officers and soldiers *subsequently* died of their wounds; though a French contemporary writer of eminence says, with every appearance of probability, that *many* of them did so. In fine, all circumstances considered, or allowing for the amount of men and artillery engaged on both sides, and the time the action lasted, which was about 4 hours, it will be found, on comparing the killed and wounded officers in Ginckle's above-mentioned return, with those of the same rank in the Duke of Wellington's published lists, that the number of English officers slain or disabled at Aughrim was not only far greater in *proportion* than the amount of those at the battles of Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria, but even much higher than what was suffered at Waterloo, where the *British* loss (including that of the Hanoverians) was so much heavier than in any of the other engagements.

¹ Memoirs, p. 36.

² Memoirs, p. 458.

³ Cont. Hist. p. 139. In the names of Ginckle's wounded officers, we find the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Cutts, Colonel Erle, Lieutenant Colonel Brudenell, &c.

⁴ "Dont plusieurs moururent," are the words of the French military historian respecting Ginckle's wounded; and see, in order to calculate the authentic proportion of the British loss of officers at Aughrim to that at Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo, the materials furnished, under the proper heads, by Gurwood's Wellington Despatches, Napier's Peninsular War, & Gourgaud's Campaign of 1815. As regards an analysis of the period, specified as that during which the engagement between the English and Irish armies continued, I may here observe, that, exclusive of skirmishing, which, from the French account, would appear to have begun "*sur le midi*," the battle must have lasted

Such was the battle of Aughrim, or Kilconnel, as it was called by the French, from the old Abbey to the left of the Irish position;¹ a battle, unsuccessful indeed on the side of the Irish, but a Chæroneæ, or a Waterloo, fought with heroism, and lost without dishonour. "Looking amongst the dead three days after," says Story, "when all our own, and some of theirs were buried, I reckoned in some small inclosures 150, in others 120, &c. lying most of them by the ditches where they were shot!"² Over *such* men, there was, and there could be, no superiority, but the success of chance, and the triumph of barbarity.³ Their remains were nearly all left exposed on the ground where they so nobly fell—a prey, says my authority, "to the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field." Yet, even among *these*, we find an instance of an affecting nature, which it is pleasing to contrast with the merciless ferocity exercised by the *human* brute against the brave defenders of their country. "There is," observes the English chaplain, "a true and remarkable story of a grey-hound⁴ belonging to an Irish officer: the gentleman was killed and stript in the battle, whose body the dog remained by night and day; and tho' he fed upon other corps with the rest of the dogs, yet he would not allow them or any thing else to touch that of his master. When all the corps were consumed, the other dogs departed, but this used to go in the night to the adjacent villages for food, about 4 hours—the horse-combat commencing at, and going on from, 2 to 3 o'clock—the contest being renewed by the 3 Huguenot-regiments, on the English left, at 5—the combat being general at 6—and it being after 8 before Ginckle was victorious. (*Story, Gazette, &c. ut sup.*)

¹ French writers, London Gazette, and Dutch accounts, &c.

² Cont. Hist. p. 137.

³ "It *must* in justice be confessed," says William's Orange biographer, Harris, from contemporary official sources, which I, also, have perused—"it *must* in justice be confessed, that the Irish fought this sharp battle with great resolution; which demonstrates, that the many defeats before this time sustained by them cannot be imputed to a national cowardice, with which some without reason impeached them, but to a defect in military discipline, and the use of arms, or to a want of skill and experience in their commanders. And now, had not St. Ruth been taken off, it would have been hard to say what the consequence of this day would have been." This admission is every thing from an Irish Williamite.

⁴ Mr. Otway very properly calls this dog a "wolf-hound," or as we say, "an Irish wolf-dog;" the breed of which, though now almost extinct, was numerous in Ireland in Story's time, and familiarly known by the name of "grey-hound," though that appellation conveys quite a different idea at present.

and presently to return again to the place where his master's bones were only then left: and thus he continued," from July, when the battle was fought, "till January following, when one of Colonel Foulks's soldiers being quartered nigh hand, and going that way by chance, the dog, fearing he came to disturb his master's bones, flew upon the soldier: who, being surprized at the suddenness of the thing, unslung his piece, then upon his back, and killed the poor dog."¹ He expired, with the same fidelity to the remains of his unfortunate master, as *that* master had shown devotion to the cause of his unhappy country. And, in *other* countries, such devotion and fidelity would have been adorned and immortalized in the brightest colouring of sentiment and genius.² But, in Ireland, all virtue was doomed

To fall beneath the arm of evil power,
And perish hopeless—

to be crushed in life—and remain "cold and unhonoured" in death. Yet "other men and other times *will* arise,"—perhaps even now *have* arisen—"to do justice to its memory;" for, in the history of nations, there are few spectacles more entitled to the admiration of the noble mind, and the sympathy of the generous and feeling heart, than the fate of the gallant men, and the faithful dog of Aughrim.

CHAPTER VIII.

Complete confutation of the notion of the Irish having "fought *badly* at home," by a full exposé of what an immense sum it took to put them down. Capabilities of Ireland for national or self-legislative independence, as contrasted with the native strength of Greece in the time of Philip and Alexander, Spain under Philip II., Holland from the time it threw off the Spanish yoke to the French revolution, Portugal before and after it cast off the same yoke, and Prussia down to the French Revolution. Concluding induction from the whole of the preceding facts, that Ireland is entitled to, would be able to attain, and can only expect justice from, a REPEAL OF THE UNION.

THE limits of this essay—already extended far beyond what was originally contemplated—compel me to close any

¹ Cont. Hist. p. 147.

² I need scarcely advert to the *Odyssey* and the dog of Ulysses, and to the beautiful poem on "the dog of the nameless brave," during the 3 days of July, by Casimir Delavigne—of which a spirited English ver-

observations on this war *for the present* with the following facts, from which the statements of those Anglo-Dutch and Anglo-Irish *authorities*, by whom Voltaire was led to mention the Irish as “fighting badly at home,” will appear in a light more discreditable, perhaps, than the assertions of any set of scribblers that have ever contributed to mislead an historian’s judgment, with the misrepresentations of national prejudice, factious rancour, and sectarian intolerance.

The population of Ireland at the Revolution was not, at the outside, more than 1,500,000 persons. The Catholic, or genuinely Irish portion of these, who did not consider themselves as mere *settlers* in, but as *natives* of, the country, were not, at the most, above 1,000,000. The remaining 500,000 were Protestants, the great majority of whom owed their obnoxious possessions to conduct so contrary to all justice, that they were as hostile to Ireland as they were devoted to England, to whom they were alone indebted for existing as a privileged caste of bigoted and domineering *planters*, at the expense of the rights of others. The revenue of Ireland, about this period, when in its most flourishing state, or from 1682 to 1685, before the war in the country that reduced it to the lowest pitch, was only £266,209 a year. The war with this little Irish or Catholic population, of no more than 1,000,000 of persons of all descriptions, cost England and her Anglo-Irish *planters* 3 campaigns. In these the expenditure for her *regular* forces alone—in 1689 above 25,000, in 1690 above 41,000, and in 1691 above 37,000 men,—was as follows, according to her own official writer, so often quoted:—

- I.—“The army that landed with Duke Schomberg, and that came some time after into Ireland, with those of the Derry and Inniskillin troops, received into pay under his Grace’s command in the year 1689, being 9 regiments and 2 troops of horse, 4 regiments of dragoons, and 30 regiments of foot;” their whole pay for that year would come to. . . . £869,410 7 6
- II.—“His Majesty’s (William’s) royal army in that kingdom, in the year 1690, consisting of 2 troops of GUARDS, 23 regiments of horse, 5 regiments of dragoons, and 46 regiments of foot,” their pay, considering the difference between the numbers

sion is to be found in the Reliques of Father Prout. But *how* could Moore have passed by such an incident for an Irish poet as that in the text?

in the British and foreign regiments, would

amount to..... £1,287,630 8 0

III.—“The army in that kingdom in the year 1691,

commanded by Lieutenant-General Ginckle, be-

ing 20 regiments of horse, 5 of dragoons, and 42

regiments of foot,” their pay for that year came to £1,161,830 12 10

IV.—“Then the General Officers’ pay, the train,

bread, wagons, transport ships, and other contin-

gencies, make *at least* as much more, which is.. £6,637,742 5 0

Total expense of English *regular* forces in Ireland

for 1689, 1690 and 1691, by Story’s foregoing

statements..... £9,956,613 7 4

English national debt (funded and unfunded) in

Dec. 1697, after the peace of Ryswick,..... £21,515,742 18 8½

Deduct national debt in March, 1689,..... £ 1,054,925 0 0

Total expense of war in Ireland and on the Con-

tinent,..... £20,460,817 18 8½

Deduct on account of Ireland,..... £ 9,956,613 7 4

English war on the Continent,..... £10,504,204 6 4½

English war in Ireland,..... £ 9,956,613 7 4

Yet, to the immense sum of £9,956,613, 7s. 4d., as being only the expense of the British *regular* forces in Ireland, must be added, out of the seemingly-greater cost of the war on the Continent, a sum that would make the Irish war, in reality, the more expensive of the two; the deduction, adverted to, being necessary on the score of arms, &c., supplied to the Irish Williamite faction, which furnished as militia or yeomanry, according to Story, “at least 25,000 men.”¹ So that, without saying any thing of what the Williamite chaplain entitles, “the farther destruction of the Protestant interest, by cutting down improvements, burning houses, destroying of sheep and cattle, taking away of horses,” &c., the cost of this 3 years’ war to England against but 1,000,000 of Irish, would be nearer to £11,000,000 than £10,000,000—or an expenditure not only far above that of the contest against Louis XIV., but much greater than that to which perhaps any population, so small, and so miserably assisted as the Irish were by France, ever yet

¹ This assertion respecting the full amount of the Irish Williamite militia is given in the concluding page (328) of Story’s work, and tends to justify my previous observations on the subject, (page 216 & note,) though made in ignorance of such an assertion; the last 3 pages of the only copy of Story then in my possession having been torn out.

put any hostile nation, so vastly superior in organization, numbers, wealth, and alliances, as England then was. I may add that, even supposing the Irish revenue of £266,209 a year *not* to have been so much reduced as it *was*, by the estimated number of 100,000 young and old destroyed, and 300,000 “ruined and undone” in the course of the struggle, England was put to above 40 years’ purchase for that revenue; or some millions more than the whole annual rental of her own territory was then worth; its amount being calculated on the very first authority, or that of Sir William Petty, not to have been, at that time, above £8,000,000 a year.¹ Now if, under almost every disadvantage, this *one* million, not between EIGHT and NINE millions, of Irish, cost William’s government such an enormous quantity of time, trouble, bloodshed, and expense to overcome them; and if that resistance which *they* gave to *his* immensely-superior power be called, “fighting *badly* at home,” pray when did *any* nation ever fight *well* at home?—and can *we* wonder, that, though the Irish “*were* worsted,” as Story observes, “yet their officers would confidently affirm, *That THEIR men had as MUCH courage as those that beat them!*” *They HAD*, at the very least! And, in spite of the long injustice done to *their* memory by the prejudice of a foreign, and the bigotry of a domestic usurpation, that country for which *they* suffered and bled would deserve to be enslaved indeed, if it did not deeply feel, in pride for their gallantry, though in sorrow for their defeat,—

Forget not the fields where *they* perish’d—
The truest, the last of the brave!

But what such a country as Ireland may be made FOR or AGAINST England, according to the justice or injustice with which she may be treated—according to the real union that *may* succeed, or the mock Union that *MUST* eventually fail between the 2 islands,—can be most clearly conceived by comparing the following historical circumstances with the great natural powers of a strong, fertile, and finely-situated insular territory, of 32,201 square miles; capable of sup-

¹ See, for all those facts, Introduction to the Parliamentary Census Report for 1821—Story, Cont. Hist. p. 316, 317, 318, 328, and preface—King’s State of the Protestants of Ireland, appendix, p. 51—M’Culloch’s edition of Smith’s Wealth of Nations, vol. iv. p. 25 & 26—Hume, from the Parliamentary Journals, March, 1689—and Sir Wm. Petty, ap. Newenham’s View of Ireland, p. 244.

plying its people with all the necessities of life; having a *military* population of 2,000,000; an annual revenue of at least £5,000,000;¹ and, notwithstanding all the disadvantages of such external and internal misrule as it has endured for centuries, being, even at present, as I have before shown, surpassed among the Christian monarchies of Europe by only 6 powers, or France, Britain, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Spain.²

The sum total of the forces which Greece, with the single exception of Lacedæmon, was capable of furnishing to Philip of Macedon, for his intended Persian invasion, about 146 years after Greece, or, more properly speaking, only a portion of Greece, had utterly discomfited Xerxes, backed by all the disposable forces and the immense wealth of half a continent, was but 215,000 men.³

According to an enumeration made by the Roman government, of the amount of men fit to bear arms which Rome and Italy could furnish against the threatened invasion of the Gauls, between the first and second Punic war, the fighting population of Rome and Italy were but 770,000 in number.⁴

The African territory of Carthage—or that which was the basis of the mighty power whose fleets traversed and commanded the seas from Guinea to the British Isles, and which, after acquiring the dominion of Corsica, Sardinia, and the greater portion of Sicily, besides the whole of the Spanish Peninsula, disputed the empire of the world with Rome for so many years—“hardly equalled that of the modern kingdom of Portugal.”⁵

¹ The annual revenue publicly credited to Ireland *since* the Union, does not average more than £4,000,000 a year; but that it is, in reality, far above £5,000,000, Mr. Staunton of the *Register* has shown over and over again.

² See before, p. 158, &c.

³ Justin, lib. ix. cap. v. If Lacedæmonia could raise so large a force in Philip's time as she had at the battle of Platea, when, according to Herodotus, the Spartans supplied an army of 40,000 men, the 215,000 men of Justin would be increased to 255,000. But Sparta, in Philip's days, and long before, appears to have been incapable of making such another military effort. By the way, Philip's own kingdom, Macedon, when at its greatest height, or under his son, had, according to Strabo, but *one million* of inhabitants!

⁴ Polybius, lib. ii. cap. 2.

⁵ Foreign Quarterly Review, No. xxvii. p. 220.

In the reign of Philip II.—when the Spanish empire included Belgium and Holland, (till tyranny compelled the latter to revolt,) the Milanese, Naples and Sicily, Sardinia, all the valuable portion, at that time, of the West Indies, and finally, when, by the conquest of Portugal, it included several extensive and valuable kingdoms and dependencies in Africa, the whole of South America, and possessions in Asia, extending from Ormuz, in the Persian Gulf, to China and the Moluccas—in that reign, Spain had but **EIGHT millions** of inhabitants.”¹

Holland—a collection of swamps, merely rescued from the sea by dykes, inhabited by a set of poor herring-fishers, and, according to Mr. Butler Bryan, *not larger nor more populous than the single province of Ulster*,²—threw off the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, when she could not have had a population of two *millions*; and these not protected by an insular, but exposed by their continental, position. Yet, though known amongst the haughty Spaniards by the contemptuous appellation of “the *beggarmen*,” the Dutch freed themselves from the sway of Philip II. whose armies marched, under the famous Duke of Parma, to Paris; whose fleets, the greatest ever till then beheld, menaced the national existence of England; whose power threatened the liberties of Europe, whose immense territories were such as I have already described, and whose “annual revenue,” according to Voltaire, “was about thirty millions of ducats, without being obliged to lay any new taxes upon his people,” or a “yearly sum **MORE than ALL the Princes of Europe had TOGETHER!**” and whom, according to the same author, “the expending of three thousand millions of livres” in wars alone, and when money was so much more scarce and valuable than it is at present, “did not impoverish.”³ Subsequently, or during 2 centuries of the highest pitch of

¹ Voltaire’s Universal History, chap. cxxxvii., vol. III. p. 288—Nugent’s translation. Yet other authorities make the population of Spain far less.

² Practical View of Ireland, p. 73.

³ Voltaire’s Univ. Hist. chap. cxxxviii., vol. III. p. 283. The Dutch, in this noble contest of apparently hopeless weakness and poverty against the immensely superior numerical strength, territorial dominion, and financial resources of Spain, renewed all the glories of ancient Greece in her struggle against the “great king.” (*Heeren’s Political History of Ancient Greece*, chap. viii. p. 126 and 7.) There is no work so much wanting in English literature as a really good history of Holland.

commercial opulence and naval and military glory, as the humbler of Spain, the conqueror of a great part of the Indies, the unsubdued opponent, on both sea and land, of England, under Charles II and France under Louis XIV., and lastly, as the giver of a sovereign or *deliverer* to England herself under William III.—subsequently, or during the highest period of this splendid political career, the *revenues* of Holland, says an able writer, never exceeded £3,000,000 per annum, and its *population* was little more than two *millions and an half*! Even as late as the French Revolution, the entire land force of the Dutch republic was rated at but 44,000 men, of whom only 30,000 were available for actual service.¹

England, in the reign of Elizabeth, or when, in addition to her other successes nearer home, she triumphed so signally over the power of Spain by sea and land, and, more especially, over the so-called “invincible” Armada—had, according to Hume, a revenue “much *short of* £500,000 a year,”²—compare it with Phillip II.’s as given above—and, according to Voltaire, a population *not* much above *four millions*.³

Portugal, that mere *side’s-bone* of Spain—that, nevertheless, gained such deserved glory as the first circumnavigatrix of the Cape of Good Hope, and as the queen of Africa and the mistress of the Indies and Brazil—*had not*

¹ Alison’s Hist. of Europe during the French Revolution, vol. i. p. 546. Thus Ulster, to which Holland has been assimilated, could, in 1782, display a Volunteer or self-maintained force, independent of those who would have served for pay, greater in amount than the whole of the available regular army of the Dutch government—and *this*, after centuries of prosperity on the part of Holland, and the very reverse on that of Ireland! The proportions and entire strength of the Volunteers of 1782 were as follow :—

ULSTER	34,152
Leinster	22,283
Munster	18,056
Connaught	14,336
	<hr/>
	88,827

Twenty-two additional corps, estimated at 12,000 men, made the entire Volunteer Army 100,827! (*Grattan’s Miscel. Works*, p. 129 and 30.) Every true Irishman should blush at the political contrast of *his* country to Holland.

² Hume’s England, vol. ii. p. 112.—Cowie’s edit.

³ Voltaire’s Univ. Hist. chap. cxxxviii. vol. iii. p. 288.

(even long after she had raised herself to such a pitch of wealth, power, and grandeur) *a total MILITARY population of 300,000 men*. This appears from an official register taken by the Spanish government in 1637, or only 3 years before the separation of Portugal from Spain, by the insurrection which raised the present family, or that of Braganza, to the Portuguese crown, and was *legalized* at length, in 1668, by the acknowledgment, on the part of Spain, of "the independence of Portugal." From this official register, it was found that, in 1637, *Portugal contained no more than 210,000 men capable of carrying arms*.¹ Yet, though possessed of eight or ten times the national military population of Portugal, in addition to the forces which might be drawn from the various extensive countries subject to the Spanish empire; though divided from Portugal, along the whole of the northern and eastern frontier of that country, by a mere land boundary, and having sufficient maritime resources to attack its southern and eastern sides by sea; though commanding the immense treasures of the American mines, while Portugal had been reduced to the greatest poverty and distress by the unprecedented plunder, to which, chiefly owing to the non-convocation of her Cortes or Parliament, she was subjected during the Union of the two countries; though wielding such manifestly superior resources in every respect, Spain was unable to subdue a revolt, and was compelled to acknowledge an independence, as complete on the part of Portugal, as England, in 1783, was obliged to grant to only THREE MILLIONS of once despised Americans.

Prussia, on Frederick the Great's accession to the throne in 1740, had, says an eminent writer, a revenue of but £1,233,332 sterling, and a population not exceeding 2,240,000 souls. Her army, with this small population and low revenue, amounted to 76,000 men, of whom 26,000 were foreigners. With these troops, which had seen no more real service than the Irish volunteers, Frederick invaded Silesia in the year 1741, and eventually conquered it from Austria. In the seven years' war, subsequently undertaken to recover Silesia and punish Frederick, by expelling him from and partitioning his dominions, Prussia was attacked by Austria, backed by the German Empire,

¹ Modern Univ. Hist. book xxiii. chap. ii. vol. viii. p. 498.

Russia, France, and Sweden—a confederation comprising a military force of above 500,000 men, and when compared to that of Prussia, far greater than the power directed against Napoleon by the Allies. The Prussian dominions, surrounded and naturally accessible on almost every point to the most formidable enemies, were repeatedly entered, ravaged, plundered, and the capital taken. Yet Prussia, on the peace of Hubertsburg, in 1763, emerged from this apparently desperate contest a power of the first rank. And all *this* was done with no greater annual revenue, during the war, including the subsidies from England, than £4,000,000. Finally, at the death of Frederick the Great, in 1786, the population of the Prussian monarchy was but 7,000,000, and its yearly revenue only about £4,500,000.¹ Out of this revenue and population, Frederick, according to Mirabeau, kept up an army of 150,000 infantry and 40,000 cavalry, at a charge to the state under £1,500,000 a year—a sum less, says an able writer, in 1828, than “the duties, annually, on Irish whisky alone, if fairly levied and applied, would amount to.” The seemingly unfavourable geographical position of Prussia for purposes of defence, even in 1792, or after so many acquisitions of territory had been made by the monarchy, is thus described by Mr. Alison:—“Nature,” says he, “had traced out no limits like the Rhine, the Alps, or the Pyrenees, to form the boundary of its dominions; no great rivers or mountain chains protected its frontiers; few fortified towns guarded it from the *incursions of the VAST MILITARY MONARCHIES with which it was surrounded.*” Then, after stating the extent of the Prussian possessions at 14,000 square leagues, and mentioning that the population had increased to “*EIGHT millions,*” the historian adds—“but they were composed of *various races, spoke different languages, and professed different religions, and were protected by no external nor internal line of fortresses.* Towards *Russian and Austrian Poland, a frontier of 200 leagues was TOTALLY DESTITUTE of places of DEFENCE.* Silesia alone enjoyed the double advantage of three lines of fortresses, and the choicest gifts of nature. *The national defence rested ENTIRELY on the ARMY and the COURAGE of the INHABITANTS!*”²

¹ Alison, vol. v. p. 180.

² Alison, vol. i. p. 524.

Such was Prussia in the immediate neighbourhood of immense warlike empires, with whose great superiority in territorial extent, military numbers, and financial capabilities, HER resources, especially in their *original* state, were, to all appearance, so completely unable to cope.

A due reflection, then, upon such historical information, and the large number of soldiers and seamen PROVED to have been contributed by Ireland to the military and naval defence of the empire, will evince what such a nation *may* be made FOR or AGAINST England, and show how ridiculous as well as unsafe must be any system of policy, based on the Lyndhurst principle of treating the Irish people as "aliens in blood, aliens in religion, and aliens in language," and relying, for the support of such injustice, on what has been demonstrated to be the very questionable competency of "the *British* heart and the *British* arm."

In fact, before the Union can be said to be *maintained* by "the *British* heart and the *British* arm," or by any other power that Toryism may choose to boast of, the terms of that act must first be *fulfilled*. And, bad as it was, originating as it did in what the present Chief Justice Bushe styled, "an intolerance of Irish prosperity," its most important provision, or that as to the amount which Ireland was to contribute to the imperial national debt, has, even according to *English* testimony, been most flagrantly violated. By a parliamentary return, moved for by Mr. Finn, ordered to be printed August 13th, 1833, and marked No. 659, the British national debt in 1800, the year of the Union, was £420,305,944, while the public debt of Ireland was but £26,841,219. By the Union, Ireland had a separate Exchequer, and, unless the English debt should be reduced to an equality with her's, she was only to be taxed, for the future, in the proportion which her £26,841,219 bore to the £420,305,944 of Great Britain. But, in 1816,—when, to prevent Ireland from perceiving any longer the robbery committed against her, the Irish and British exchequers were united, in direct violation of the Union,—the national debt of Ireland had been raised, by a British or Union parliament, from £26,841,219 to £110,730,519, the British debt of £420,305,944, having been augmented, during the same period, only to £705,581,420. In other words, the British debt wanted about £135,000,000 of being *doubled*,

while the Irish debt was some millions *more* than *quadrupled*! To bear only the same ratio of increase as the debt of Great Britain, from £420,305,944 in 1800 to £705,581,420 in 1816, the Irish debt, instead of having been swelled up, in the same period, from £26,841,219 to £110,730,519, should only have been £45,059,237. On the same principle that, in round numbers, the £26,000,000 of Ireland were made £110,000,000, the £420,000,000 of Great Britain ought to have been £1,734,000,000.

Thus, in addition to the “embrace of swords,” embodied in the arbitrary measure for crushing the fair expression of Irish opinion with respect to the Union, and, indeed, exemplified in the general tenor of English policy to this country, here is a “gripe of robbery” demonstrated, which no sophistry can ever mystify. Yet the same provincializing measure, which has led to this manifest injustice, likewise subjects us to the abstraction of the far greater portion of our national revenue, of at least £5,000,000 a year, an annual absentee drain of about £5,000,000 more, and, in fine, the existence of a state of things, that every day more and more “cries to heaven for vengeance,” by “defrauding the labourer of his hire,” or diverting, from a *native* to a *foreign* expenditure and employment, a greater sum than has ever been derived by any one civilized country from the impoverishment and misery of another. For these evils there may be many palliatives, though there can be but one radical remedy, a REPEAL of the UNION, which, unless Irishmen are both morally and physically inferior to the rest of the human species, I think it is pretty clear, from the foregoing historical facts, that we *can* attain, if we only *will* to do so. And, should the restoration of such an equally just and natural connexion between the two islands be too long deferred, the necessarily intolerable increase amongst us of so many serious evils, with a proportionably increasing population, is calculated to put a reflecting disposition in mind of the curious, and perhaps prophetic, observations of the poet Spencer, in the reign of Elizabeth. “There have bin,” says he, “divers good plottes devised, and wise counsels cast already about reformation of that realme, but they say, it is the fatall destiny of that land, that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it proceed from the

very genius of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that he *reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some SECRET SCOURGE, which shall by her come unto ENGLAND, it is hard to be knowne, but yet MUCH to be FEARED !*"¹

¹ View of the State of Ireland, p. 1.

APPENDIX.

IS THE SCOTCH UNION AN ARGUMENT FOR THE IRISH UNION?

—————Crimine ab uno,
Disce omnes. *Virgil.*

John Bull fleeces Sawny, and Paddy, his brother,
By two Unions—for one's just as bad as the other.

Free Translation.

THE unforeseen length to which the observations on Irish military history have run, and the circumstance of the other compositions alluded to in page 111 having been before in print, oblige the author, contrary to his original intention, to limit his APPENDIX to the subjoined compendium of the able article on Repeal in *Tait's Magazine* for December, 1838, adverted to and promised in note 1, page 141. Coming, as the article does, from such a good judge of the wants of his own country as *Tait*—proving, as it does, in connexion with the unanswerable financial fact in the last-mentioned note and page of this volume, that Scotland would be better off *with* a domestic legislature than *without* one—and thus completely refuting the superficial assertions of those, who attempt to argue, from the supposed *benefits* of a Union to Scotland, that such a measure should also be *beneficial* to Ireland—the importance of the production entitles it to a degree of attention far above that generally afforded to the effusions of mere periodical literature. Having remarked, in a previous portion of his honest and spirited periodical, upon the little attention given to Scotch affairs in the London legislature, (for such only it should be considered and entitled,) *Tait* writes thus:—

“*Repeal of the Union.—Necessity of Local Legislation.*—The preceding notice of the legislation affecting Scotland at a most important period, shows how little of the time of Parliament is dedicated to our peculiar concerns. Out of a huge folio, there are not more than 5 act, not exceeding 20 pages in all, in which the name of old Scotland is to be found, or its existence recognised. . . . In the statute-book of Scotland, the old Scotch acts—in 3 small octo-decimo volumes of 500 or 600 pages each—we find from 40 to 50 of printed, or, as they would now be called, public acts, besides local and personal, passed in a session which lasted a month or 6 weeks only. And, if we look to these acts, we shall find that they are, *at least*, as important, in every point of view, to Scotch-

men, as the modern legislation of the three kingdoms. To take for example the first year that turns up to us—1696—when the kingdom was in a state of quiet.....we find that the Scotch Parliament met at Edinburgh on the 8th September, and adjourned on the 12th of October, during which 46 acts were passed¹.....What is not the least remarkable part of the matter is, that the whole 46 acts are contained in 48 small octodecimo pages. Nearly the whole of those relating to the law are, to this day, in force,.....the experience of a century and a half having been able to add little or nothing to the efficacy of the provisions..... And all of them have not given as much trouble in their interpretation to our courts of law, short as they are, as the Judicature Act, the Cessio Act, or any act relative to the law which has been passed within the last quarter of a century.

No one, we imagine, will be so absurd as to pretend, that the affairs of Scotland can be as efficiently managed by a legislative body sitting hundreds of miles from her territory, and having the interests of an empire dispersed over the whole face of the earth, and containing more than 100,000,000 of human beings, to attend to, as by a Parliament meeting in Edinburgh. The Imperial Parliament is, in truth, unfitted for that department of legislation, called local and personal. Such legislation is best conducted on the spot, or as near as possible to the spot, which is to be affected. Witnesses are then at hand, information can be got with expedition and with little expense; the members of a local parliament can be dismissed and called together with little inconvenience. The expense at present necessarily incurred for a Road, a Harbour, or a Railway Bill for Scotland is intolerable. One thousand pounds a mile, even in long lines, is not an exaggerated estimate for the mere *parliamentary* expenses of obtaining the bill. The members of an Imperial Parliament, the great majority of whom must naturally feel indifferent regarding the failure or success of any such measure, can with the utmost difficulty be got to attend, or even to remain in the house, when the matter is under discussion; and it is even not easily accomplished to get a quorum of the committee, to whom the Bill is remitted, to go through their routine duties. Then, all matters relative to Scotland are slurred over in the reports of the debates—first, because the reporters think a Scotch bill, though vitally affecting Scotland, is of no public importance; secondly, because they cannot intelligibly report what they, in general, do not understand; and, third, because ‘Scotch’ business is generally put off till past midnight, an hour at which, except on extraordinary occasions, the reporters, by a well-organized combination—Whig, Tory, and Radical reporters agreeing in this point—retire from their labour. The consequence is, that there is hardly a measure, however important, affecting Scotland, of the grounds for passing which her population are duly informed. All that they see of a long debate, on a subject in which they perhaps take the most intense interest, is a line or two, in which

¹ The detail of several of those acts, though of the highest legal consequence to Scotland, and of other useful measures on matters of commerce, finance, &c., specified by *Tait* as having been passed in this native “parliament of *four weeks’* duration,” is left out, as uninteresting to a general reader.

